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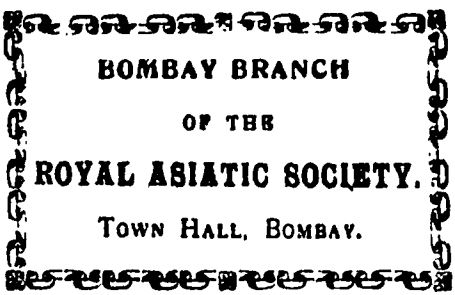

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MOROCCO

A COUNTRY-SIDE CHRONICLE

WILD LIFE STORIES

THE HEART OF THE WILD

THE CHILDREN'S STORY OF THE BEE

THE LAW OF NECESSITY. MOTHER LEAVING HER LITTLE ONE TO NURSE ANOTHER WOMAN'S CHILD

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. SANTA MARIA

HOME LIFE IN SPAIN

BY

S. L. BENSUSAN

32982

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO MARIAN

"As the song of a bird in May
Shall my song be,
That close in a brake all day
Sits bowered and sings;
For there in his chosen home
To his mate pipes he,
Nor cares for a while to roam
On travelling wings."

PREFACE

MY acquaintance with Spain dates back nearly twenty years. Since the first trip to Andalusia, taken on a tramp steamer that still fills a leading *rôle* when I suffer from nightmare, I have revisited the south half a dozen times and lived awhile in centre, north, and east. On several occasions holiday-making has provided the sole excuse for a visit, but I have acted as special correspondent to two daily papers, and this work gave me my first insight into the working of Spain's political machine. Of the fascination of the country and the charm of the people there is little set down in the following pages, not that it is possible to forget either, but because many pens have made the recital more tedious than a twice told tale. In the preparation of this volume I have relied for the most part upon memory and Charles Rudy. He it is who has set me right when memory tired or sought to play me false; in his pleasant company I still recall incidents of half-forgotten days and nights spent in the most fascinating country in Europe. He it is who came to my rescue when I sought in vain to do justice to Spanish pigs and Spanish literature, he who is on far more intimate terms with both the cookery and

the modern books of the country. When the old never-satisfied longing for Spain finds me out even in this remote corner of the English country, Charles Rudy's delightful volume, "Companions in the Sierra," can bring the land, that seemed so far away, vivid and palpitating before me. No other books, save those of Cervantes, Borrow, and Cunninghame Graham, can do as much. So my readers, should I have any, will share a debt I am pleased to acknowledge.

S. L. BENSUSAN

GREAT EASTON, ESSEX,
August, 1910

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HOME LIFE IN SPAIN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

IT is easier to talk about home life in Spain than to grasp the full significance of the expression. The Englishman who knows Spain fairly well must needs wonder where a description of the country's home life begins or ends. For regionalism is more marked in the Iberian Peninsula than in any other country of Europe, and in some aspects it might be said that Spain is a geographical expression rather than a country.

Four great divisions are apparent to everybody who has visited the country with open eyes and a receptive intelligence. There is the north, including the Basque provinces and inhabited by sturdy, independent men and women who still have a certain number of laws (*fueros*) that do not apply to other regions; there is the south, the country of vineyards tenanted by people whose nature has to all outward seeming nothing in common with that of the north. The Andalusian is neither idle nor gay as he is depicted so often; he has his own highly strung nervous temperament and suffers the sun to work its will upon him without too large a measure of resistance. In the busy, bustling east, Catalonia and Valencia, you have yet another type of Spaniards—men and women—progressive, ambitious, hard-working, and well informed, hating the Castiles that tax them for their

idleness, and inclined to be intolerant of the ruling house that stands between them and their republican ideal. Only in Catalonia and other parts of eastern Spain can literature be held to flourish, or art claim significance and sincerity, or science boast of a following. And yet, side by side in this truly progressive region, we find the sober man of affairs and the anarchist drunk with dreams of authority overthrown. We find the peaceful, prosperous citizen who greets the tax-collector's frequent call by lighting yet another cigarette and shrugging his shoulders, and the eloquent orator who can talk for hours on end, loves high principles nearly as much as he loves the sound of his own voice and believes that if he talks long enough, loud enough, and with sufficient applause from the lovers of well-sounding words, the Millennium will hear him. Practical business and hopeless ideals seem to find a common ground in the east of Spain, but the fact remains that that district holds the business intelligence and the greater part of the country's intellect, and that it is the storm centre of Spain, regarded with deep and ever-growing suspicion by the Church and the State.

In the centre and west we come to the land of vast open spaces where one may ride for hours without seeing more than an occasional *granja* or farm. A flock of goats or a herd of pigs move across the open country in charge of men or boys as far removed from the twentieth century as the shepherds of the Theocritean idylls. These men or lads know nothing, and care less, of the world that lies beyond them; they have dispensed quite happily with education; their religion, if any, is no more than a mass of crude and undigested superstitions; they know the extremes of heat and cold, of poverty and privation, but as a class they are perhaps happier than the most of those who live in big cities and have cafés and music-halls within easy reach.

Here then we have four distinct regions with nothing in common. But regionalism in Spain is not limited to four districts or to forty. To the Spaniard, the city or even the village of his birth is all the world that matters. When a Spaniard says "*mi pueblo*," his mind has gone back to the village of his birth, where his patron saint is enshrined, where the politics are his own, and where his patriotism is localized. The district in which his village is set lies right outside his interests; the province of which it is a part has no claims upon him; of his country itself he is supremely independent. History records with a smile that finds much sympathy the story of the valiant Alcalde of Móstoles, a village near Madrid, who solemnly declared war against the great Napoleon on the all-sufficient ground that the rest of Spain seemed to be in two minds upon this serious undertaking. These instances might be multiplied, though not so significantly; they serve to indicate the depth of root which regionalism has spread in every corner of the land, and by way of an apology for the necessity of dealing in nothing more than general terms with the more varied aspects of Spanish home life, though the outstanding regional differences will be set down.

Englishmen as a class have but the smallest acquaintance with Spanish life and thought. For the most part they know only the chief cities of Spain and the leading hotels of those cities, where they encounter a French chef and a London season scale of charges, where Spanish life as Spain knows it is carefully kept from their knowledge. At every turn, on every side, their wants are provided for on the special basis that applies to foreigners. Do they want to see "Spanish dancing," one of the hotel guides is ready to improvise an entertainment that is sufficiently Spanish to satisfy those who know nothing about it. Does

one wish to go to a *zarzuela* or visit the *arena de gallos* or the *plaza de toros*, his mentors will see to it that he gets the best seats and incidentally that he pays something considerably in advance of the best prices. But Spanish life and Spanish character are no more accessible to him than the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem or the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are accessible to a tourist armed with native assurance and Cook's coupons.

The average Spaniard pictures the average Englishman as an aggressive person with prominent teeth, long whiskers, a sun helmet, a green umbrella and pockets full of gold, and the picture does not please the Spanish mind. Quite without enthusiasm the *hidalgo*, together with his less distinguished fellow-countrymen, remark the intrusion of John Bull. His enthusiasm for their cathedrals, picture galleries, places of entertainment and the rest awake no response in the Spanish mind, and the average Englishman is careful to say nothing and do nothing that may conciliate the inhabitants of the land he has deigned to favour. Armed with insular pride and circular tickets, he goes everywhere, pries into all things, and thanks Providence for his own special equipment of virtues and his British birth. The Spaniard cannot close his public places, nor would his courtesy permit him to do so; the foreigner puts money in circulation and the Spaniard says with the Roman Emperor who was reproved for taking a heavy tax from the Jews, "*non olet*". But he closes the doors of his own house and opens them to very few. For many years towards the end of the nineteenth century Spain had reason to complain of a lack of British sympathy—more particularly during the terrible time of the Cuban troubles and the American War. The old cry

paz con Inglaterra
y con todo el mundo guerra

was heard no longer. There was a feeling that Great Britain should have stood between Spain and the deliberate misrepresentations that led to the conflict which, in the long run, has done Spain more good than harm.

The presence of a British-born Queen in the Palacio Real has brought about a considerable change in public sentiment, and the feeling has been further aided by the frequent visits of King Alfonso to this country. It may well be that in a few years the intimacy between Great Britain and Spain will be deeper and more widely spread. The desired change should certainly follow the advent of a really Liberal Government in Madrid, and it may be that Senor Canalejas, who is now in power, will be able to maintain his position. Then the traveller who desires to spend a few months in one of the most fascinating countries in Europe, among people whose native charm and courtesy are hard to match anywhere, will be enabled to confirm and enlarge the details of Spanish home life set out in the following chapters.

CHAPTER II

THE SPANIARD AT HOME

THE average traveller, tourist, or holiday-maker in Spain asked to describe the Spaniard at home would find himself in difficulties at once. He may have some smattering of the language, he may have paid a few ceremonial visits to the houses of friends or acquaintances, but the *vie intime* of the home is probably a sealed book to him, and it is the purpose of this chapter to remove the seals, or some of them.

All things considered, the Spanish home is a very happy one. There is a certain simplicity of life, a certain measure of good feeling, and a respect for tradition that always has a pleasing influence on the home. However out of date a custom may be, if it has been sanctioned by use through long generations, it gains a beauty that is not perhaps its own through intimate association with the childhood of those who follow it. The life of the home is beset with countless traditions in Spain, and while some few of the customs are deplorable in our eyes, still more are exceedingly gracious.

The modern Spanish house is as much a gift of the Moors as the noria that works on every hacienda in the country. The house is built round a patio or central courtyard which is generally square but sometimes oblong in shape. The patio varies very much according to the district in which the house of which it is a part is built. In the north it is little

better than a dingy courtyard; the broad flags that pave it are often seen to have suffered displacement from the strong weeds and grasses that have sprung up between them. The family washing hangs on lines drawn across the patio, and if the house should be let off in floors, each floor will parade its washing on the same day. As a rule, each tenant occupies one side of the square, and it is by friendly arrangement with an opposite neighbour that the washing lines, which are fastened on pulleys, have running rights to that neighbour's boundary. The patio of the Spanish house, particularly if each side of the house be let to different tenants, has a curious soul of its own; there are sights and sounds associated with it that we do not find anywhere else. At certain hours food is being prepared and utensils not to be met elsewhere in Europe are in noisy use. A little later the smell of cooking, a smell that is strictly regional, pervades the patio; everybody having prepared the same material in the same sort of utensil is now cooking it in accordance with one recipe. In all probability that recipe has not varied for hundreds of years and will survive the reigning house and the dominant faith. Very cheerful, to those a little removed from it, is the chatter of the servants, who go about their work as though time were of no account, flourishing feather brooms or allowing pails to fall on to hard stone floors with a sound that draws expostulation from the mistress of the house who in her turn is probably scolded for interfering, if her maid should chance to be an old family retainer. Sometimes the girls sing as they ply broom and pail or nurse the latest addition to the household, and one hears quaint folk-songs that have never been set down and seem to clamour for the expert musician to save them from oblivion. And the voices! Sometimes, of course, they are shrill and harsh enough, but how often

are they absolutely true and pure and fresh, of a quality that demands nothing but a little training to fit the singer for some measure of success in a professional career. If there is very little sunshine and very little gaiety in the natural aspect of the northern patio, it is at least brightened by many charming aspects of the simple national life.

Down in the south the patio is quite another institution. It corresponds in some measure to the roof-garden in modern American cities. Screened from the road by double gates often richly chased, filled with bright flowers planted in pots, generally boasting a fountain whose waters, never at rest, cool the place during the hours of fire, the patio plays a most delightful part in the home life of the south, and has entered so deeply into the affection of the people, that one of the most popular plays in Spain to-day is the charming comedy "El Patio" by the Brothers Quintero. This popular piece is very little more than a series of living pictures taken from an Andalusian patio, but it stirs Spaniards to enthusiasm.

In the patio the lady of the house receives her guests, either during the afternoon or at night when the heat of the best-ventilated rooms is intolerable. Here the hour of the siesta is spent by those who being old and feeble find an added luxury in open-air repose, while the younger members of the household flock to the patio as soon as "the hours of fire" have passed. After dinner the mistress of the house receives in the patio, giving her guests sweet cakes and chocolate while her daughters play their own accompaniment on the guitar to soft Andalusian songs, or are persuaded by some lover of the national art to dance one of the national measures. Nowhere else does dancing acquire the same measure of abandon and grace. The stage seems but a poor place for dancing in the eyes of those who have

sat in an Andalusian patio and seen a *sevillana* or a *jota* performed by those who dance as naturally as a bird sings or a flower blooms. A varied company meets in the patio, but as a rule it would seem that the entertainment of the younger generation is the most important, or is it that the old are young in Andalusia, and that Father Time, a little ashamed of the speed with which he pursues poor humanity elsewhere, contrives to relax his pace? Certainly most of the guests seem to have responded to an invitation from the younger members of the family, but the father will generally find a friend of his own age among the callers, and the parish priest or even some rather higher dignitary of the Church, may look in for brief relaxation after the hard day's work. Who shall name the hour at which these entertainments end? As late as midnight the gipsy girl picturesque in her rags will probably still be telling fortunes; she arrived quite late on the road lying between the regions of No Man Knows Whence and No Man Knows Whither. Curious that although the *gitana* may be hungry and penniless she will show little or no gratitude for favours received. Between her and the community through which she wanders there is a measure of deepest antipathy that nothing will ever remove; she hates the Christians with a fierce hatred that finds its expression in curses, some of them exceedingly quaint, too, like the one addressed so often to those who refuse to have their fortunes told: "May you be made to carry the mail and have sore feet". It is perhaps permissible to remark that the gipsies are the worst horse thieves in Spain; their king rules from Granada where he lives among the rocks of the Barrio de los Gitanos. Their hand is against all men and all men's hands are against them. Often the poor gipsies are punished for offences they have not committed, but still more often they

contrive to escape punishment in cases where they are undeniably guilty.

Turning from those who visit the house to the house itself, one finds that, in the south a gallery runs round the first floor and overlooks the patio; all the bedrooms open upon the balcony. This system of building prevails also in the east, and is fairly common in Italy. In the winter the gallery is closed in with windows (*miradores*), while in summer the little green blinds and shutters (*persianas*) hold a too ardent sun at bay, or at least they do their best.

The *reja* is the heavy open-work shutter that is built often in beautiful wrought iron after a most delightful pattern in front of the ground-floor windows in Spanish houses. Some of the *rejas* are so beautiful, particularly in the north of Spain, that the innocent traveller passing by night through some old Spanish street, and wishing to examine some *reja* at his leisure, will often embarrass two lovers of whose existence he was quite unaware; the man standing motionless in the shadows of the pavement and the girl shrinking modestly behind the *reja*, seem to be part and parcel of the place itself, in perfect keeping with the atmosphere and tradition of the street itself. There is nothing to do save raise the hat and make a brief apology that will be acknowledged by a bow and a low muttered "Vaya Usted con Dios" (go in God's keeping). Then you must hurry away and leave the street to lovers and the night.

The floors in Spanish houses are frequently tesselated and on some the mosaic decorations are very beautiful. In most houses they are covered lightly during the winter with thin hemp carpets called *esteras*, that only serve to keep the dust warm. These *esteras* are nailed to the wooden border running round the room and amass a tre-

mendous amount of dirt during the winter. On the polished wooden floors of houses belonging to the wealthy, carpets, that have passed through the London or Paris market on their way from the place of manufacture, are frequently to be met. They do not always seem in place. In the summer the floors are kept highly polished, the windows are full of flowers, and the balconies and shutters are arranged so cleverly that the maximum of fresh air is attracted to the room. To appreciate the coolness of the Spanish room, you have but to walk along the sunny side of the pavement and breathe the white-hot air that seems to rise up from the pavement and wellnigh take your breath away, while from the windows above and around a current of cool air comes as though sent by the city's patron saint to refresh the stricken street. Not without trouble and experience has the Spanish housewife succeeded in making her home as cool as natural conditions will permit. The Englishman who sets up housekeeping in Spain and lacks the service of a good native housekeeper will probably find his home uncomfortably hot at a time when the houses or flats of his friends are cool. So proud are the Spanish women at their capacity for subduing "the enemy," as the sun is called, that the relative coolness of their respective apartments is the topic of frequent discussion during the dog-days. In the happy absence of a thermometer—and that useful instrument is unknown to the general public in Spain—each speaker can pledge his or her conscience with complete serenity, and repent at leisure.

The Spanish bedroom holds the bed in an alcove (*alcoba*), and by so doing conforms to one of the least healthy customs that the Moors left in Spain. The *alcoba* is stuccoed, and in very poor houses merely whitewashed, to keep an all too vigorous insect life at bay. Iron beds are more popular

than wooden ones, the single beds being absurdly small and the double beds absurdly large. It is the custom in Spain for the bride to present her partner with the nuptial couch. The bedroom in a Spanish house is comparatively bare; furniture is scanty, and the chief ornament consists of a plaster shrine with a figure of the local virgin and a few "genuine Murillos," of which nearly every Spaniard has one or two to spare. The writer well remembers how a dear old gentleman in Andalusia offered him a "genuine Murillo" at a price that came down slowly from ten thousand pesetas to seventy-five—four hundred pounds to three pounds!

Unfortunately for Spain there is a winter as well as a summer, and in parts of the Peninsula the winter invasion is a very serious one. The Spaniard makes little or no attempt to cope with it. There are still very few houses in which one finds a modern stove and reasonable warmth. For some reason best known to himself the Spaniard likes to believe that his *brasero* can yield as much heat as is required. There are three kinds of *brasero*, the little low one in a wooden frame used among the lower classes, the tall and often beautifully chased one that stands on a tripod and makes a beautiful ornament in any room, and another one called the *camilla*, which is a brass bowl, fitted in a permanent frame between the four legs of a table. All three have one quality in common: they can warm nothing but themselves. Even if you put your feet on one in which the charcoal is sufficiently glowing to restore to you some measure of circulation, its effect will probably stop a little below the knees and the rest of you will endure the arctic rigour of the winter days. In some parts of Spain the winter wind goes about in gentlest fashion possible on the lookout for people with weak lungs. When

it finds any, they are presented with pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, or any of the kindred troubles that, with the aid of a Spanish doctor, are safe to be fatal. They say of the icy wind that blows off the Guaderrama that so great is its *suavedad* that while it is not strong enough to blow out a candle it can kill a man. Many a *madrileño* has found to his cost that this is no idle boast, but then of course Madrid is about the worst residential city of all Spain and only came into existence because Philip II wanted a capital near the Escorial. Really, if you wish to be warm in Madrid during the winter season nothing can be better than to make friends with the cook and live in the kitchen. It is the most comfortable part of the Spanish house to those sensible people who do not mind the smell of strong oil and stronger garlic.

The Spanish kitchen is worthy of a chapter to itself, and shall not have any smaller measure of attention when it is time to consider the country's cookery. Just now let us be content to remark that in the towns the kitchen is generally as white as lime-wash will make it; the walls are wainscotted to the height of a man's shoulder, and the pots and pans hang against them in spotless purity. Copper, polished to the colour of old gold, is one of the most striking additions to the national scheme of decoration, and many a Spanish housewife would rather add a new copper dish to her *batterie de cuisine* than a new dress to her scanty wardrobe. She still prefers to use the old charcoal stove that her mother and her grandmother's mother used before her. It stands in one corner, high up, so that the dishes are well under the control of their maker, and above the charcoal there is a great bell-shaped funnel that carries the poisonous fumes away. The stove is a fixture and consequently is not likely to be removed, but the modern

kitchener and the portable oil-stove are beginning to make a few friends, though a long time must elapse before the Spaniard will regard a modern stove that does not burn charcoal as anything better than a luxury or a vulgar foreign innovation of little worth. The women of the middle class are not ashamed to go into the kitchen and place the results of their prowess before their husband and their friends. Theirs may be at times the faith that casts out fear, for it would be idle to deny that much Spanish cooking is acceptable only to the Spanish palate. But even the imported palate—so it be not a French one—can learn to appreciate Spanish cookery as practised among the middle classes who have learnt to exercise a certain amount of restraint when handling oil and garlic. But to discuss cooking in detail now would be to interfere with the proposed order of these chapters.

The Spanish housewife of the middle classes is an honest soul, and lovable. She is proud of her home, even if it be no more than a tiny little *piso*. She will labour in it day after day in complete contentment. She loves cleanliness and order, and is not afraid to work with her servants in kitchen or parlour. Between her and those who serve there is a curious relationship, not widely known in this country, a deep friendship that does not admit of familiarity but is based upon a common measure of respect and appreciation for services rendered. The relations between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza find many a counterpart in Spain to this day, not only among the men but among the women. So it happens that the terrible servant trouble hardly exists in Spain where you find men and women serving the house with the fidelity of watch-dogs, prosperous in the day of their employer's prosperity, and contentedly shabby when the sun does not shine upon those they serve. It would

not be too much to say that in many of the serving class all the virtues that endear the Spaniard to those who have the good fortune to know him intimately seem to find a home.

Although a Spaniard may be full of blue blood and pride there is a certain strain of democracy in him that finds expression at home. In short, it may be said that he is accessible to his own household though he be inaccessible to everybody else in the world. Outside the ranks of the grandees and the *nouveaux riches* it is no uncommon sight to see the servant sit at the master's table where he or she seems to fill the vacant place quite naturally without assumption or familiarity. On his saint's day the servant becomes the host and the master the guest, and the kitchen or servant's hall the place of entertainment. On this great occasion the servant buys wine and cakes to entertain the master who meets the other friends of the servant, and joins them on equal terms. In the same way the maid entertains her friends on her name-day and her mistress is among her guests. Doubtless this good understanding accounts for the excellence and continuity of Spanish domestic service. It may be unnecessary to say that every Spanish child is named after a saint whose day in the Roman Catholic calendar becomes the child's name-day.

It is very easy to keep a servant in Spain however poor you may be; there is little extra expense beyond the cost of food, for the servant is quite content to take wages when they are forthcoming, will sleep in any odd corner in comfort and contentment and is generally very healthy. The conditions prevailing among the poorer classes restrict survival to the very fit in a country where the infant mortality is appallingly high.

Perhaps the presence of the foster-mother in so many

Spanish families strengthens the ties between those who serve and those who are served. The average Spanish woman prefers to nurse her own children, and performs the act which is a mother's special privilege with a simple dignity that adds to the natural beauty of the most primitive of all services. In England women are ashamed to nourish their children in public, but in Spain this ugly false modesty does not exist. Women of gentle birth and refinement will not hesitate to fulfil their appointed task on a tram, in a railway carriage, or even in the street, without any loss of self-respect or the respect of others. Many a woman has the will but not the capacity to rear her own children, but when she finds herself unable to fulfil the mother's first duty, she does not fly to patent preparations that are guaranteed to turn the most puny child into a pocket Hercules. She prefers, if means permit, to send for a wet-nurse (*ama*) from one of the healthiest parts of the country, those of the Province of Santander being in great demand. They are familiar figures in the streets of big cities. They wear white caps; their hair is dressed in special fashion, a long tress hanging down on either side, and their silver ornaments prove on examination to be made of peseta and half peseta pieces. The *ama* arrives at her destination with no worldly possessions save her health and the rags she stands up in, but such welcome strangers are immediately made much of. Decent clothes are substituted for the rags, rich food takes the place of the coarse rough fare to which they have been so long accustomed, and the infant thrives in their charge. At the same time it must be confessed that the *ama* is very often a tyrant, and is apt to strain the resources of a small household to breaking-point, for she does not take any modest view of her own importance in the scheme of things, and will not compare for a moment with one of the regular

household servants in point of good service, patience, or economy.

The best has now been said about the Spanish mother's care for her children; it must be confessed that infant mortality in Spain is on a scale that would strike horror into the hearts of English mothers. Medical science is not exactly in a thriving condition south of the Pyrenees, where a doctor in good practice relies largely upon the Santissima Trinidad and two or three medicines. There is sufficient belief in predestination throughout Spain—a legacy this from Morocco—to atone for all the doctor's mistakes, and there are times of course when the patient's constitution is stronger than sickness and a Spanish doctor in combination. Unfortunately, these patients are seldom children. In the big cities as in the tiny villages it is no uncommon sight to see unweaned children sucking the small green cucumbers called gherkin (*pepinillo*), while little tiny children, who can just run about, may be seen on hot summer days eating fruit which is either over-ripe or actually rotten. To make matters worse sanitation is unknown among the poorer classes; indeed sanitary science is not popular in any part of Spain, and consequently dysentery, small-pox, and typhus are more or less endemic, and infantile cholera claims its thousands. Spaniards are a very prolific race, but the incapacity to rear children extends through all classes, and it is no uncommon experience to meet a man or woman who claims to be the sole survivor of ten, twelve, fifteen, or even twenty children, or to meet some old man or woman reduced to indigence, who is heard to regret that of a family of more than a dozen not one has survived to help in the hour of need. If the mother be ignorant, the *ama* is more ignorant still, and to make matters worse the average Spanish mother would rather allow a child to have something that is

notoriously bad for it than vex the child by withholding it. As a class Spanish mothers spoil their children, and regard with horror the parents whose discipline is strict. They have never heard of King Solomon's dictum, or if they have they ignore it. The effect of this lax up-bringing is very unpleasant, and if it were not for the tremendous mortality among children would be more unpleasant still. But it is not hard to understand that when a woman can only succeed in rearing one child out of three or four she is apt to spoil it.

The Spaniard who survives the kind attention of his *ama* is duly grateful. As long as they both live she has a moral claim upon him that he never repudiates, and many an old woman in Spain to-day lives in comfort because in the days of her youth she nurtured some baby who contrived to reach man or woman's estate and thrive.

The increasing wealth of Spain, the king's marriage to an English princess, and the arrival of the motor-car beyond the Pyrenees have all served in their way to introduce certain alien elements into the Spanish household in the form of the chauffeur and the governess. The chauffeur is as often as not a Frenchman, but few Spaniards would hesitate in their choice if they had an Englishman or a Frenchman to choose from. The English governess in a Spanish house has a good time, for the consideration extended to her is often greater than any she has experienced at home. Doubtless she undertook her journey with much fear and trembling, and looked to find surroundings of unrelieved gloom amid people of constitutional melancholy. Her awakening will have been a pleasant one, for in the majority of cases she is likely to find a friend as well as an employer, while the various phases of Spanish social life in which she will have ample opportunity of taking part, will make her work seem very light and pleasant. The chauffeur

will hardly have such a pleasant time, for although the wealthy Spaniard has beautiful cars, he has abominable roads, and unless his master be satisfied with the limited attractions of the paseo, the chauffeur's heart will be torn almost as badly as his tyres. "Running repairs" is a term possessing a terrible significance south of the Pyrenees.

The attitude of the average Spanish servant to the foreign chauffeur is distinctly amusing. He cannot quite rid his mind of a belief that the motor-car is an invention of the anti-Christ, and that the last address of the chauffeur was not England or France, but quite another place. He regards the car itself with holy horror, and will not often pass it, even when it is at rest, without making the sign of the cross. This of course applies only to those who are at once superstitious and devout, the others will be content with some sign by which they learned in some far-off native village to avert the evil eye.

There is yet another class of Spaniard who, strong in his beliefs, will treat the car with contempt, and he is the most dangerous of all. He is probably related in sentiment if not in blood to the worthy baturro (native of Aragon) who in the early days of Spain's railways is said to have ridden on his donkey down the line. A train came up behind him, slowly of course and with deliberation, as becomes a Spanish train; and the engine driver blew his whistle as hard as he could. The worthy baturro turned round in his tracks and shook his fist at the intruder. "If you don't get out of my way . . . ," and here the story, like this chapter, stops, not without giving the keynote to the next.

CHAPTER III

IDLE DAYS IN SOUTHERN SPAIN

THE joy of travelling in Spain will never be understood by the great majority of restless tourists who make their journey to the south by way of the Pyrenees and Madrid. Nor will the pleasure of life in Don Quixote's country be known to the patrons of hotels that have nothing more Spanish than a French chef and a British scale of charges. But let the traveller turn into Andalusia's by-ways and he will find that, though the costume of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries has suffered change, in all or most other aspects life seems to pass along much the same road as in the days when Goya's marvellous brush recorded the society of which the rest of Europe knew little or nothing. "Civilization ends at the Pyrenees" we have been told by men who should have known better, but we may never justly forget that Spain as an Empire has filled the foreground of Europe. Had she survived the grip of the Church, and the too ardent splendour of the sun, she might have stayed there. Perhaps purely western civilization ends at the Pyrenees, that is all.

But I do not propose to speak of Spanish history or politics in this place. I have done no more than refer to my notebook for odds and ends of travel impressions, to present them here without elaboration or heightened colour. My first visit to the Iberian Peninsula was paid

in the early nineties when I was but twenty-one and knew few other countries. Since then I have been a wanderer in many lands, but Spain comes back to me with perennial freshness, and if inclination guide my footsteps it is there my holidays are spent.

The idlest of all idle days may be passed in a Spanish train. It is no roaring, bustling affair like the trains of other countries; it is something that contributes to the interest of village life, stimulates gossip, and quite incidentally takes passengers from one place to another in manner befitting a country that has never learned to hurry. I remember how when going on a short journey in Andalusia, the train that carried me stopped at a small junction. The station buildings were all on one side of the line, and included a charming little farm-house and a glittering flower garden half-screened from passengers by a wall of undried tapia. Tickets were issued in the farm-house kitchen which was made as official as possible by the presence at its door of two members of the Guardia Civil who were on duty. These good fellows smoked cigarettes and chattered affably with passengers, but bore real carbines and wore cocked hats that no evildoer might seek to carry off train or station, or even hold passengers to ransom. While we were at rest here, after some hours of travel at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour, the driver uncoupled his engine and proceeded down the line with it in the direction we were not to take. The passengers walked contentedly up and down, smoked countless cigarettes, ate oranges, resisted the importunities of beggars, or watched the bloom of figs, pears, and quinces in the orchard and the acacias in the garden beyond. At last I became uneasy and asked where the driver had gone. "Pedro has run down the line on his engine to take a birthday gift to his mother who lives over

there," explained the stationmaster; "he is indeed a good son, and will not trust his parcel to the post. Spain is full of thieves." And when the good son had come back from his mission he restored the engine to its proper position, and we re-entered the train which went on its journey after three-quarters of an hour's delay.

On another occasion, just as we were leaving a wayside station some young turkeys escaped from the garden, and the stationmaster stopped the train lest it should do any damage to them. As some of the passengers were in a hurry that day, they left their carriages and with the aid of broom and sticks provided by the stationmaster's wife, hunted the errant poultry home. Then we were allowed to proceed. While time is your servant all this does not matter; if he be your master of course you do not go to Southern Spain. Even between Algeciras and Bobadilla, over a line that is well managed by a Scotsman, the Spaniard manages to leave the route supremely interesting and to make the least possible surrender to the business instincts of the Saxon. If we take Sevilla or Cordoba for our objective—and surely there are no cities in Europe that invite more pleasantly to idle days—it is well to choose this route, more particularly if you have travelled by sea to Gibraltar, as so many people do.

In England no man is a hero because he travels by rail; in the villages of Southern Spain I am inclined to think the case is different, and that you advance in the social scale in the Andalusia country-side if you have so much as a friend who travels in a train. When the engine pants into the station, conscious of a great task nobly done, all the villagers have assembled to meet it. The function corresponds in Andalusian fashion to Church Parade in Hyde Park. The stationmaster moves with an air of distinction through one of the most interesting crowds to be seen anywhere. Chil-

dren—of whom three out of four are beautiful—are present in great numbers; there is no school board to make them scholars in spite of themselves. Very often the girls have no shoes or stockings, but nearly all have a flower in their hair, or a handkerchief arranged as a mantilla. Many unoccupied men are to be seen; all are smoking, nearly all have forgotten to shave. Beggars, who seem to thrive by the exercise of their profession, go from carriage to carriage, pleading for charity in most pitiful accents. Happy is the man who can boast a mutilated limb or an incurable disease that has outward and visible manifestations. The healthy members of his brotherhood look upon him with keen envy. The few people who, by some unfortunate accident, were born industrious, march up and down the platform with big earthenware jars full of water, for heat and thirst are chronic. Girls carry baskets of oranges, and in all the larger stations you may find modest refreshments provided at a stall, generally in the shape of rolls half cut through to aid the insertion of a slice of greasy sausage.

Seeing the amount of public interest taken in the train's arrival, the stationmaster would be a callous fellow indeed if he sent the long-expected visitor away too soon. I am inclined to think that he enjoys his official position immensely; indeed, I have seen him stroll up and down in front of the train with his wife on his arm and his numerous family at heel as though he felt he had not lived in vain. Only when he realizes that the train has done its duty by the district does he ring his bell with an energy and vigour worthy the occasion. He rings until he is tired, and then the train moves off very slowly, and the ticket tormentor appears suddenly from the knifeboard and demands your ticket that he may mutilate it further. I believe that the ticket collector must be a lineal descendant of the old-time Inquisitors.

Nothing else will account for his cruel pleasure in defacing the tickets entrusted to his care. He has all the suspicion of an Inquisitor too, and will appear before you suddenly at odd times of the night, as though fearful that some intruder has reached the carriage by way of the lamp-hole or by jumping on to the knifeboard that is his own happy hunting ground.

The journey to Sevilla, by way of Algeciras and Ronda, or even by the lesser-known route from Huelva, is full of curious interest. Villages on either side recall the Moorish occupation of Spain. They are screened with hedges of cactus, aloe, and prickly pear, in fashion that suggests an Arab douar. Here and there one passes cork woods, the dark-red trunk showing beneath the stripped bark; a file of mules, loaded with the produce of the woodlands, plods over the tracks to the music of their own tinkling bells, in charge of a gaily-clad muleteer. Olive and eucalyptus fringe the woods, and in spring the yellow gorse flames along the hill-sides where patches of brilliant broom and iris help to lend variety to the colour schemes.

Between the stations are the huts of the signal men or women, and as he approaches one of these, the driver always puts on steam and passes at top speed as though to remind the watchers that a train accustomed to stop in railway stations cannot communicate, even distantly, with mere hand-signal folk. There are orchards along the road whose colour in blossoming time is a feast to the eye, and in spring the southern land is so full of flowers that one might think April had showered down roses instead of rain. Even the hard workers seem to enjoy themselves, and to remind the travellers that when the Moors were in Andalusia they raised three crops a year from one field. Now and again the engine runs—no, I should say strolls—through valleys cut

in the limestone rock, and there one may look for romantic caves and rushing waterfalls, while the overwhelming whiteness of the earth seems to lend a deeper blue to the sky, a keener freshness to the air. Here and there one passes a bull-farm, where the fierce animals are bred for the Plaza de Toros. You see the bulls feeding peacefully, knee-deep in lush grasses born of the first rains, with some *ganadero* or bull-farmer—always a horseman and a dandy—watching over their welfare. Anon one encounters a herd of pigs driven by some barefooted lad who is puffing at a cigarette, though in all probability he has not a *real* to his credit. Poor he may be, and hard-worked, but he has all the sunshine he requires, sufficient food, of the coarsest kind, and no knowledge of the more complicated problems that come into life side by side with education. So he passes along the dusty road that winds like a white thread amid the fields, singing to his heart's content as he drives his restless charges to pastures new, and the pigs do not mind his singing so long as he finds them roots and acorns in plenty. Sometimes when he has found suitable pasture for his charges, he turns his thoughts to music and plays a pipe, as did the shepherds whom Theocritus has made immortal.

If you travel far enough on the Spanish railway you come to a really big junction, where trains congregate and a long *déjeuner* is served in the restaurant. There you may chance to find the train that carries his Spanish Majesty's mails, the "Oficina Ambulante Servicio de Correos". It is splendidly blazoned, and is as full of pride as of letters, but it is never in a hurry. I remember some years ago reaching Bobadilla Junction on a journey to the capital. A mail train southward bound was in the station. I was preparing to make my way to the buffet when the guard warned me to stay where I was. "We are not going to stop," he explained,

"we are late already." I could see the restaurant and hear the stimulating clatter of spoons against plate; I saw white-aproned waiters moving with dignity to and fro, laden with the good things of the earth. I felt inclined to let the train go on its way, but in the morning I had wired to a friend to meet me in Madrid, and delay would have cost me twenty-four hours. So I remained as disconsolate as the Peri outside the gate of Paradise, and far more hungry. Some twenty-five minutes later the engine driver ceased to talk politics with his brother of the mail train and a small group of unshaven patriots, and condescended to accept the long-standing invitation of the signals. When the train reached Madrid on the following morning my friend was nowhere to be seen. Slowly though we had travelled, we had outpaced the telegraph office, and my telegram arrived in the afternoon. Perhaps it was sent by post. In countries where public service is poorly paid, and business is a negligible quantity, stranger things happen, and the secrets of the Spanish post office are as many, though not so gruesome, as those of the Inquisition.

Even night travel on Spanish trains is full of interest, and the evening colour along the line is splendid. The sunsets, with some wonderful scene painted on a background of gold in manner that recalls the earliest art of the Tuscan School; the hush that comes over the land with fading light, conjuring up memories of landscapes by Puvis de Chavannes or Camille Pissarro; the blossoming trees that look like ghosts, and the little girls holding signal lights by the side of butts set at some wood's edge, just as though they were kindly fairies—these are things not to be forgotten. The journey is not without its troubles. When a station is reached little boys come to the railway carriage to shout, "Agua, Agua". Officious porters will insist

upon renewing foot-warmers, though the carriage is already unpleasantly hot. Your fellow-travellers have a most unhealthy contempt for ventilation, and, in the miniature whirlwind that follows the sudden opening of the carriage window, the ticket tormentor pays a midnight call to do what further harm he can to the uncomplaining piece of pasteboard under the cover of darkness. But as soon as the morning comes, you forget these discomforts, and when you see shepherd or goatherd lying on the grass and piping to some Amaryllis who sits not too far away, you may think for a moment in Milton's words that "Time has run back to bring the Age of Gold".

It is time to leave the train now, for to tell the truth the days one spends there are not quite idle. The scene shifts too rapidly; the call upon the eye and ear are too insistent, and even the Spanish train takes you to your destination, if you will bear with it patiently. For me the two idlest and sunniest cities of Spain are Cordoba and Sevilla, both on the Guadalquivir, both steeped to the turrets in the Moorish tradition. Indeed, Guadalquivir is no more than the native rendering of Wad el Kebir, which is Moghrebbin Arabic for "The Great River".

When the train leaves me at Cordoba and ambles off with other travellers bound elsewhere, I like to banish all thoughts of the larger world, and to be as far removed from letters and newspapers as are the monks and hermits of the Sierra Morena, the hills that girdle Cordoba and may have heard the echoes of Rozinante's hoofs when Don Quixote fared abroad to win undying fame for Dulcinea de Toboso. The little city is quite Moorish, almost as Mohammedan in aspect and feeling as it was in the far-off days when the Caliphs held sway, when the mueddin looked out over the Court of Oranges, where Abdurrahman's fountain splashes

still, and when the echoes of his sonorous call to prayer rolled through the Hall of a Thousand Columns. Some seven hundred of these pillars still remain. They are of the rarest marble, and not easily to be seen in the perpetual gloom—a gloom which in the palmy days of Islam was dissipated by eight thousand lamps. Even to-day the Court of Oranges has much of the aspect of the East, and the beggars who sun themselves there or seek the shade of cypress or of palm during the "hours of fire" seem to be part of a world that has nothing in common with the twentieth century.

Cordoba is a city of narrow streets, built to give shade to the passers. There are few windows to the houses, and those are heavily barred. The pavements are cobbled, there are not many vehicles, even if we include the antique *berlinas* drawn by mules. The great Mosque has become a cathedral, and its famous chamber, with shell-shaped roof —cut from a single piece of marble, richly inlaid with mosaics, and once the abiding-place of a world-renowned copy of the Koran—is now a chapel. They say that Charles V seeing the changes made by his clergy, said: "You have erected what any man might have built; you have destroyed what was unique in the world".

In the sleepy market-place, where the glow from the oranges and lemons seems to light up the dark faces of the women who sell them, there are countless little cicadas for sale in tiny cages. The poor little insects have no room to turn round, but they sing as cheerfully as they did among the tree-tops in the days when they were free. Life here, as in other parts of Spain, is full of cruelty; the indifference to the sufferings of what we are pleased to call lower forms of life is very noticeable. Cordoba has one café beloved of the bull-fighting fraternity, where I have seen the famous

Rafael Guerra, Spain's greatest bull-fighter, now retired. I remember the days, nearly fifteen years ago, when he was at the top of his form, and could kill as many as nine or ten bulls a day, travelling in order to do so from one town to another by special train. Then he was so well-beloved of the populace that he could draw an income of thirty or forty thousand pounds a year from his poverty-stricken country. To-day he is rich beyond the dreams of avarice—a Spaniard's dreams—and has a great estate outside Cordoba, this quaint old city wherein, folks say, his father worked as a butcher. You see toreadors in plenty at this same café of his special choice, vigorous, athletic men, who wear short coats, open-worked shirt-fronts, and tight waistbands and have their hair in a pigtail called the *coleta*. There is a bull-ring close to the railway station, but it is a plaza of the second class, in no way renowned. They say Guerrita swore when he retired that he would fight no more until Spain is a republic. Spain must hurry up.

In Cordoba you may be idle all day. Time himself seems to drop the hot-foot pace at which he drives the bustling West. Such industries as the place may have are chiefly agricultural. The shopkeepers do not seek custom, and if it come in the hours when they are wont to take a siesta, they positively resent it. I remember visiting an old bootmaker's shop at one or two o'clock in the afternoon, when I should have been asleep. He told me as much, and as my Spanish ran very lamely to apologies and explanations, it was some time before I could get the sorely tried man to accept my expressions of regret. Then when the boots were purchased, he had no change, and wanted me to give him back the boots and come on the following day!

In the wayside ventas and ventorillos you find the same

attitude. You can have what is to hand and must cheerfully forego the rest. No discipline could be better for the tourist who imagines that the earth and the fulness thereof are at his disposal so soon as he is pleased to loosen his purse-strings. Residence in Cordoba would set him right, but then tourists do not visit the town, or if they do, it is only for a night and a day. They see little or nothing of the city in its home aspect, though they may get a glimpse at the wonderful monasteries, the palaces, hospital, colleges, the prison that was formerly the royal palace of the Alcazar. They can never realize or appreciate the more subtle quality of a city that ranked once as the most important in Spain, home of the first Roman colony in the country, capital of the Moorish dominions, and, even to-day, so conscious of its high descent, that none of the storms which agitate less stately cities can stir its deep content. Learn to accept the lesson Cordoba has to teach, and you have mastered no little part of the art of rational living.

By night the sereno, or watchman, keeps watch and ward over Cordoba's safety, though it is permissible to suggest that nobody in the city has sufficient enterprise to set up business as a burglar. Indeed, the malefactor, were he young and active, could deal readily with the sereno, who is old and feeble. To be sure he carries a lantern, a spear, and a rattle, but his hardest task is to proclaim the hour in the wake of the city's clocks, to declare that the face of the night is fair or cloudy, and to praise the Maria Santísima from whom all blessings flow. Yet the sereno presents a welcome figure as you stroll into the city in the small still hours from some country-side inn that knows no licensing laws, and will supply all your simple wants until the proprietor can no longer keep awake. The sereno will courteously lead you home if you have lost the clue to the maze of

streets lying so peacefully under the pale light of the moon, and though he be as poor as the cathedral mice, he is every inch a gentleman, your friend and obliging companion. Even the little tribute that marks your parting does nothing to lower him in his own eyes or yours.

From Cordoba to Sevilla it is no far cry. You can make a walking journey of it in four days by way of Carmona and Alcala, an easy ride in three, and if you are in a hurry—a most unlikely case—you can ride hard, or if too tired for violent exercise you can take the train. The dusty road is best for all its faults, and for all the roughness of its wayside accommodation. On the road by the Guadalquivir's banks, in a part where some cypress-trees gave the surrounding country quite a melancholy aspect, I once met the most tattered beggar I have ever seen. Only the special grace of the Maria Santísima kept his rags together; his worldly possessions were a staff, a frayed leather wallet, a piece of hard bread, and a couple of oranges. And yet he was as human as that St. Felix whom Murillo painted; his happiness was positively infectious; he sang an old ballad with a powerful voice that had a good sense of music, and when I gave him a handful of cigarettes and a couple of *reals*, he took off his tattered hat and vowed he would not change his state with the King. Then I noticed for the first time how beside the cypress-trees the yellow broom was flowering, and that the country-side was full of the sights and sounds and scents of the southern summer, and I knew "it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun". When I think that the world has been using me ill, or reflect upon the small quantity of moss that rolling stones collect, I remember my beggar friend by the river bank a few miles out of Cordoba, and contentment follows on the heels of recollection.

CHAPTER IV

RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVILLA

IF you would be idle in good company—that is to say, in the company of people who should have sufficient education and resources to make them industrious—Sevilla will give you more satisfaction than almost any city of its size in the world. Laziness there is the order of the hour, the day, the year. One or two streets, like Sierpes, for example, are closed to vehicles. The clubs and cafés open on to the roadway, and there, shaded from the fierce glare of the sun by the awnings that stretch from roof to roof across the narrow street, you sit at your ease, and to quote the late Dr. Watts, you take no heed of time save by its flight.

Perhaps a pretty flower girl will beg you to buy a rose or carnation, a beggar will stand making dumb petition by your side, some small boy will offer you a newspaper, or unfold before you the latest edition of "La Lidia," the bull-fighters' paper, with illustrations in colour, or he will beg for a piece of sugar from the bowl before you. These are the most serious disturbances that are likely to threaten. Towards late afternoon the awnings above the Sierpes are withdrawn, the promenade becomes quite gay, for the Sevillana goes along Sierpes looking her best, not altogether unconscious perhaps that she is criticized by connoisseurs all the way down the street. Many a man blessed or banned by a small income that removes him equally from

want and ambition, idles half his life away here. By the side of the Sevillians who have succumbed to the fascinations of Sierpes, Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters" were hard-working men. Of course I do not speak in praise of this habitual idleness; it accounts in part for Spain's loss of her former estate and for the corruption in high places, but, so far as one is justified in seeking idle days, it is at least permissible to look for the spot where the art of doing nothing is best understood. One would not go to Sevilla to be industrious any more than one would go to Chicago to take a holiday. Only professed tourists could be guilty of conduct so utterly indefensible and nobody takes tourists seriously, at home or abroad.

Talking of these worthy people reminds me that they have their own hotels in Sevilla, large, pretentious places equally redeemed from real comfort and Spanish associations. There they can be fooled to the top of their bent, and deluded into the belief that they have caught a glimpse of the real Spain. The true idler will avoid these places, even though his purse be as long as Midsummer Day. He will seek some modest house that receives a few visitors and makes them comfortable, he will accommodate himself to the conditions of the country and the customs of its people. He will rise soon after the sun and enjoy his morning stroll while the air is cool and fresh and pious folk are flocking to the earliest service in the cathedral. Perhaps he will explore the cathedral itself, once, says legend, a Temple dedicated to Venus, and later, adds rumour, unshamed possessor of subterranean chambers, where Holy Inquisition could work its will unseen upon the poor bodies of heretics. Sevilla was the happy hunting-ground of the Inquisitors. Within two centuries they burnt 30,000 people in the name of the Roman Catholic faith. To-day, the

cathedral is in charge of some really clever vergers to whose skill I bow. When I went there for the first time and expressed a wish to see the different chapels, famous beyond the country's boundaries by reason of their treasures of pictures or precious stones, a verger took me over the first one, pocketed a fee, and then remarked that the key of the next chapel was in the keeping of another man. This one showed me his share of the cathedral's beauties, took a fee, and handed me over to a third rogue who had a chapel in his charge. I grew tired of the game long before I had met half the earnest workers who desired to take part in it. Doubtless I was set down as a heretic.

But it is not necessary to journey to Spain to find cathedrals in the charge of grasping and illiterate men, nor can they spoil our enjoyment of what cathedrals have to show us. Southern Spain is full of the genius of Murillo, a master whose limitations are hardly to be seen in the bright light of his favourite city. In an age when Spanish painters seemed to crowd as much ugliness as was possible within the frame of their pictures, it must have been refreshing to find an artist who chose perfectly charming types for his Holy Mothers and Children and reached the simple heart of the people as none did before him and few have done since.

At Easter-tide one sees in the cathedral the famous dance of the Seises, amid surroundings that are not readily forgotten. Great Church dignitaries are everywhere in evidence, the archbishop with golden crozier, bishops in their mitres, priests in blue and white. Before the high altar the dancing boys are grouped in a semicircle formed by the musicians. These lads are dressed in blue and white doublets, they wear white stockings and long-feathered hats. They sing and dance to curious old-world music belonging

to any age between Palestrina and Gluck, and they mark time with castanets. It is a weird performance of which nobody knows the origin.

Sevilla has countless charming walks. One can go across the Guadalquivir by the Tower of Gold, once a State Treasury, and so into the Triana where the gipsies live. It is a rare place, rivalled only by the environs of Granada. One can stroll along the river-side to the public gardens that the Duchess of Montpensier took from the grounds of her palace of St. Telmo and gave to the public. I remember these gardens when they were very wild and solitary, in part like a jungle, and yet so rich in scent and colour that it was a pleasure to get lost within their mazy depths. Now alas, they are more tidy. The paths are cleaned, the hedges trimmed, the flowers shine from well-ordered beds, and electric trams have a right of way through the home of orange, lemon, and syringa trees. This suggestion of smug prosperity is not nearly so pleasing as the joyful poverty that greeted me, when an idler, I saw the garden for the first time only twelve years ago.

Then Spain still owned Cuba and the Philippines, but the natives were in revolt and the campaign was spreading distress from Malaga to San Sebastian. There was no public money for gardening work. I remember once how I was taking an early morning stroll through Sevilla when I heard the sound of martial music and hurried in its direction. In the Plaza San Fernando there was a great crowd of women and children on one side of the square, and presently, along the other side, a military band approached. Following, with the red and yellow flags a-flying, came two or three hundred recruits marching to Sevilla's southern station to entrain for Cadiz, where the transports lay. Spain had sent her best soldiers already, these were but raw lads, untrained,

unnerved, unfit, going from the pleasant old city that had sheltered their boyhood to die in the Cuban swamps. And the women, not able to encourage them, were crying bitterly. I had not quite grasped the situation, and turned to an old, tear-stricken peasant by my side. "Where are they going, mother?" I said to her. "To heaven, friend," she replied, and told me that her three grandsons were in the ranks that were passing, and that her two sons had laid down their lives already.

Since those days I have seen something of war and suffering, but I cannot forget the Plaza San Fernando as it was on that June morning when everything under heaven seemed made for happiness, and was, so far as I could see, full of misery. One realized for the first time perhaps the atmosphere of the Book of Lamentations. And yet how quickly the scene changed. Two days later one of Spain's great matadors, Espartero or Guerrita, I think, came to Sevilla to kill bulls "in manner that would honour the city," and the crowd took the horses from the great matador's carriage as he was going to the station in the evening and dragged him in triumph through that same square, with lighted torches that put the lamps to shame, and shouts that sent the startled pigeons circling round the Giralda Tower. To-day such an attention would be impossible, your matador rides in a motor-car.

I would not be so presumptuous as to express a decided opinion about the Spanish temperament. Among the hardest workers I have found industry, thrift, and a serious purpose, but the higher one goes in the social scale, the less one notes of strenuousness. The Catalans have the brains of Spain, the Castilians are contented with the traditions of world supremacy. Where the heat is greatest and the soil most fertile there is a minimum of work.

But we had gone for a morning walk before I began to moralize, and only a cock-fight could have kept me out so late.

The chief objection to cock-fighting in those degenerate idle days lay in the difficulty of getting back to the house under the blaze of the noonday sun. Save for the cock-pit's patrons, the streets would be deserted: from end to end Sevilla knew no shade. But home would come in sight at last, and I would sit at ease among the myrtles, the orange trees and the white acacias in the patio that was kept cool by sunblinds and by a fountain that never ceased from its play. It is so warm in Sevilla that only the very modern houses boast fire-places. The others are content in winter with the use of the *copa*, a round brass dish filled with charcoal. When I reflect upon this and upon the English June days that demand fires I recall Jean Paul Richter's statement that an English summer is merely winter painted green.

With half-past twelve breakfast would arrive, and following that I would pay back to sleep the hours stolen from the morning, and when four o'clock brought shade in the wake of sunlight to the streets, it would be time to dress carefully, and sally forth to ride, drive, or walk, where the life of Sevilla congregated. Among the places worth a visit in the late afternoon was a large barrack-like building standing in a big courtyard, and fronted with iron rails that could be seen from the gardens of the Alcazar. During the heat of the day it would be quiet enough, but towards evening a great crowd would gather by the gates—artisans, idlers, soldiers, all sorts and conditions of men—and women would stream across from the building by the score. It was Sevilla's great tobacco factory. Prosper Merimée wrote the story of Carmen, who was a *cigarrera*, and Bizet set it to music and gave us the delightful and familiar opera that

takes us all to Sevilla, or as near to it as the stage-manager can contrive. I have seen that opera in many cities, but I have never seen the tobacco factory properly presented, though it is an eighteenth-century building and has not altered since the day when the story was written. I have been over the factory several times, and have seen the *cigarreras* hard at work, in long, bare rooms, making cigars and cigarettes that are better to look at than to smoke. One sees some of the prettiest heads in all Europe—and the emptiest. The flowers the girls wear in their hair are set aside for the time being, to be resumed when work is done, and the *cigarrera* is free to lounge in the gardens, or patronize the little cafés with the rest of Sevilla's citizens. As a rule she is a very industrious worker, neat and tidy, able to extract the last ounce of effect from the most simple ornament, fond of music, a passionate dancer, and ready to spend an unfair proportion of her earnings upon weekly visits to the *plaza de toros*. And she walks with a grace that is all to seek outside Spain. Tobacco is a Government monopoly, and is leased to a very influential company; the piece-work system prevails throughout the factory, and at normal times four or five thousand people find employment within its walls.

Like most cities beloved of Phœbus Apollo, Sevilla keeps late hours, in fact it may also be said that she turns night into day. By the time dinner is over the air has regained the coolness that left with early morning, the shops light up, as though they really did attach some importance to business after all, and the city seeks the streets. If you care for the theatre, you can always go and hear three *zarzuelas* or comic operas for a very little money, and, speaking of these entertainments, so bright, so merry, and so poorly paid, I am reminded that the theatrical world cannot be idle even in Sevilla. I have passed a theatre before ten o'clock in the

morning, and heard rehearsals in full swing, and an evening programme that occupies four hours is not considered too long. The reward of all this service is quite inadequate. A man who has written the book of music of one successful musical comedy in London can make more money than his Spanish brother receives throughout the days of his life. I suppose the real truth is that the Spaniard has been accustomed to spend so much on bull-fights that playgoing has ceased to be taken seriously, and the stage that gave Europe a Calderon and a Lope de la Vega has fallen upon evil days as far as the remuneration of workers is concerned, though in point of patronage and the activity of dramatists the Spanish stage is more flourishing than our own, as will be suggested in in a later chapter.

I do not despise the *zarzuelas*, as the musical comedies are called, but in Sevilla you waste the night in the city. Beyond its boundaries the country is at its best, and you can find a dozen little wayside inns, ventas or ventorillos, as they are called, where all the requirements of an idler are fulfilled. These are very simple, of course. You should want no more than a garden, one or two little arbours with the vine trellised over them so that in vintage-time you can pluck the purple grapes without effort, a bottle of white wine or red, some cigarettes, and a little music. In the country round Malaga I have spent the most enjoyable season of the year watching the grape harvest, but the harvest men and women were so active that I grew quite tired of doing nothing. Sevilla, on the other hand, never offended me with suggestions of work when I wanted to be idle. To be sure, in one garden that I favoured with more than common pleasure there was a defect. The place was full of roses and pinks, tobacco plants and sugar-cane, to say nothing of orange-trees, palms, rhododendrons, and one huge saffron-

tree, pride of the place. There were trellised vines everywhere, but my enjoyment was nearly spoilt by the water supply. It was the primitive Moorish well, with water-wheel and bucket and chain apparatus, and as the buckets came up full, they tilted mechanically over the wheel into little sloping ditches that carried the water to most distant corners of the garden. I might have pardoned the ceaseless activity of the buckets but for the fact that they were worked by an old blindfolded horse that, seemingly, had never known the luxury of an eight hours' day. He was at his hard labour when I went to the venta in the afternoons, and had not always finished when I arrived after dinner. His patient, plodding work seemed to reproach me; he had never known what it meant to be lazy all the summer through. The hotter the day the more the garden needed water, and I could do no more than sweeten his life by giving him sugar, and bribing his small boy attendant not to ill-treat him. "Why, he is worn out," explained the lad, when first I remonstrated with him.

There was one other annoyance in this garden. At its far end, in a regular jungle of sugar-cane, palms, and rushes, the bull-frogs croaked incessantly. They would never be quiet. *Tonio*, the tame stork, used to walk down the garden every afternoon and help to depopulate the marsh, but so soon as the night came, the survivors would assemble, to pass a vote of censure upon *Tonio*, I suppose, and go through the roll-call in order to ascertain the dimensions of the casualty list. They kept it up till daylight, perhaps later, for aught I know; I can only answer for the very earliest morning hours.

At the end of the garden, where it overlooked the highway, there was a pagoda, a flimsy thing enough with coloured glass windows on all but the road side. It had a Moorish

hanging lamp, a little round table, and some benches. I retained it three nights a week, for supper. This meal was served about one o'clock in the morning, or a little later, and was a simple affair of meat cut into very thin slices and served with salads, fruit, and wine of the district. The pagoda's lamp could be seen for a very long way across the country, and before it had been alight very long, it would attract some wandering *guitarrero*, one of the tattered musicians who are always to be found on the open road, their guitar and stock of ballads being all their worldly wealth. He would aim for the light as surely as a moth goes to a candle; perhaps one or two would see it, and then supper would be set to music. And such music, national, characteristic, with mournful Moorish cadences, but withal absolutely fitting the hour and the place. If the singers and players did but know you loved their work, they would keep on, heedless of the hours, and then they would accept a modest gift with all possible courtesy, before they passed singing out of sight and hearing. Even these prosaic nineteenth and twentieth centuries of ours have their troubadours if we do but know where to look for them. In the meantime, if there were globe-trotting Europeans in the big hotels of Sevilla, they were being entertained by native guides with mock Spanish dances in the patios of the hotels, or were taken to the cafés that have arisen even in unsophisticated Sevilla to trick tourists.

During my first stay in this part of Spain, only two men who knew me found me. These very pushful acquaintances invited themselves to my pagoda, so I gave them a Spanish meal of the sort that only a Spaniard dare eat with impunity. There was *puchero*, of the sort in which garlic plays a strong and leading rôle; *migas*, in which breadcrumbs highly seasoned and fried in oil take a prominent part, and *gazpacho*,

largely compounded of bread and oil. I had prepared myself for the ordeal by taking the lightest of dinners, and I could afford to indulge. They couldn't; the first *guitarrero* who came along to sing and play to us was sent on a three-mile tramp to the city to find a cab, and my visitors never troubled me again. I know it was wrong to treat them in this fashion, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and your cockney tourist is a dangerous disease in Sevilla, requiring the isolation of a cosmopolitan hotel.

Among all the pagoda nights one stands out above the rest. I had invited some friends to the theatre, and to sup with me afterwards, and had engaged a *guitarrero* whose voice, had it been properly developed, might have made his fortune in opera. Of course it is at least likely that he would not have been so happy as he was while just singing for a bare subsistence. We had supped and were listening to his songs, when we heard the quick beat of a horse's hoofs and a man came down the road at a gallop. "It is the 'encierro,'" cried our friend with the guitar, and I remembered it was a Saturday night, that there was to be a great bull-fight on the morrow, and that the fighting bulls had to be driven to the arena in the darkness. The horseman was hurrying on to warn stray wayfarers to seek hedges, and the drivers of belated vehicles to get off the road as best they could. We stood by the open casement, and soon heard, above the croaking in the marsh, a far-off bellowing and a tinkle that recalled the sounds in an English meadow when the cows are coming home. The noises came steadily nearer, until they resolved themselves into the tramp of great beasts, moving clumsily to the music of cow bells. Then two horsemen, carrying long poles, came in sight, followed by a herd of tame bullocks escorting the six black fighting bulls of the herd known among bull-fighters as the

"herd of death," because of the damage they have wrought in their time. It would be impossible to bring bulls along the road alone, so they are kept with bullocks on the bull-farms and in the *corrales*. They get accustomed to the sound of the bells and will follow where the bullocks lead. Behind the massed bulls and bullocks rode a mixed company of the bull-ring patrons, farmers, fighters, amateurs, and friends of the great *diestro* who was to give additional honour to Sevilla on the following afternoon. Such a sight would be impressive at any time, and in most places; here under the light of the stars, and the faint glow of the pagoda's lamp, it was one of the most picturesque studies that has ever come my way. The little company moved along the road as far as the bull-ring, beyond which great bonfires were burning, to keep even restless bulls from venturing farther and make them well content to turn.

I suppose some description of bull-fighting is held to be a part of every record of life in Spain, but I do not propose to say anything here about the actualities of the *plaza de toros*. They are very ugly, and I cannot conceal their ugliness; indeed, I would not if I could. As far as is necessary some account will be given in a later chapter. Not without very careful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that in bull-fighting, as practised in Spain, the vices outweigh the virtues. When I went to Andalusia for the first time, I saw nothing beyond the supremely vivid picture that the arena affords. The strong light, the gay dresses of the women, the splendid costumes of the bull-fighters, the barbaric music, the courage of the matador, the strength and ferocity of the bull—these impressions dominate all others. I was sorry in a vague way for the horses, but my senses could not grasp the full misery of their plight, because nobody round me noted it. Only when I returned to Spain

after an absence of four years did I realize a change. I found myself idle in Madrid, on an afternoon when a great fight was to be held, and I drove out to the crowded Plaza by myself. The animated crowd stirred me as of old time, for Madrid was in full season, and the sight along the road was a splendid one; but before the fight was half over I was driving home again, to the mingled amusement and contempt of the coachman.

In the early days I had seen little or nothing of human suffering; now I realized its meaning, if only to a limited extent, and I went home, wondering how I could have gone at any time to such a degrading spectacle as a bull-fight. Spanish children are taken at a tender age to the arena, and applaud sights that would sicken you or me. Can it be that their parents never realized the horrors, and that their little ones are growing up to be equally ignorant? When they have reached manhood or womanhood the habit of visiting the *plaza de toros* will be so rooted that they will not think anything of it. I cannot express a decided opinion; I am content to make the suggestion. It may help to solve a problem that has baffled many people.

A friend of mine who likes the excitement of the great gathering drives or rides out to the *plaza de toros* when he is in Spain, and goes early to his seat. There he watches the crowd assemble, and the arrival of the President, enjoys the music of the Spanish National Anthem, the splendid entry of the cuadrillas in their *capas de paseo*, the delivery of the toril key to the alguaziles, the triumphant onrush of the first doomed bull. Then he leaves his seat, oblivious quite of the scoffing remarks of rude neighbours, and goes home.

The only country I know in which bull-fighting has no cruelty worth mentioning is Portugal. In Lisbon, Oporto, and Alges, you can see splendid fights in which no horses

suffer save by accident. No bulls are killed, and no men are seriously hurt. I can still enjoy these mild encounters, particularly when some great Spanish *diestro* comes across the border, and, being full of contempt for animals whose horns are cased in leather, awaits the bull's charge seated in a chair, or with no other aid than can be given by a slender pole, leaps right over the head of an animal coming down upon him at full gallop. But these matters belong to idle days in Portugal, and though I have placed many to my credit, further reference to them here would be out of place.

Pan y toros, bread and bulls! That has been the cry of the Spanish proletariat these very many years. Only lately a ministerial decree forbade bull-fighting on Sundays, but this decree was rescinded, and a nervous Government has given the people their Sunday bulls once more.

CHAPTER V

THE CHURCH IN SPAIN

THE Church in Spain! Though one or two chapters must suffice me here, how many would be required to enable a writer to deal even briefly with such a stupendous scheme? When the mind turns to the subject there passes before the mental vision a long procession of kings, princes, popes, cardinals, founders of brotherhoods—some militant, some purely clerical, and others combining both—saints, the record of whose lives thrills us to the heart even now, conquistadores carrying the sword and the cross to new worlds, there to leave marks on the tablets of time that the traveller may see to-day, ascetics, martyrs, inquisitors—a company whose lines seem to "stretch to the crack of doom". Idealism, statecraft, bigotry, love, mysticism, cruelty, the cunning of the Jesuit and the simplicity of the little child—all stand on record, and we are left with the overwhelming impression that in all the history of the world the seeds of faith never fell on more prolific soil. Some of the seed ripened into splendid fruit, of which any civilization may be proud, but the greater part of it produced monstrous growths that thrust their roots among the foundations of the Empire and overturned them. Spain's greatest glories and Spain's greatest shame are associated with her religion. It helped her to conquer the world but compelled her to force illiteracy upon her own people; helped her to rear the tree of faith and im-

pelled her to nourish its roots in blood; enabled her to create a great Empire and then brought about its downfall. Even to-day, when the Church in Spain is no more than "a remnant most forlorn of what it was," it proves comfort for thousands of sick souls and stifles the moral and intellectual development of millions.

The traveller in Spain will be quick to see that, although free-thought is spreading, old-time superstitions retain their grip upon the national mind, and that, while agnosticism flourishes most in progressive districts like Catalonia, the life of the Spanish village is shadowed from the cradle to the grave by the representatives of a once dominant faith. Political parties have attacked the Church again and again; they have reduced its wealth, cut down its privileges, and restricted the area of its influence. But all these efforts have failed to do more than prune a vigorous tree, and while Castile continues to govern Spain and the leading ladies of the Royal house are more accessible to Church influence than to any other, there will be little change. Should the republicans realize their ambitions, the very foundations of ecclesiastical influence will be uprooted, but the regionalism rampant throughout the country makes united action practically impossible. When the Ethiopian can change his skin and the leopard his spots, all Spain, the north, south, east, and west, will unite in the common cause of progress; until that day it is at least exceedingly likely that the Church will remain the strongest institution. When Portugal enforced its old Law of Associations a few years ago, and across the Pyrenees France did the same, some attempt was made in Spain to follow suit, but the effort ended in complete failure, and may be said to have strengthened the hold of the Church upon the people. The matrimonial alliance between Spain and Austria, when Alfonso XII married Queen Maria

Cristina, was a tower of strength to the ecclesiastical party, and has remained so ever since to the despair of those who hold a perfectly honest belief that the country's future will depend upon the Church's downfall. It may be noted here that the Church moves nowadays with more caution than it has practised hitherto, though the influence of the Jesuits is very marked in Court and Cabinet. But the iron hand needs a thicker velvet glove than it has ever required before, for while Liberalism is only beginning to rise from its low estate in Spain just now, Commercialism is at a premium, and in the wake of commercial development hundreds of remote country districts are coming into practical touch with life for the first time in their history. Nor is the literary activity of Catalonia to be despised. The printing presses are hard at work; there are books in plenty for the small but ever-growing circle that will read them, and as new ideas permeate into a soil wellnigh choked with superstition, a few at least spring up into active life.

Let us consider for a moment the influence of the Church upon the Spaniard from his cradle to his grave. A few days after his birth he is taken to the church for baptism, and though in a poor parish, where the priest gets little or nothing for his pains, the ceremony is but a brief one, its neglect would create a sensation. It may be said that convention rather than faith is responsible for the ceremony, for there never was a country in which superstition and convention outweighed faith as they do in Spain. Among the upper classes the function of baptism is associated with a mass of ceremonials that is eminently pleasing to the Spanish mind. The ceremony takes place in the nave; a full choir is employed and the organist is in attendance; the godmother holds out the infant to receive the holy water on the forehead, oil on the neck, and the cross on its

lips; the prayers are said in Latin, but the necessary questions are asked and answered in Spanish; then the names are entered in the parish register and the priest receives his *douceur*. It has already been remarked that no Spanish child can receive a name that does not figure in the calendar of saints. This church service, though customary, is not obligatory, and free-thinkers—a growing class in Spanish towns—register their child in the local *alcaldia* and contrive to give it some name that no saint has ever enjoyed. It is on record in Barcelona that a gentleman, who combined the principles of free-thought with the practice of anarchy, endeavoured to have his boy named "Acid sulfúrico" (Sulphuric Acid), after the chemical that is so undeniably useful in carrying out the propaganda of his belief. For reasons best known to themselves, the Government officials refused to saddle the babe with such a burden, and the indignant father was compelled to choose one less significant. After baptism comes an entertainment at the house of the parents—an entertainment in which the alluring, irresistible pastry of Spain plays a worthy part, and the sugar-coated almonds associated with marriage ceremonies are also to be found.

Throughout his childhood, the young Spaniard lives on intimate terms with Church ceremonial. He sees the ecclesiastical influence entering into all festivities; there will be a miniature altar in his mother's bedroom, surrounded by her chain of beads; he will go once or twice to church on Sunday; his attention will be called to the religious aspect of the *feria;* nuns will be among his mother's visitors, and he will be taught to regard them as privileged people. There will be few rooms in his parents' house free from some highly coloured picture of saint or martyr—one of Murillo's most famous Assumptions, often as a vile oleograph in a cheap frame, prominent among them. He will hear the

Deity and the Virgin invoked daily and see the sign of the cross made on every possible occasion, even upon a loaf before cutting. He will feel even in his earliest years that the Church rules no small part of his parents' lives and will in turn rule his own; nor will the influence of the priest fail to make itself felt during his schooldays. It may even be that some of his aunts or cousins have already taken the veil and that the prospects of his sisters' doing the same are frequently discussed before him. He will not fail to see that, although the Church does not lay open claim to omnipotence, its power to rule the lives around him is not disputed. As far as is possible he is kept away from any influence that may tend to corrupt his beliefs, and he learns to regard the Church as the high power to which the order of his present life and the destiny of the future one are irrevocably committed. At the most impressionable period of his young life he will be taken on certain days in the year to visit relatives and friends in the religious houses, to find himself in vast sombre buildings still adorned with more than a little of their old splendour, still following the very letter of the regulations laid down by some pious founder, and still possessing to all outward seeming the spirit of tranquillity and contentment that seems to breathe a higher life than ours. He will be taken to see holy relics handled with supreme veneration, and will be taught how, through many centuries of strife and unrest, the religious house has fulfilled its destiny and opened for the elect a path to the world to come. Let us not forget that the Spanish child is highly imaginative, and that life in cities, watched over by an ardent sun, stimulates the imagination to an extent not to be easily realized by dwellers in colder climes.

The lad passes on to puberty, and finds that the same force that directed his childhood will control his youth. He has

walked rather self-consciously through the streets, wearing the white badge of confirmation on his sleeve, in company with other lads of his own age and girls all clad in white, and the parish priest has prepared him for his entry into the larger life that the years of puberty spread out before him. He knows that his sisters go regularly to confession, and he believes that the intercession of the local saint can save the current of any ambition from turning awry. It may be that he himself will make an occasional visit to the confessional, if the local priest should chance to be a man of commanding personality, although it is only fair to add that the average Spanish boy prefers to entrust nobody but himself with the story of his *pecadillos*. Of the light love which comes in his way we need take no account in this place, merely remarking that sun-stricken lands are not conducive to a high standard of sexual morality, and the Spanish boy has far fewer opportunities than an English lad for the active exercise which tends to produce a healthy mind in an active body. But when the time for marriage comes, and the young Spaniard seeks a permanent alliance, he knows that it must be confirmed and regulated by Mother Church, whose influence overshadows this, the most important moment of his life.

Civil marriage of the kind so increasingly popular in France and so often met in this country is hardly known in Spain, though of course it obtains in the republican region of Catalonia where the people as a class are opposed to the Church. In the remote villages, where the hand of the parish priest lies so heavily upon the community, civil marriage is unknown, and the couple proposing to embark upon the sea of matrimony without the preliminary blessing of the Church, would have a very poor time indeed. Their marriage would not be regarded as legal. It is not

so much an act of religious faith that stands in the way; it is the tradition and convention that are so much more deeply rooted than belief. A fortnight before the intended marriage the banns are published in the church, and ere the great day arrives the ceremonies of confession and communion have been gone through by both contracting parties. The marriage celebration seems to be limited only by the purse of the family of bridegroom and bride, and varies from a quaint simplicity that takes due heed of local custom, and is extremely picturesque, up to a heavy, cumbersome, and cosmopolitan ceremonial which must be extremely trying to those chiefly concerned. The Spaniard can hardly be called an ostentatious man, but there are times in his life when he likes to fling restraint to the wind and to impress upon his neighbours the full extent of his capacity for spending money. Marriage is one of these rare occasions and often leaves a little load of debt behind.

After marriage the Spaniard places the burden of prayer upon his wife's shoulders and hands her over cheerfully to a Church for which he himself has little more than toleration. The average Spanish woman has a large measure of what, for lack of a better term, may be called devotion. She is the most regular patron of the priest. She enters church with covered head; for failing a hat or the mantilla that she wears with such exquisite grace, she covers her head with a handkerchief. As she enters she dips her hand in the font of holy water, and any companions may receive the full effect of its efficacy by touching her fingers and making the sign of the cross with the thumb of the right hand. The action is very rapid and briefer than the elaborate sign that is common in France. Forehead, chin, left cheek, and right cheek mark in turn the limits of the cross, and then the thumb is kissed and the simple ceremony is over. Unless

you look carefully at the woman who enters a church her rapid, furtive action may escape your notice altogether.

In France and Italy the wayside cross is a common object in the country-side, and it is often a very ugly erection designed to stimulate the sense of faith rather than the sense of beauty. In Spain they contrive to make a more fitting appeal to the devout wayfarer. On convent walls, in corridors of great factories, like the famous home of Carmen, one encounters little shrines with perhaps rather more scarlet and tinsel than is absolutely necessary to stimulate our sense of colour, and a figure of the Virgin—the local Virgin one might say—with a little lamp before it. The term "local Virgin" will doubtless puzzle many people who do not know that the intensely regional patriotism of the Spaniard classes the Virgin under many heads. There is the Virgin of Pilar and the Virgin of Dolores, the Virgin of Carmen and many others who need not be enumerated, and the Spaniard who worships one of these regards the others as strangers, and will take no account of them. In fact, though his theology teaches him that there is no more than one Virgin, he will be heard to speak very disrespectfully indeed of all Virgins save his own. Throughout Andalusia the full number of Virgins can only be known to the experts of the Church, and it is on this account that the country is called La Tierra de Maria Santísima.

In the gloomy north, where fear lays its griping hand upon the rank and file, the prospects of death create a consternation that is one of the Church's most valuable assets. Even in the laughter-loving south the approach of the King of Terrors is dreaded, but in the north people fear to die save on the battle-field. Few sights can be more impressive than those that accompany death in a city of Northern Spain.

When the priest walks in his robes through the dim streets attended after nightfall by acolytes bearing torches, the passers-by kneel at the summons of the bell that is carried in the procession, and they say a *credo* for the soul now passing beyond all the care and joys of mortal life. Sometimes the priest travels in a closed carriage, moving at a slow pace and surrounded by attendants. The business of the thoroughfare is suspended; a wave of devotion seems to surge along the narrow way and all the people fall on their knees. On balconies and miradores the women who only a moment ago were holding animated conversation as they scanned people below, relapse into silence and sink upon their knees. In that moment some sense of what awaits one and all penetrates every heart, and even in the districts where the influence of the Church is at its lowest the majority succumb to the passing of death, while the minority bares its head.

Half of the double entrance door is shut in the house of death, and the bedroom in which the deceased rests is turned into a *capella ardiente*, where the corpse lies in an open coffin with candles burning at the head and foot and the cross upon its breast. Round the bed the nuns in the garb of their order, white Carmelites or brown Franciscans, pray ceaselessly for the soul gone to the bourne from which no traveller returns.

Burial follows upon the heels of death, and in the country districts men and women follow the coffin, while in the town the women remain at home. The funeral ceremonial varies from extreme simplicity to a display that seems to mock the occasion. Among the very poor the State is the undertaker. A one-horse vehicle without attendants carries the coffin to the *foso común*, and the dead disappears utterly without so much as the tribute of a wooden cross. High

up in the social scale the order of procedure is very different and simplicity would not be tolerated for a moment. Perhaps one of the great dignitaries of the Church will accompany the procession; torches and candles in silver candlesticks issue their feeble challenge to the sun; the coffin, richly decorated, is carried in a hearse that glitters with silver and glass and is almost covered by masses of beautiful flowers. The trappings of the six or eight horses that take the dead to his last home are as brilliant as money can make them. In the case of a statesman or a great soldier or a Prince of the Church, the military are called out to take part in the procession, and when a Senator, a Deputy, or an Academician departs this life, the *comitativa*, as the procession is called, starts from Senate House, or Academy where, by the permission of the family, the body has lain in state. If the dead should have chanced to have been a great *torero*, the authorities must be represented to keep in order the vast concourse that has assembled from every part of the city, quite indifferent to the calls of daily labour, to pay the last honours to one who has so often "conferred honour upon the city" by the certainty of the stroke that drove the glittering "espada" through the bull's lungs and heart.

In Spain, as in other Catholic countries, there is a day of All Saints, and it is set aside by all classes, from the lower middle class upwards, to visit the graves of their dead. The well-beloved of the very poorest have no memorial; there is no sign by which willing feet and eager eyes can travel to the spot that is above all others sacred. The *foso común* will yield its secret, if at all, to the Angel of the Resurrection, and the prayers that may shorten the period of purgatory for the departed are said by the parish priest who prays for one and all. At the same time those who

have the wherewithal can not only secure the extra service known as the *novena*, nine days after the ordinary burial service, but can also order special masses for departed friends. These vary in length, and presumably in efficacy, from the single mass that costs no more than the widow's mite can purchase, up to perpetual masses guaranteed for all time to the donor of an altar. All Saints' Day is marked in Spain by rather more reserve than we find in France. Spain has few beautiful cemeteries, nothing to compare with the Campi Santi of the great Italian cities, or the Père Lachaise in Paris. Certainly the cemetery of San Lorenzo in Madrid has family vaults crowned with fine groups in marble and bronze, and Spain has its Pantheon for those distinguished in State and the Arts, while kings sleep in peace in the lordly Escorial, but the rest of Spain is not endowed with great burial grounds.

As soon as the country began to recover from the financial depression caused by the troubles in the Philippines and the American War, a great enthusiasm for sculpture declared itself; not only the dead who were illustrious—or would have been illustrious if they could—were singled out for distinction and such immortality as marble may confer, but the living were caught in the net of popular enthusiasm —if they did not deliberately seek to be entangled in its meshes.

It is a custom in Spain for a city to give the honourable title of *hijo predilecto* (chosen son) to one of its citizens who has gained special distinction in some walk of life. The custom corresponds to the British ceremony of conferring the freedom of a city upon some worthy gentleman who would, as often as not, rather be without it. In the case referred to above the *hijo predilecto* was a sculptor whose *estudio* was not exactly groaning under the weight of com-

missions, and it occurred to him—or let us be charitable and say to his admirers—that if he could carve his own statue at the expense of the city, he would provide himself with present occupation, adequate remuneration, and immortality of which he could gather the assured foretaste. Unfortunately, as Robert Burns remarked, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley". The story reached some witty members of the Fourth Estate, and in place of occupation, emoluments, and immortality, the poor *hijo predilecto* was forced to content himself with a very large allowance of ridicule. But there is something in the idea that deserves attention. There are several men and women in our own country who know full well that they deserve a statue from the town they have honoured by their birth or residence. May the simple little story just told give them the necessary precedent and impetus.

It has been pointed out that superstition enters largely into the measure of observance accorded to Church ritual in Spain. But superstition is so widespread in its range and so gross in its character, that some examples may well be set down in detail.

In the Monastery of Guadelupe there is a fine collection of pictures by Zurbarán, the great mystic of Spanish art, and a few years ago, when an exhibition of the master's work was held in Madrid, it was decided by the authorities to borrow these pictures. The monastic heads were quite willing, but the villagers were well assured that misfortune would follow if they were removed, and it was necessary to send a company of the Guardia Civil to the spot to protect those who were entrusted with the removal of the works around which a perfect network of most fanciful superstitions was woven.

Although the Church looks askance at the belief in witch-

craft, and does all it can to discourage it, the countryman in Spain has a devout belief in wizards and witches. Dreams are full of significance for him; he seeks protection from evil spirits and from the Evil Eye; some natural events betoken good fortune, others are held to be the precursors of disaster. In the south, where superstition is no whit less rampant than in the north, snakes are regarded with special horror; the mere mention of their name is sufficient to make the hearer cry "*lagarto, lagarto*" (lizard), and stretch out the first two fingers of his right hand. Only in this way can some terrible disaster be averted. Your bull-fighter is the most superstitious of men, and although he will face a bull that is mad with pain and fury, he will turn pale with terror if one of the bulls emerges from the toril in an unconventional manner. The matador himself, when he takes espada and muleta for his final encounter with the bull, wets the tip of his finger with his tongue and applies that finger to the point of the sword, knowing that in this fashion alone can he avoid the dreaded cogida. Cogida is a portmanteau word, and is used to express the accident that befalls when the bull manages to reach the matador. Every great diestro has endured a cogida, and to a few the experience has been fatal.

Superstition enters into some alliance with the Church in the frequent use of the sign of the cross to avert disaster, imaginary or real. This sign is often made when startling intelligence is conveyed to women even of the educated classes.

Far worse than these forms of superstition are those that obtain in the very remote country districts where priest and doctor—to say nothing of the schoolmaster—are quite powerless to deal with customs that would seem to precede the dawn of civilization. In such places the influence of

the local wise man or wise woman is a terrible power for evil. Parents take their sick children to these people and follow horrible prescriptions that cannot be set down here, with the result that the small sufferers can have no better fortune than to die quickly. Witchcraft, like everything else in Spain, is regional and consequently exercises a far more potent sway in the gloomy north than in the sunny south; here one finds a measure of native humour that acts as a more potent counterblast to the words of wise men and wise women than all the thunders of the Church.

It is impossible to close this chapter without reference to the sinister part played by the Jesuits in Spain. Their influence rules Court and Cabinet even to-day, and it extends through all classes of the community: the confessional being beyond a doubt the medium through which their work is done. Once the Jesuit has gained the ear of the house, he will retain it for all time. Indeed, there is a Spanish saying to the effect that the Jesuit can always have the ownership of the house in which he has been permitted to hang up his hat. Some of the Jesuit confessors in Madrid have an extraordinary following among women of the highest class, and it is notorious that they use their influence for purely political purposes. If it were not that the personal note is out of place in a work like this, chapter and verse could be given. At the same time it must be confessed that there is nothing in Spain so finely ordered, so splendidly controlled or carried out with a clearer conception of vital aims regardless of the means to the end, than the order of Jesuits. The hand that is nowhere seen is everywhere felt, and if the tremendous forces of Jesuitism had been devoted with equal success to Spain's progress, the country would probably compare favourably with any in Europe.

As things are, the organization, pertinacity, and loyalty

of the Jesuits has postponed their downfall indefinitely, and while their practical qualities remain as they are to-day, he would be a bold man who would venture to predict the downfall of the order in Spain. Indeed, it has received valuable and unexpected support in high places during the past few years, and is stronger now than it was some years ago. But if Señor Maura was in earnest when he denounced the famous treaty between Liberals and Conservatives, the treaty that has kept progressive parties out of power in Spain, the day of reckoning may come within our time.

CHAPTER VI

CHURCH FESTIVALS

THE ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, always rich and stately, seems to reach its culminating point on the occasion of an important Festival. Not only are the great wealth and vast tradition of the Church made manifest to those who crowd the streets, but the processions appeal in varying degree to all classes. Even those who have no well-established religious feeling seem to take a certain measure of delight in the splendour of what they have come to regard as the outward and visible sign of the wealth and importance of the National Church. The devout look upon Church Festivals with a certain quickening of their sense of patriotism.

Church and State being so closely united in Spain, an added splendour is often given to processions by the presence of the Spanish soldiery in bright uniforms, and it may well be that the ruling powers have a distinct political motive in displaying to a public, that tends in many parts of Spain to become irreligious, the strength of the forces that they must combat. In the conflict that the twentieth century must witness quarter will neither be asked nor granted, and when occasion arises to put an enemy of Mother Church out of the way, his place will know him no more. The murder of Señor Ferrer last year was eloquent testimony to this truth. The Spaniard is too keen an observer of the currents of his

own national life to permit the significance of the union of Church and State to escape him, though of course his gay and irresponsible temperament may not allow the lesson to be very lasting. As a rule Church processions are associated with the *feria* and here again the wisdom of Mother Church is manifest. She has chosen to relate her special functions to all the great occasions of the Spaniard's life, and to take her place by his side at times of joy as well as at seasons of sorrow, even although her presence be unsought.

Before entering into the details of any procession, it is perhaps best to indicate the seasons in which the chief ones take place, and give a list of the chief Spanish holidays.

The New Year (Año Nuevo) is not associated with any religious festivity, but friends exchange cards and presents: the spirit of good-fellowship, which seems to have taken up its permanent abode in Spain, is very much in evidence, and the shops make a brave show.

The approach to Lent is marked by the Carnival, which is greeted no less heartily in Spain by all classes of the population than it is in every other Roman Catholic country. Perhaps of all the cities that celebrate Carnival, Madrid and Valencia may be said to treat the occasion most effectively. In Valencia, the city of orange groves, the wonderful trees are a-flower when Carnival comes round, and the *fête des fleurs* presents scenes of indescribable beauty. A spirit of youth settles upon the city while Carnival rules, everybody is young, and if there be a trouble in the world it hides carefully from sight. Not only are the people joyful, but the happiness of every man, woman, and child seems to depend upon the happiness of everybody else, and he is best pleased who can make others happy. Carnival lasts three days, and one of the quaintest customs associated with it in Madrid is the "Burial of the Sardine" (*enterrando la sardina*), the subject

of one of Goya's famous cartoons. In old times the sardine, which must play such an important part on the table during Lent, was solemnly interred, and the sorrow of the burial was drowned in drink. Nowadays the burial is forgotten, but the sorrow is kept away in the old familiar fashion. Only in Lent need the Spaniard fast on Fridays, for in response to the intercession of an old-time Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, one of the Popes was graciously pleased to grant all Spain a dispensation against Friday fasting. Some of the very devout still prefer to keep on the safe side, but the majority are quite content to accept the papal assurance that they need not trouble themselves. Mi-Carême is unknown in Spain.

Palm Sunday is specially associated with confirmation, and white-robed children are seen everywhere. On Palm Sunday, too, the priest blesses the palm leaves that are to be fixed for a twelvemonth to the balconies and rejas of the house. Among the lower classes the *ramo santo* is believed to act as a lightning-conductor, but its full efficacy in this direction has apparently been overlooked by the scientific world. Perhaps now their attention is called to it they will investigate the matter carefully, for even granting that the less orthodox conductor serves its purpose very well, the fact remains that the dried leaves of the palm never quite succeed in losing their beauty, and the average lightning-conductor of these islands is a poor thing to look upon.

Following Palm Sunday comes the great religious occasion of the Spanish year—Easter. Holy Week is a time of mourning in Spain, a season of abstention from the joys of life. Early on the Thursday morning before Good Friday shops are shut; it is impossible to buy meat during the next three days. Theatres are closed; the houses of public entertainment receive their patrons only at stated hours.

Gloom clothes the city. During Thursday afternoon and on Good Friday, between the hours of twelve and three, the recollection of the tragedy consummated in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago seems to weigh heavily on every living thing. The stranger finds himself in a city of the dead, traffic is suspended in the streets; the few carriages that pass are those of the doctor and the priest. In the churches the altars are shrouded in black, and from the belfries the carillon echoes through the city in strangely muffled tones.

On Easter Sunday (Domingo de Gloria) the city wakes to a new mood. Joy has taken the place of sadness. Where mourning prevailed gaiety rules. The old national costumes—rich lace, black mantillas, and black silk dresses—were worn by the ladies of the upper classes on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday. For once the French "*toques*" had disappeared; the mantilla resumed its beautiful and lawful sway, and the spirit of the city was the spirit of old Spain. Easter Sunday changes all that; the women resume their wonted modern finery. Under a cloudless sky, to the sound of bells, the city moves joyfully in pursuit of relaxation. Cafés and theatres open their doors and the day invades the domain of night, and night responds with a counter-invasion. In the afternoon the *corrida de toros* is thronged and packed to witness the first formal bull-fight of the season; the most illustrious matadors available lead their cuadrillas into the arena; the taste for blood is catered for lavishly; it may be that upwards of twenty horses and six bulls will be done to death.

Following Easter-time comes the Dos de Mayo, a festival dating from the time of the French invasion in 1808 and also recorded by Goya. The spirit of regionalism prevailing throughout all Spain does something to diminish the popu-

larity of this holiday, for the massacre it commemorates occurred in Madrid, and every good Spaniard outside the Castiles wants to know why nothing more important than a mere happening in Madrid should justify a public holiday. If massacre had been universal so that every city and village had suffered, he would welcome the holiday with a far better grace, and doubtless had Napoleon's legionaries understood the proper spirit of the country they were endeavouring to subjugate, they would have done their best to make the holiday more popular.

Following the Dos de Mayo comes the great early summer feast of the Corpus Christi. This is celebrated all over Spain, but the traveller who wishes to see the most elaborate ceremonial should go to Toledo, where the feast of the Corpus Christi is associated with the annual *feria*. At this time of the year the famous Toledo apricots, with their sweet kernel, are newly ripe, and to the lover of fine fruit they are worth the journey to Toledo from any part of Spain.

All Saints' Day (Todos los Santos), on which the Spaniards visit the graves of their relatives, is the next great festival, and comes with the fall of the year; but between Corpus Christi and Todos los Santos there are many provincial celebrations that have a national character, such as the day of Santiago, celebrated in Galicia, the day of San Lorenzo in the Escorial, of the Virgin of the Pilar in Saragossa, and the day of Dolores in Sevilla, as well as the feast days of the Ascension, the Assumption, and other Catholic calendar festivities.

Christmas Eve (Noche Buena) and Christmas Day (Navidad) are the final public holidays of the year. Booths are set up in many of the cities and villages and lighted at night by flaming naphtha lamps, around which

the populace congregates as readily as the moths, but with less fatal effect, until the small hours crawl up. Nougat (*turrón*) is the special sweet associated with this occasion. The Christmas tree has no place in Spain, but the occasion is celebrated on behalf of the children by *navidades*—cardboard or plaster representations of a landscape supposed to be Bethlehem, with certain figures that represent the Holy Family and the donkey upon which the Infant Christ is said to have been carried out of Herod's reach. Some of these toys can be bought for the equivalent of a few pence, while others, far more ornate and carefully made, command quite a high price. It may be remarked in this place that the Spanish child is most fortunate in the matter of toys. Toy shops exist in abundance, and the prices at which the various trifles are sold are ridiculously low, so that the poorest child can rely upon a well-stocked nursery, and the Spaniard has learned to understand that most children care more for quantity than quality, and would rather have a dozen toys that cost half a crown than one that cost ten shillings, as the breaking of the expensive plaything would be regarded seriously. The itinerant toy dealer is quite a familiar figure in Spanish parks and gardens, and if the truth is to be told without fear, let it be whispered that the father of the family may be seen upon occasion joining his children at their games with a measure of interest and enthusiasm that is quite open and unashamed. He is pleased to remember the days of his youth. Perhaps he remembers Agesilaus the Spartan who, caught "playing at horses" with his children by a young man, said, "Tell no one until you are a father yourself".

Shops assume their brightest aspect on the occasion of Noche Buena, and one of their chief exhibits is the Christmas hamper—an open basket, profusely beribboned and holding

a splendid ham—probably from some lusty porker that lived a purely idyllic life among the acorns that autumn strewed with such profusion across his path—sausages into whose mysteries no wise man pries, potted meats that have for the most part been imported from abroad, a bottle or two of fine old wine or sherry, potted fruit from Aragon, some game and some sweets. Perhaps the hamper may even boast one of the splendid turkeys that the country folk drive in flocks through the city streets, to sell to passers-by or to housewives on the doorstep. If it were not for fear of making Englishmen envious, one would not conceal the fact that a really beautiful bird in splendid condition can be bought in the streets of a Spanish city for *five shillings*. Think of that, good English housewives, whose turkey, no better in flavour and hardly heavier, has been reckoned cheap at twenty-five, and gather from the comparison some hint of the difference between the cost of food in England and Spain. Remember, too, that the *consumos* or food duties in Spain are high.

The hampers to which reference has been made are given very freely by the wealthy to those whose financial circumstances are straitened, and are of course specially reserved for families whose share of the good things of life is known to be small. The Christmas gifts do not end here. The struggling clerk, and even the well-salaried manager of a wealthy house, may rely upon receiving a substantial Christmas gift, indeed, it is quite common to hear of the former receiving a full month's salary as a Christmas box. This is the more useful to him because he in his turn is preyed upon by every man who performs, or is merely paid to perform, small public services. The lamplighter, the scavenger, the tradesman's assistant (who as often as not brings round a present from the tradesman), the postman

who has delivered some of your letters and lost the rest, the telegraph boy who has brought you one or two wires which the operator in a distant city sent by post in order that he might pocket the fee, the newspaper boy, the beggar whom in a moment of benevolence you have patronized—one and all are on your doorstep to share your Christmas joy and emoluments, and it is only the generosity of the rich to the lower middle classes which enables the heavy load of imposition to be borne, though, let it be said, that while the Spaniard has he will give. His generosity is proverbial.

The Spanish holidays have now been passed in very brief review, and it becomes possible to turn from general consideration to the details of some of the great processions associated with the Church, for they cannot be passed over lightly in any attempt to picture the ceremonial side of Spanish life. In this country we have, alas, nothing worth mentioning. Only in the past year or two have the ancient glories of the pageant been revived in our midst. Spain, on the other hand, has never lacked her pageants, not only in historic cities like Sevilla and Valencia, but in remote villages where they can only be arranged by the aid of some personal sacrifice, however small, on the part of those who assist. A Spain without pageant is unthinkable, and not a little of the spirit of contentment and mirth that thrives in the sorely tried country is due to the interesting processions which play a great part in preserving the regional spirit of the country. Many a custom that might be forgotten, many a costume that has long passed from regular use, is kept alive by the pageant, and though much of the picturesque aspect of Spanish life has passed away, those who wish to realize what it was like in the times when Spain was a great world-empire, can find all the material they need by travelling from one Church pageant to another,

entering into the spirit which pervades it, and seeking for information from those who have made a life-study of the special institutions of their province.

Who having been in Sevilla during Holy Week (Semana Santa) will ever forget the experience? The writer has spent Easter in many cities, Florence, Rome, Jerusalem, but the memory of Semana Santa in Sevilla has mastered other memories, as the serpent of Aaron is said to have mastered the serpents of the magicians at the court of the Egyptian king. For the spring comes in happiest guise to Andalusia, summoning flowers innumerable to the field and blossoms in varied profusion to the orchards. Birds sing in the air and cigarrons from the high tree-tops, while in the marshes of the Guadalquivir the bull-frogs add their croaking chorus to the melody of day and night. Is there any night in the Andalusian spring? The question is not readily answered, for before the simple pleasures of the evening have passed away the east is reddening and another day full of the joy of sunshine has returned. Time is a thing of no account, and no wise man pauses to count the hours that lead him in dancing rhythm along the flower-strewn road of life. There is some subtle quality in the air itself that stimulates like the golden manzanilla in the tiny glasses (*copitas*) that seem ever to lie within his reach. There is a perennial sense of fragrance born in the river-side garden to perfume the air until the white city lies quivering in the ardent embrace of full-blown spring. Everybody is gay, from the beggar in his rags on the sunny pavement by cathedral or Caridad, through the ranks of those who surrender their lives to the leisure of club and café on the Sierpes, up to the old nobility, whose mansions, gloomy though they may be at first sight, yield exquisite glimpses of fountained patios ablaze with brilliant flowers. He who

cannot be happy in the Andalusian spring must surely bear the weight of a sorrow for which the world itself holds no anodyne. With the approach of Semana Santa, the city of Saints Justina and Rustina, the amiable ladies for whose portraits Goya employed two courtesans to sit, wakes to a sudden access of feverish life. Such little business as holds the city at other times is forgotten now. The talk is all of processions and pageants and the coming *feria* in the Campo de San Fernando. Visitors flock to Sevilla from all the touring quarters of civilization, and the worthy managers of hotels stretch their accommodation beyond all reasonable limit and try to lift their scale of charges as high as the golden Virgin of the Giralda Tower. As the great days approach the city seems to don the garment of festivity. Is it imagination, or did the streets never seem so gay, the white walls never so bright, the flowers on the balconies never so fresh? Young and old, rich and poor, sick and sound, are united in paying the homage of gladness to a great occasion; all enjoy to the full the gifts that the city spreads before them.

Suddenly, in the midst of these preparations, the Holy Days arrive, and for a little while the city lays aside its high spirits. Just as in old days when the Roman Emperors triumphed through the streets of the world's greatest city, amidst scenes whose splendour our century cannot match, there was one in attendance on the imperial car whose duty it was to remind Imperial Cæsar that he too must die, so the Church seizes the occasion of a city's exuberant mirth to sound its solemn warning in every ear. Merriment is hushed, and along streets in which all regular traffic is suspended, religious processions, full of the suggestion of pain and mourning, pass through the awe-struck crowd, bearing aloft reminders, terrible in their realism, of the

Tragedy of Calvary. In the cathedral, whose perennial gloom is deepened by shrouded altars and solemn candle-light, the Archbishop of Sevilla, clad in his simplest vest-ments, and attended by a host of dignitaries of the Church, celebrates High Mass. Ceremonial and costume seem to belong to another world, another century, an earlier stage in the development of the human mind. Fasting and prayer and penitence are in evidence on every side; it is with a sense akin to wonder that the traveller sees the sun still shining, hears the birds still singing, and realizes that Nature has refused to play her part in the fantastic pageantry that holds the city in a vice. Maundy Thursday passes, Good Friday brings deepening depression in its train and sees the startled tourist wandering uncomfortably about the streets in which, as he is fully conscious, he plays no more than a ridiculous part. He is in the city but not of it—a heretic whose sentence is pronounced by the thousands who pass him without comment, without notice. Holy Saturday does no more than intensify his loneliness. He can do no more than stand with bared head as the processions move by, and feel glad that he has not been conducted to the city gates and thrust beyond them as an alien and an undesirable. And on the Sunday he awakes to a new world. Had he been about on the Saturday night he would have known before retiring that the hour of change had struck, but in all probability he did not dare to venture into the streets.

Those who keep bees know that, for a little time before the swarm leaves the hive, the abode of honey is a place of anxiety and of silence. Then on a sudden the swarm leaves the hive, the air is full of music, as thousands of workers claim the only holiday of their lives. Sevilla is a bee-hive in Holy Week and gives up its swarm on Easter Sunday

when one and all fill the streets, the sense of unrest and gloom forgotten, the appetite for enjoyment kindled by the three days of abstinence. In the Campo, where the *feria* is held, it is difficult to force a passage. Every figure that plays its part in Spanish country-life, each amusement that the Spaniard loves, every dainty in which he indulges, is spread before him. A city of many thousand souls is making holiday in fashion only possible to those fortunate people in whose life sunshine is partner throughout the year. Even the tourist forgets his troubles, while rank and file of those who make profit out of the *feria* endeavour to prove to him that he need not stay in his hotel to be robbed. If he be a man of blood he may see a score or so of horses disembowelled and half a dozen bulls killed in the arena under the Giralda's shadow, or the Arrébola will supply him with the miniature bloodshed of the cockpit, while if he be a man of peace the *feria* will hold him long into the night, and should he wish to sup he can seek one of the ventas along the Guadalquivir road and hire a minstrel or two to sing him songs of Spain to the accompaniment of a guitar. He can see real Spanish dancing, either in the Campo de San Fernando or in the Triana across the river where the gipsies live, or in one of the cafés in or round the Sierpes, while at the big hotels the gentlemen of dubious professions, who, with a fine regard for euphemism call themselves guides, will provide an entertainment to which they give the title of Spanish dancing, though costume and movements are as far removed from the real thing as a mule is from a thoroughbred Arab. Should he desire entertainment of another sort there will be *zarzuelas* (musical comedies) at more than one theatre, and though he cannot hope to enjoy the good points so frequently made unless he chance to know something of Spain in its manifold regional aspect, he will at

CHOIR DANCERS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE BEFORE AN IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN

least hear pretty music and see delightful costumes. The religious spirit, if one may be truly said to have existed in the three doleful days that have passed, is entirely forgotten. Mother Church has retired within her boundaries; her altars are out of mourning, the ghastly dummies of her procession are gone into hiding with the hideous masks that covered their attendants, and the only suggestion of a religious Spain is to be found in the grounds of the *feria* where countless plaster images of saints and virgins find a ready sale.

Although Holy Week has its fixed limits in the diary of the ecclesiastical authorities, its spirit lingers a little beyond the appointed time in the city itself. Hotel proprietors, restaurant keepers, and shop managers will not lightly leave their golden harvest. The city is full of strangers; these strangers are absurdly wealthy or they would not have come to the city; it is necessary then to see that they pay appropriately for their privilege, and on this account Semana Santa prices persist, and until the tourist is tired of yielding to them there is no return to ordinary market conditions. The *feria* persists for a full fifteen days, starting on the Sunday before Easter and only beginning to pass when the last day of Semana Santa is a week old. Even then the break up is but a gradual affair, and is limited very largely to the section that has sold its wares or has engagements to keep in another part of the country. The roundabout, known by the curious title of *tio vivo* (lively uncle), is working just as long as it can command a sufficient number of paying guests, while the stalls which supply food-stuffs that can be bought in the city linger in the immediate neighbourhood of the "lively uncle". Gipsies and horse-coupers are also very persistent, for the great Romany family has its head-quarters near at hand, and numbers among its ranks some of the cleverest horse-thieves and horse-coupers in

Europe. After the first fortnight the *feria* prices suffer a considerable decline, and many poorer visitors arrive to take advantage of the reduction, as people in England go to a flower show or bazaar on the last day. Surely the hope of bargains springs eternal in the human breast.

It must not be supposed that Sevilla has relied exclusively upon foreign patronage during the Semana Santa. Wealthy Englishmen and Germans have been very much in evidence, and a certain number of Americans have returned to their old home to find memories of the Spanish-American War quite obliterated among those who are in business, and know that the American on holiday does not count his change. But during its Holy Week, and the week following, nearly every great Spanish centre has sent its hundreds to the city from all points of the compass. The *tren botijo* with its liberal garnish of water-bottles and its indescribable odours of food at blood-heat, has crawled daily and nightly into one or other of the terminus stations, and a huge crowd of pleasure-seekers drawn from the lower orders has hunted cheerfully through the poor quarters of the city for such cheap lodging as it may chance to afford. They are not entirely on pleasure bent, these new-comers; some of them have arrived with the fullest intention of growing rich in a hurry; a few are likely to make the intimate acquaintance of the town's *carcel* which would hardly accommodate all who deserved to enjoy its rigorous hospitality. But when the worst has been said it may be doubted whether Holy Week in Sevilla brings together as unsavoury a crowd as the average English race-course can show, and considering the size of the mixed multitude that invades the city, crimes against the person are singularly few. The last Spanish brigand died years ago; his descendant keeps an hôtel or posada or serves the railways as a ticket inspector.

One charming custom associated only with the Andalusian *feria* must not be forgotten, and that is, the custom among the upper classes of having their own tent at the *feria* and entertaining friends there. A certain part of the Campo de San Fernando is railed off for the convenience of these *tiendas* and the most charming hospitality, often of the al-fresco kind, is practised there. Needless to say the grandees bring their own liveried servants and entertain *en prince*, while the splendour of the costumes worn by the ladies in the enclosure recalls, though it does not rival, the scenes at Ascot and Goodwood. Seville has one notable advantage over the English resorts named, the weather in Southern Spain at Easter-tide is certain to be fine; you can arrange to hold picnics on any day in April with the full knowledge that the sun will shine upon your gaiety.

CHAPTER VII

THE HIERARCHY OF THE CHURCH

WE have considered the position that the Church holds in Spain from the point of view of the man who feels its influence, and now it is time to consider the Church itself and those who minister to its service, from his Grace the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of all the Spains, down to the unwashed and seldom-shorn parish priest who combines a little poaching and an occasional convivial evening with ministration to erring souls, and, whatever his faults, is often a cheerful companion and good friend.

Just as Madrid is Spain's chief political centre, so the picturesque city of Toledo is the ecclesiastical head-quarters of the country, though as it is within a short journey of the capital where the Papal Nuncio is stationed it is not easy to say where the various decrees of Mother Church are formulated. A *tren correo* can cover the distance between the two cities in a couple of hours. There are nine Archbishoprics in Spain, and each archbishop is responsible only to Rome and to the Minister of Grace and Justice in Madrid. Nominally the Government appoints to the archbishoprics; in reality the Papal Nuncio has a very large voice in the selection; the Vatican and the Palacio Real work hand in glove, knowing they stand together. Among the cities that have archbishops are Toledo, Valencia, Saragossa, Valladolid,

Granada, Sevilla, and Santiago. The districts that come under the archiepiscopal jurisdiction are divided up into bishoprics on certain lines that are rather irregular; they do not appear to be founded upon latter day conditions at all. We find bishops whose diocese has a very small and scattered population, while Madrid, with its half million or more inhabitants, shares a bishop with Alcala de Henares. It may be when these bishoprics were established for the first time they were established to commemorate the capture of certain cities from the Moor, while others may and probably do owe their creation to the desire of some high authority to establish a sinecure for a friend. The foundation of the Alcalá de Henares bishopric, for example, was due, not to the spiritual needs of the district, but to the fact that a certain Archbishop of Toledo did not care to prolong his residence in such a gloomy city while a very pleasant corner of the earth, as Alcalá undoubtedly is, called so loudly to a man of means and good taste to set up a palace there. So he built himself a stately home and the bishopric was established to justify it. Avila and Segovia, on the other hand, are undeniable examples of bishoprics established to commemorate victories over the Moors, and there was a time when they were of the first importance.

When we leave the august company of the bishops the descent in the scale is rapid. We pass at once to suffragan bishops who are merely workers and consequently have little time to associate themselves with the pomp and circumstance of their superiors, and then we reach the vicar whose jurisdiction corresponds with that of a dean in this country. Nor must the title of vicar be confused with that of the *vicario general*, which is borne by the dreaded head of the Jesuits in Spain. Thereafter we come without delay to the parish priest. He is one of two classes, the first of

these being very numerous, the second comparatively rare. The representative of the former is the drudge, who contrives, perhaps through no fault of his own, to make his work doubly unsatisfactory to those who start out with a poor equipment of faith. He is illiterate, cleanliness is not prominent among his virtues, he is superstitious, and when worsted in argument will fall back upon his claim to Divine authority. The other type corresponds in some measure to the *cacique* in politics; he is restless, energetic, eloquent, persuasive; men regard him with favour, for they declare that he is one after their own hearts; a man of the world, tolerant in spite of the clothes he wears. The women are devoted to him; one feels that some of them find consolation for little faults in the thought that their lapses from grace justify confession, and that Padre So-and-So will confess them. They do not know him as a man of the world, for they see quite a different facet in the well-cut jewel of his personality; they know him for a man whose eyes are fixed upon heaven, whose lips are devoted to prayer and good counsel. When he preaches there is a crowd of women to hear him, so large a crowd indeed that he seems to be a serious rival of some of London's popular preachers who would address a beggarly array of empty benches but for that softer sex upon whose softness Sam Weller's father commented so severely. But it suffices this *cacique* of the ecclesiasts to secure the patronage of the women, for they rule the men, and the men support the Church. The progress of the successful priest is watched carefully from above; there is little slackness in the ranks of those who actually administer the Church in Spain, and when he has justified himself translation and promotion will reward him. It may be pointed out here that ecclesiastical administration in Spain is and always has been conducted on a sounder and more business-like basis

than political administration. To be sure, some of the purely decorative appointments are given for political purposes only. There are bishops and archbishops too in the hierarchy of ecclesiastical Spain of whom the best that can be said is that they do no harm. They lack executive ability and political sagacity, but the need for such qualities in the area of their administration is not overlooked, and some hard-working suffragan will see to it that all the aims and intentions of the Church are pursued, although His Grace may be more concerned with the appointment of his table than with anything else. From time to time in the past few decades serious attempts have been made by political parties to enforce laws against the Church and to deprive her of the enormous treasure she has accumulated. In the brief days of the Republic the Church suffered heavily, perhaps more heavily than in the days of the Napoleonic invasion, but the anti-clericals are by no means satisfied, as one of them said to the writer a few years ago in Madrid: "Salmeron did no more than tap the big barrel of the Church's wealth; some day we will turn that tap on; there's enough rich wine for every Spaniard to slake his thirst". The opponents of the Church exaggerate its wealth, but the fact remains that the wealth is enormous; the Spanish Church is rich beyond the dreams of a layman's avarice.

On the other hand, most of those who have travelled in the immediate neighbourhood of a bishop's or archbishop's palace will find, and will in fairness acknowledge, that the great ecclesiastical authorities are popular with a large proportion of the masses. Even if they be as immensely wealthy as their enemies say, it must be confessed that they do good work in relieving the poor, and in country districts, where some high Church official has his palace, the neighbourhood is *en fête* when it is open for the season and full

of regrets when its ecclesiastical chief returns to the leading city in his diocese. The same condition obtains in this country in the neighbourhood of big estates. Only a few years ago when the late Señor Sagasta was contemplating a movement against the Church—though he probably knew well that it would never travel beyond the stage of discussion—there was some talk of reducing episcopal establishments. But it was soon apparent that such a measure would create very great hostility to the Government, and the reform was dropped. Probably Sagasta, who had concluded an important secret agreement with the Carlist party in favour of the Church some years before, fostered the opposition while proposing the change.

The Church exists in Spain, less on account of the spiritual needs of the people than because of the exquisite art and consummate tact with which it wields authority at Court. If the Royal House of Spain were anxious to despoil the Church, there is no power to hinder it from doing so. But there is no question of spoliation. Not only is the Church allowed to keep her rich territory, but this is supplemented on every possible occasion. History tells us how this wealth came. The Republic in its short career cut down her landed interests very considerably, but only the least part of the Church's wealth is in land. Emperors, kings, conquistadores, men who have returned home with fabulous fortunes acquired in the New World, prosperous *caciques* at the point of death with the well-earned terror of hell before them, and no further personal need for their fortunes—one and all have yielded heavy tribute to the Church that claims to be eternal. No published record of these testamentary dispositions exists; they are known only to the Church. Much of the wealth is of course visible to the public for it is represented by jewels of fabulous value upon the effigies of the

Madonnas. In all the great cathedrals and in many of the smaller churches, such as the Pilar at Saragossa, there are figures of the Virgin whose jewels are worth a king's ransom. Those in Toledo are second to none in Spain, though Sevilla boasts the wonderful emerald that is said to light the chapel in which it is placed. Unfortunately the writer has never been able to be present when the emerald was exercising its proper function. Perhaps it would not shine for one whose ancestors were expelled from Spain.

When any event of great national importance takes place, suitable tribute is paid to the Church. During King Alfonso's first visit to Paris he had the good luck to escape from the attentions of a gentleman who sought to emphasize certain objections to the principle of kingship by throwing a bomb. When the news reached Spain the Queen Mother immediately presented the Virgin of Carmen with a new and costly mantle, and naturally the great ladies of Madrid could do no less than copy the Queen Mother's example and see that the other Virgins of Madrid were not slighted. For who can say whether it was the Virgin, or Our Lady of Las Palomas, or la Santísima Virgen de Atocha that had kept the bomb from exploding? Perhaps in point of fact it was none of these but merely some saint who guards folk from picric acid. This is a nice question and delicate; let us be content to record the fact that every Virgin was duly decorated—to the very considerable benefit of the Church and to the benefit of certain effigies that need no little dressing up to make them look unlike ill-made dolls.

Turning back for a moment to the various types of Churchmen, the private confessor must not be overlooked. If you chance to be a grandee of Spain, with blood as blue as the heavens, and whose pedigree is of extraordinary length, no common confessor can be privileged to receive

the tidings of your distinguished sins. The grandee has his own confessor—it may happen in the case of a very grand grandee indeed, that he has one confessor and his wife another, and among the confessors of the aristocracy it will be found that the most are Jesuits. The political significance of this need hardly be insisted upon. There is no aspect of family life upon which the Jesuit is not competent and eager to advise. It may be said that through his society the great Vicario General of the Jesuits has all the secret history of Spain before him, and that no man in this world is better cognisant of the fact that knowledge is power. Not one man in a thousand outside Spain knows the name of the Vicario General, but his power is felt by millions. He is the most dramatic and sinister figure in Europe to-day.

Perhaps the chief danger to the Church in Spain arises from what the Spaniard calls *latifundio*—the single word expressing the unequal division of wealth. It is said of the late Lord Salisbury that while he was travelling in Andalusia he was astonished by the enormous size of the estates of some of the old nobility, and remarked, near the boundary-stones of one of the largest haciendas, "This is where the next revolution in Spain will break out". The place was desolate enough in all conscience; save for the statesman and his friends there was not a soul in sight, but the utterance was not the less true though the revolution may come quite peacefully and on account of causes that could not be foreseen at the time, and are not too clear even to-day. The *latifundio* extends from State to Church, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say from Church to State. The men at the head of the Church in Spain have enormous wealth; the parish priest must sometimes take his gun on to his neighbour's land in order to fill the pot and

borrow wood from the State forests to keep his fire burning. Between the wealth of the Church and the wealth of the aristocracy there is a curious similarity in Spain which has seldom been pointed out. The Spanish grandee likes to have his wealth in bullion, and keeps it in the vaults of a bank. Unless he be under the influence of the Jesuits, whose organization has extensive commercial ramifications, he will not invest his money save in a Government loan. When a loan was issued for naval purposes in the year 1908, the three million pounds applied for was subscribed three times over in one day in Madrid alone. The money, belonging for the most part, if not altogether, to the grandees, was lying in the bank, useless to the country at large, yielding no more than such interest as is paid on deposit accounts, and worth comparatively little to its possessors, whose wealth increases more rapidly than it can be spent. In similar fashion the great wealth of the Church is idle. It is represented by jewels and jewelled vestments to the value of many millions that lie in the strong rooms of some cathedral and on the altars of others. There is sufficient unproductive riches to give all Spain a fair measure of education, to pay the national debt, to endow universities that stand sadly in need of funds, and to develop agriculture to a point that would raise the Spanish peasant to comparative affluence. On the other hand, the parish church is as poor as the cathedral is rich. Whitewash is the only decoration that it does not lack, and some of this cries out for renewal, to the intense regret of the poor and devout few whose faith is from the heart.

Happily the salt of humour that does so much to save a life in many parts of Spain keeps the *cura rural* contented. In the north he is a gloomy fellow enough, imbued with something of the spirit of the Inquisition. The great

enemy of heretics, superstitious and often brutal, he is a man who may excite fear but never affection. This description applies best to the *rural* of Galicia, Navarre, and the Basque Provinces; in the centre of Spain humour begins to assert itself, and in the south it colours life. There the *rural* is often a man who would claim our affection if he practised the rites of the Druids or the forms of worship that obtain among the natives of West Africa. So long as the parish priest can keep his pot boiling and his bota filled, in some sunny, happy village where the requirements of the inhabitants are almost as simple as their resources, and can get a few days' sport under the rose and live in peace with his housekeeper, he proceeds quite happily along the rough road from the eternity of the unborn to the eternity of the dead. He knows well enough that his parishioners will turn a lenient eye upon his *pecadillos* and rather accept them as a proof that he is *hombre como cualquier otro* (the same as any other man). To insure this immunity from censure he has only to accept convention, tradition, and local superstitions, and leave politics severely alone. If he be a politician let him for his own sake be a Conservative. Sometimes he is a business man and does not hesitate to turn natural phenomena to a good use. Only a few years ago there was a rather well-informed priest in the province of Leon who knew that an eclipse of the sun was imminent. His congregation was a little remiss in handing over the necessary dues to Mother Church, and the good priest took occasion some weeks before the eclipse roundly to denounce the backslidings of his flock. He warned them to bring a considerable peace-offering if they wished to avert the wrath of heaven, and his congregation, being better equipped with humour than faith, gave him a respectful hearing but no tribute. Thereupon the padre reinforced his tale of

disaster and waited for Providence to justify him. The eclipse brought terror upon the village. Never in the history of the Church were such ample stores of corn, wine and oil offered by remorseful penitents. As the padre's pockets filled and promises of permanent penitence rolled in, the heavy load of offerings touched his heart; he promised to intercede with Providence, and his intercession was so successful that the sun resumed its normal sway and the wrath of Divine Power was averted. Since then the Church has boasted an added altar or two, and the priest, from being a spare man whose ribs could have been counted, had decency permitted, has waxed as fat as Jeshurun of old. Since those days the worthy priest's barrel of meal has not wasted, neither has his cruse of oil failed. The story has leaked out, but it has not reached the village wherein its hero is regarded with superstitious veneration.

The best class of *rural* is the man of middle age, who having spent his ambitions in some other pursuit, and having a patron in high places, has taken the vows and entered upon the work of some delightful parish where he can live in ease for the rest of his life. A few years ago the conductor of one of the leading theatrical orchestras in Madrid tired of the rank perfume of the footlights. He had made friends and was able to take the vows and become a *rural*. To-day he is the most popular man in his community, indispensable at picnic and *fiesta*, welcome alike at christening, wedding, and house of mourning. His charming manners, good sense, and camaraderie endear him to men and women alike, and the village ranks him on a level with its patron saint. His sermons are extremely popular, for he speaks of the folly and vanity of life as one having knowledge, and not as the illiterate who discuss things with which they have no first-hand acquaintance.

In the manufacturing districts where socialism and atheism have their strongest hold upon the populace, the *rural* has a bad time. Half-educated, ill-read, and deep in the mire of prejudice and superstition, he is the butt of those he is supposed to teach. Their jibes must be very hard to bear and often drive him to the ranks of those whose ignorance is as well developed as his own. If he be a devout man, that constant persecution to which he is subjected may have its spiritual consolations, but the fact remains that very few of the *rurales* are devout; they have learned certain formulæ in a perfunctory fashion without grasping their significance. It is right to add that of late years the Church has recognized the paramount claims of districts in which commercial prosperity has produced spiritual revolt, and the best *rurales* in her service are delegated to Catalonia and the Asturias. Here they must submit to all the discipline of the Church —a discipline that is frequently relaxed in parts where the new spirit of unrest has yet to find a home. In the manufacturing cities the priest must always wear clerical garb when he goes out; he must lay aside his cherished cigarette and conform to the smallest detail of established usage. There is a large class of better-educated men in the Asturias, Catalonia, and Valencia who would like to find a *via media* between atheism and retrograde ecclesiasticism, and they endeavour to bring such influence as they may upon Madrid to ensure the presence of enlightened Churchmen at the head of affairs. They are not very successful. A few years ago, when Señor Maura, the Mallorcan *cacique* who fell from power last autumn, was premier the first time, he sent a notorious reactionary to the Archbishopric of Valencia. The educated Valencians to a man refused to accept him, and Señor Maura, who for all his many and notorious faults is one of the strongest men in Spain, declared

that his nominee should go to his palace, if necessary at the point of the bayonet. The Valencians swore that if the archbisbop came he should leave as did one of his great predecessors who was so pleased to quit Valencia that he is said to have removed his sandals and shaken out the city's dust as soon as he got outside the walls.

All South-eastern Spain was in a ferment, for Señor Maura is a strong, determined man, and the Valencians are a sturdy people, and folk were wondering what would happen when an irresistible force came into contact with an immovable body. To understand the spirit of Valencia and its extreme regionalism, it is only necessary to recall the fact that during the brief reign of the Republic two Valencian villages solemnly declared war upon one another, and it required the hard work of the stolid Guardia Civil to keep the declaration of war from being followed by active hostilities. The crisis was solved for the moment by Señor Maura's first fall from power. The Liberals decided to leave Valencia severely alone, and the Province existed as best it could without an archbishop. Any lack of prosperity that may have been entailed by the loss is not recorded, but as soon as Señor Maura returned to office his nominee went to Valencia. The will of the premier was the irresistible force, the body was not immovable.

It will be seen that the Church in Spain must fight hard and without cessation of hostilities against forces that threaten upon every side, and are bound ultimately to prevail as education grows and the rank and file begin to think. It enjoys the traditional support of the ruling house and of the Government, but development, whether social or commercial, is a danger and must be checked whenever occasion offers. At the same time it is not politic to pose as the open foe of progress or to incense those who may change

their mood from one of benevolent neutrality to active opposition. The whole position calls for a very clever diplomacy, and Spain's ecclesiastical diplomats, whether they belong to the ranks of the regular Church or to the splendidly organized Society of Jesus, are men competent to deal with any emergency. Each one is imbued with the spirit of responsibility. Schism is unknown; authority is undisputed. Even if people cannot think that the Church's work is for the ultimate good of humanity, they must admire the way in which, on its purely administrative side, it is carried on. All the intellectuals in the service of the Church work to a common end with a measure of devotion and self-sacrifice that should be seen in the working to be properly appreciated. The State may be betrayed, political parties may be betrayed, but the Church is never betrayed. Its ranks are always closed, its weapons are always polished. Baffled it may be, but it is never beaten. The growth and brief blossoming of Republicanism, the spread of socialism and atheism have served down to the present to make the Church stronger and more alert. Though it may seem to have surrendered some of the outposts in Eastern Spain to the enemy, that surrender is less real than apparent. For the work of recovering them goes on by night and by day. Throughout countless miles of territory the Church's rule is paramount. It holds the Spanish Royal House, the aristocracy, and the Cabinet in the hollow of its hand. The great Carlist movement has become a pawn upon the board of its policy, and it has turned developments to its own signal advantage.

It would be interesting to learn the ultimate ambition of the Church in Spain. For how long does it hope to control the destinies of the country? For how long will it keep in check the Liberal movement that the east has inaugurated? This is the secret of the Church and will never be directly

AFTER CONFIRMATION

FROM THE PAINTING BY CÁRLO VAZQUEZ

revealed. Those who prophesy from beyond Spain's borders have failed to take into consideration the added strength that regionalism confers upon the forces of the Church. If Spain could unite for any purpose, the *latifundios* would soon disappear. But Spain has never united in all her history to any greater extent than she did when the legions of the great Napoleon were overrunning her fertile territories, and even then the massacres that Goya has left on record in his terrible Dos de Mayo inspired less horror in the Peninsula than the sacking of the churches. So it is well to rest content with recording facts and to leave prophecy to the unerring eye and sound judgment of the tourist who, having spent a fortnight in Spain under the patronage of St. Thomas Cook, is qualified to write and speak for all time with unquestionable authority upon Spain and her political and religious problems.

CHAPTER VIII

THE THEATRE IN SPAIN

THE stage has a certain growing importance in nearly every European country, and there are always enthusiasts who believe that if the stage is subtracted from life, nothing worth consideration is left. It is the greater pleasure to find a country boasting a great national dramatic literature in which the drama pursues the even tenor of its way, touching social life at every point, remaining equally free from sensation and sensuality, thriving without problems of maintenance and support, and capable of offering those who write for it and those who act sufficient to sustain life comfortably without superfluity. Spain's leading dramatists and leading actors have heads of normal size; the one does not believe that Spain was created that he might write plays about it, the other does not believe that "the part is greater than the whole".

The stage in Spain is in a singularly healthy condition. There are dozens of playwrights who toil for it with unfailing regularity and success, thousands of citizens whose means are modest and whose patronage of the theatre is perennial. The Spanish stage seems to take its proper place in the scheme of things, far below Church and State, not quite on the level of the learned professions. The stage and those who appear upon it can make no pretensions to large social recognition. The Spanish actor and actress advance

no claims to a prominent position in the national Valhalla; their greatest ambition is to achieve distinction in their work, not to gain admission to any *casa señorial.* The Spaniard with his fine common sense recognizes that the actor is like any other man and the actress like any other woman. They—actors and actresses—leave their limelight in the theatre and their photographs among their personal friends. Few posters glorify them, and their opinions on matters lying outside the scope of their profession are neither sought nor publicly expressed. Plays are not written round people, for a Spanish audience would be quick to resent the production that is chiefly remarkable for the opportunities it gave to the "Lessee and Manager" to monopolize the centre of the stage and dominate all the striking situations. The Spaniard leaves all this vulgarity to the Plaza de Toros, where, if the *diestro* does dominate the arena, he risks his life all the time and is applauded for his skill and courage, not merely for usurping all the best situations. The playgoing public in Spain demands that all parts be well filled and that the interest be fairly distributed. A play must have some definite relation to life and character; for in life, as the playgoer knows, there is a measure of interest in all men's actions. The sanity of the Spanish mind has enforced the sanity of the Spanish stage, and though Spain has had long periods of depression and poverty, the theatre has never declined in popularity or worth. Very frequently it criticizes the State, but of late years it has added support to criticism. When the Spanish-American War broke out, the Government, at its wits' end to increase the sources of revenue, imposed a ten per cent *ad valorem* duty on theatre tickets in common with those issued for all other places of amusement, and though the necessity for the tax may be said to have gone by, it remains unrepealed.

For every thousand pounds that Spain spends on amusement, one hundred passes, in theory at least, to the coffers of the State. Doubtless a little falls by the way, but then Spanish administration is framed on lines that seem to recognize human frailty, and nobody expects that the State will receive all its due.

In Spain you go to the theatre by the hour. You can go from eight to nine, from nine till ten, ten till eleven, or eleven till twelve. This of course is at one of the theatres in which four short plays are given in the course of the evening. Such pieces belong to the system of production called *género chico.* At certain theatres, like the Liceo at Barcelona and the Español and the Comedia in Madrid, the *género grande* system is in vogue, and tickets are issued for the whole evening which is given to one play in three or four acts. The Spanish temperament responds a little more readily to the system of *género chico:* the Spaniard likes to spend one hour or two hours at a theatre and give the rest of his evening to a café or to a pleasant stroll, or to reunion at a friend's house. For the *género grande* in a big city he will pay the equivalent of six shillings for a stall, and for the *género chico* a trifle under two shillings for each hour-section in the same part of the house.

The price of boxes varies according to tier. The *platea*, or box on the ground floor, holds six seats that cost a trifle more than the stalls, for in addition to the price of the box itself a fee for entry into the theatre (*entrada*) is charged to each seatholder. For the whole evening the *entrada* costs one peseta. The six seats in a first-tier box cost rather less than six stalls, and on the second tier prices suffer a still further reduction. *Entrada* in the form of a supplement is only charged on the boxes; it serves as an admission to the house, and while he who has a box but no

entrada must wander as disconsolate as the Peri outside the gates of Paradise, he who has an *entrada* without a box may find a seat in the gallery, for the *entrada* is no more than the ticket by which one gains the right to sit among the gods. The system is slightly confusing to the English tourist, who is accustomed to make one payment and no more for his privileges. Many a sturdy Briton has been encountered in the vestibule of a Spanish theatre at one of the great tourist centres, fiery red with indignation as he endeavours to explain in hotel Spanish that he has paid for his box once, and will see Spain in a place where the climatic conditions are still more enervating before he will part with another peseta. Perhaps somebody who knows a little of Spanish customs and the Spanish language comes to the rescue; paterfamilias pays the extra six pesetas for his six *entradas*, and followed by his indignant wife and equally outraged olive-branches, makes his way to his *platea*, vowing that he will write on the morrow to his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador and his favourite daily paper in order that British subjects may be warned that brigandage still obtains in Spain.

The prices quoted above are those that are claimed in the most expensive Spanish theatres, exclusive of the opera house; in provincial cities they are much lower, and it is easy to understand that under these conditions "the play is the thing". The *impresario* does not try to reach his patron's brain or heart through the eye; he has learned by experience that a Spanish audience will not respond to such an endeavour. Mounting and dressing are quite a secondary consideration, with the result that the quality of stage plays is higher in Spain than it is in England, where the *mise en scène* covers or uncovers such an appalling poverty of ideas. The musical comedy that thrives for a

couple of years in London to the acclamations of the half-educated comfortable classes, on whose behalf Oliver Wendell Holmes pleaded for "A Society for the Propagation of Intelligence," would only secure a three months' run in Spain by flying from the contempt of one city to the contempt of the next.

Spain has no institution corresponding to the Comédie Française, but it is not without hopes of establishing one. The only indication of national feeling is revealed by the Teatro Español, where the productions are limited to those of Spanish dramatists, but it is recognized on all sides by the people who take an interest in drama that Spain has a sufficient number of competent writers to carry on the traditions of Calderon and Lope de Vega, and that if a national theatre can be established, there will be no dearth of sound modern plays to hold the mirror up to the social or political life of the hour—and the hour never varies in Spain—or reflect some aspect of the country's regionalism in which all Spain is interested. For it should be remembered that in spite of the differences of life and thought which are founded upon regionalism and serve to prevent or at least to hinder political cohesion, there is no district in Spain that does not take a platonic interest in the idiosyncrasies of its neighbours, and a regional play dealing with one district of Spain will always draw a good house in another district, provided the play has certain intrinsic merits. The dialect, costume, and mode of thought of any district in Spain are intensely interesting to those who believe their own special methods of approaching the phenomena of life to be the only methods that matter.

Some light upon the Spaniard's attitude to life in its varied aspects may be gathered from the reception that has been accorded to certain dramatists of world-wide repute. For

example, Ibsen enjoyed a very brief reign in Spain; his appeal was limited to the *intelectuales* who imported their Ibsen from Paris, and were prepared to receive the plays with enthusiasm because they regard the French capital as the supreme centre of intellectual life. But there was something about Ibsen that even they could not accept; they were puzzled and shocked, and, after a few months' consideration, put Ibsen's plays upon the shelf, where they lie to this day under an ever-accumulating pile of dust. Shakespeare, on the other hand, has always met with ready acceptance in Spain; Hamlet is given frequently not only in Madrid but in the provincial theatres, and the success is the more significant because it would be idle for us to believe that England is accepted by the Spaniard as a centre of art or intelligence. The Spaniard has a kindly feeling for the Englishman, but still associates him with the sun-helmet, green umbrella, prominent front teeth, and Dundreary whiskers. He is a good friend, *el señor inglés*, but a terrible business-like person whose pocket drops gold, whilst strange oaths issue from his mouth and his hand is ready to become a fist on the least provocation, while his eye roams over sea and land in search of fresh territory on which to plant the Union Jack, the Bible, a barrel of rum, and a battery of quick-firing guns. Other conceptions of the Englishman may exist, but this is the popular one, and figures very frequently upon the lighter Spanish stage. Perhaps Shakespeare is regarded as the universal dramatist, and it must not be forgotten that Paris herself has given him her *cachet*.

Turning to deal in detail with various aspects of the Spanish stage, it is necessary to say a few words about the grand opera. This flourishes at certain seasons of the year in Barcelona and Madrid with the aid of a Government subsidy

It is entirely Italian in form, this form having being fixed when Rossini came to Madrid. Since then Spain has never found an opening on the grand opera stage for the expression of her national musical genius, though of late years Spanish opera has been produced in Barcelona. "Los Pirineos," a Trilogy by the Catalan composer Pedrell, created something like a sensation. It tried to embody the legends of the Pyrenees but failed, largely because the composer was not sufficiently faithful to his own genius, and reflected both Italian and German influences to an extent that did not flatter the patriotic instincts of his countrymen. Pedrell is reckoned the premier composer of Spain. Other attempts have been made, but they have not been sufficiently successful to call for record here. In Madrid the Teatro Lirico, built for the development and encouragement of National Opera, failed altogether. At present grand opera in Spain is an exotic, just as it is in London; Italian artists are engaged, Italian operas are mounted, and French or German work is rendered in Italian. Wagner came into Madrid, not from Bayreuth, but from Paris, and was hailed with enthusiasm by the *intelectuales*. Some attempt was made to establish a Wagner cult, but it met with very little success, for every one opera-goer whose admiration for the master is absolutely genuine, there are half a dozen who merely pretend to like him, and neither Barcelona nor Madrid can draw a crowded house to a Wagner programme, though one of the old-fashioned Italian operas, with plenty of melody and little sense, will strain seating and standing accommodation to the uttermost. The attitude of the Spaniard towards "Carmen" is very interesting. He loves the music, which is founded to no small extent upon national airs, but any very realistic interpretation of the name part, any attempt to present the gipsy-girl of Prosper Mérimée's story

is an offence. One of the greatest exponents of the part, whose interpretation has roused enthusiasm in Europe and America, would hardly care to appear as Carmen in Madrid or Barcelona. The regionalism of Cataluña and Castile differs very widely from that of Seville, and it might have been supposed that neither Castilian nor Catalan would have been ill-pleased to see one aspect of Sevillian life treated with frank and unsparing realism. Perhaps the suggestion of barbarism offends the average Spaniard, who knows that no other expression of the national life has ever found acceptance in grand opera, and objects to this picturesque but uncomplimentary treatment. Neither "Don Giovanni" nor the "Barber of Seville" is Spanish in the same sense as "Carmen".

It may be said without fear of contradiction that nearly every Spaniard is musical, and it can readily be understood that performances of grand opera in an alien tongue in Madrid and Barcelona do very little to satisfy the national appetite for music. On the occasion of great *fiestas*, when the bull-ring is not required for a *corrida*, it frequently serves for an open-air concert, which assumes the size and importance of a great gathering at the Albert Hall, with the reservation that the Plaza de Toros in one of the great cities of Spain could put the Albert Hall in one corner and forget it was there. The Spaniard has a natural love of melody and a very receptive ear. Let him listen to a tune once or twice and he can sing it or pick out the melodies on his guitar, and as concerts are few and far between, and grand opera beyond his reach, he falls back on the *zarzuela*, the national musical comedy of Spain.

The *zarzuela* is purely regional; each one reflects the habits, customs, and spirit of the district round which it is written. It becomes in a way a piece of highly specialized

work with a regional basis, and he who would wish to learn Spain intimately in the countless divisions that are unmarked on any map, could hardly do better than attend a course of *zarzuelas* in Madrid, Seville, or Barcelona with some Spanish friend who can explain references that are absolutely lost to the uninitiated. The *zarzuela* seldom lasts more than an hour, two or three are required to make up an evening's entertainment. The *zarzuela grande* in three acts is no longer popular, and some of the best specimens of the class have been cut down to play within the hour.

Although the Spanish theatre has little money to spend on the *mise en scène*, strict attention is always paid to accuracy of local colour and costume where the *zarzuela* is concerned. There are keen critics in the audience; excitement runs high, and the most trifling inaccuracy would be held to justify something that can only be referred to as a demonstration in force. It does not take the form of hissing, but of rhythmic hammering on the floor with feet or sticks, accompanied by shrill whistling. In the early days of the writer's Spanish experiences, he attended a performance of "La Gran Via" in Madrid and sat with some friends in a stage box. The *prima donna* sang extremely well, and the novice, anxious to accord his approval, hammered enthusiastically on the floor of the box with his walking-stick. The lady darted a reproachful glance at him, and refused her encore. One of his friends remarked, "You are very critical to-night. I thought she sang well."

"So did I," replied the novice, "that is why I applauded."

Then he was told that the noise that is a compliment to an English singer is an insult to her Spanish sister. Happily a bouquet and some applause of the more orthodox description (*olé* and *muy bién*) helped an explanation to set the matter right. Spaniards are very excitable, whether in

the theatre or in the bull-ring; they do not hesitate frankly to criticize a performance, whether by matador or opera singer, that falls short of the standard they wish to see established. Madrid is a scene of frequent interruption both in *zarzuela* and grand opera. Some years ago a very bad tenor was singing in "Aida" at the opera house, and when the trial scene was in progress and the High Priest called out "Radames, Radames, Radames," a voice from the gallery, imitating to a nicety the clerical gentleman's intonation, added, "*Que malo es, que malo es, que malo es*" (he's no good) with absolutely fatal results, as far as the grief of Amneris and the gravity of the house were concerned.

The music of a *zarzuela* is built up from some national airs belonging to the region, or consists of original themes one and all so closely allied in thought and feeling that, not infrequently, they pass into the ranks of that region's folk-songs. Happy is the man who can give one of these songs to his province, as Caballero did in his "Gigantes y Cabezudos," etc. It gives him such a measure of distinction as comes to the young matador when he "takes the *alternativa*" from one of Spain's greatest *diestros*.

It is to the *zarzuela* that we must go to see the finest dancing in Spain. Dancing, like everything else, is regional; the measures so very popular in the north find no acceptance in the south; east and west hold no communion where dancing is concerned. But the *zarzuela* introduces the dances of the district of its birth, entrusts them to men and women who were born there, sets them in surroundings which are as faithful as possible to nature, and accompanies them with the music that is their own. The result is stimulating to a degree, and because every Spaniard is a dancer at heart, he loves his country's measures even when they belong to the parts he deems benighted. But for

the *zarzuela* Spanish dancing would have fallen on evil days, just as folk-lore would have done, for even the Pyrenees have not altogether served as a barrier between the natural genius of the Spanish stage and the cosmopolitan forces that are at work on the French side of the frontier. Slowly but surely even the *zarzuela* is acknowledging the influence of the music hall, an institution which does not flourish in Spain. There is a regrettable tendency to introduce interludes—alien in thought and feeling from the main idea animating the production—and it may be that in the course of time the *zarzuela* will become corrupt and then Spanish folk-lore, folk-songs, and dances will disappear as the mantilla is disappearing from the flower-decked hair of the modern Spanish lady. Down to the present the *zarzuela* has preserved Spanish types as faithfully as Goya did; it has served as the connecting-link between the Spain of yesterday and to-day, and nobody who loves Spain can witness the substitution of such futile work as "El Perro Chico" for "La Virgen de la Paloma" without sincere regret. Happily Spain's increasing prosperity has enabled many interesting scores to be published in the past few years. Doubtless they will inspire the musicians of other lands—some of whom may even forget to acknowledge the source of their inspiration.

The music of the *zarzuela*, like its dances, is regional. The northern composer and his southern brother in the Lord have nothing in common save the Spanish sense of tunefulness and a certain proficiency in matters of technique. The country impresses its mood upon those who write; it is as hard for the Galician composer to be gay as for the Andalusian to be morbid. In the Basque Provinces, in the village of Loyola to be precise, where the great Ignatius founded the still greater Society of Jesus and took the name by which

he is best known, the Basques have their sacred tree called the "Guarnica". It is the emblem of their liberties of which they still preserve some that are not enjoyed by the rest of Spain, and the Guarnica lends its name to their national hymn. The rhythm of this music differs altogether from that of other parts of Spain, and when the Basque Provinces give a composer to their country, his music has its own essential characteristics that none in Spain can imitate and few outside Spain can understand. It expresses in its own strange fashion the spirit of the wild land of its birth, and the Guarnica, heard thousands of miles beyond the shadow of the Pyrenees, will rouse a Basque to such enthusiasm as we, whose blood runs so quietly in our veins, can hardly understand. To realize the strength of thè national feeling that finds its reflection in Basque music, we have but to remember it was only the people of the Basque Provinces and Navarre who made the Carlist rising possible and gave the best generals to the cause. Don Carlos did no more than promise that in the event of his success he would confirm his supporters the enjoyment of their traditional rights.

In Galicia, where the *gallegada* is the popular song, a certain sadness pervades the country's music. There is nothing Oriental about this; it is purely Celtic, and marks the racial union between the Galician, the Breton and the Welshman. In the Asturias music begins to grow lively, and the *jota* makes an incomplete appearance. The long-drawn cadence of the *gallegada* begins to yield to the shrill merry notes of the *jota* which has crept up from the centre and east. Aragon has brought the *jota* to perfection; here it seems a national product untouched by Moorish influence; in the Castiles and Navarre it is also predominant. In Valencia and Murcia the Arab influence still lingers in strength, and has given the *jota* a certain sombre effect that seems to find

fitting place amid its surroundings. The *jota* is always sung by a male tenor voice, and the chorus which follows the *copla* or tenor solo is an accompaniment to a dance with a strange jerky rhythm that has no exact counterpart in English music.

Down in the south we find the expression of another life, not always joyful, but always holding something of the spirit of the sun. There are countless songs and dances native to Andalusia. The *tango* and the *granadinos*, the *bolero* and the *sevillanas*, one and all are Andalusian, associated with striking movements of which the peculiar action from the hip, called, I think, *zarandeo*, is most noticeable to English eyes. Some measures are written in quick time, a very frenzy of music and movement, others are slow and stately; still more have a certain strange fascination that rouse a Sevillian to ecstasy. Such a one is the dance by a man and a woman, the first dressed as a bull-fighter and wearing the *capa de paseo*, and a girl in the local dress of Seville or Malaga. It is in three parts, and is a dance of fascination from start to finish. In the last moment the *torero* flings his cloak on the ground and his partner stands triumphant upon it, to a chorus of *olés*. This dance is a variation of the popular and beautiful *sevillana* which is generally danced by two girls or a series of girls in couples.

The writer remembers, in the early days of his first visit to Spain, finding a little company of girls in far-away Carmona who danced so beautifully that he wrote to the managing director of one of our leading variety theatres in London, asking him to engage them. A reply came back asking him to arrange for them to come over on certain terms that seemed absurdly generous. The girls were not professional dancers; they earned their living in little shops and probably gained no more than twelve pounds a year

apiece. Their parents were quite willing for them to come to London, but every girl's parents insisted upon coming too, and in one case an uncle was also deemed indispensable. All these worthy people demanded as the price of their visit to the Metropolis the salary of an ambassador, and the cost of bringing over the six girls and their expensive families was absolutely prohibitive. So they remained where they were, and London, not knowing what it had missed, remained quite tranquil. But some years afterwards these dancers were to be met in Seville under the ægis of a guide associated with one of the large hotels, who would declare unblushingly that they had fulfilled engagements at enormous salaries in London, Paris, and Berlin. Doubtless the worthy and imaginative man would have added to the list of capitals had he known the names of any more.

The music of these national songs and dances is supplied by the guitar, the castanets, and, one regrets to add, the bagpipes. This weird and offensive instrument is happily only played in Galicia and Asturias. Heard from a great distance, it is less unpleasant than it might be under other conditions, but the ideal way of hearing the bagpipe is perhaps realized by those who allow an ample province to stretch its miles of mountain, plain, and meadow between the performer and themselves; they can then imagine that they hear the strange substitute for music, and there is nothing radically wrong in this attitude, for those who go to Spain make a practice of imagining that they have seen and heard things, and learn in this fashion to lie with circumstance if not with pomp.

But be the music what it may, the detestable bagpipe, the shrill castanet, or the tinkling guitar, it is the proper accompaniment of Spanish song and dance. The *zarzuela*, the finest repository of Spanish folk-lore and Spanish folk-songs,

makes use of the traditional accompaniment, though it must be confessed that down to the present the writer has seen no *zarzuela* in which the bagpipe has been introduced, the bassoon and oboe supplying a sufficiently effective substitute to satisfy all save Galicians.

Romantic drama of a tragic kind follows the traditions of Calderon and still thrives in Spain. A very notable example of this is "Don Juan Tenorio," none other than our old friend Don Giovanni whom Mozart immortalized for the rest of Europe. Don Juan was of course an Andalusian, "in Seville was he born, a pleasant city," and the city of his birth still preserves the legendary story of his life. The play "Don Juan Tenorio" was written by Zorilla less than fifty years ago and has achieved such extraordinary popularity in Spain that it is given regularly in every theatre of importance, to say nothing of others, on the night of Todos los Santos. The romantic drama is not the less popular in Spain on account of the costume with which it is associated. It carries the Spaniard back to the palmy days of world-empire, and the costumes assumed are those that obtained in those years. The *capa* and *espada* are worn in the old fashion that has almost passed from the country, though there are a few Madrileños who still contrive to bring the atmosphere of Spanish tragedy and world-empire into their daily life.

In the world of comedy the Spanish dramatist ignores regionalism and invokes satire. The mordant Spanish humour that sees into the heart of things finds its happiest reflection on the comedy stage, where the abuses of administration and social usage seem to evoke the heartiest laughter from those who suffer most under them, until the stranger wonders whether it is not the saving grace of humour that keeps the Spaniard from taking his troubles too seriously.

It will be seen, that the drama in Spain is in a prosperous condition enough—sane, clever, and able to steer an even course between the Scylla of extreme modernity and the Charybdis of banality. The apotheosis of the music hall in other countries has affected the *zarzuela* slightly, and the kinematograph is still fresh enough to attract and delight many thousands of simple folks. There is no snobbery in the world of Spanish drama; a *zarzuela*, a smart modern comedy, and a kinematograph display will join forces to afford the public a pleasant evening's entertainment, and there are many who will pass from one item to the other with complete enjoyment.

A revival of the *sainetes*, tiny little plays with two or three characters founded upon and illustrating some popular proverb, is another feature of the modern Spanish stage. Lope de Vega brought the *sainetes* to a high state of perfection and thereafter they passed from popularity only to regain it in these latter days.

CHAPTER IX

THE SPANISH KITCHEN

A Statement for the Defence

WHEN you speak to the average Englishman of Spanish cooks and cookery, he draws himself up as if suddenly suspicious of danger, sniffs the air as though to assure himself that garlic is not going to spring upon him unawares, and regards you with some measure of mistrust for all future time. His suspicions are unfounded; his prejudices would be removed or at least modified by residence in Spain.

The first impression that comes to the Englishman who has a few opportunities for enjoying Spanish hospitality is one of simplicity. The Spaniard is neither a gourmand nor a gourmet; he eats comparatively little, and likes that little not only to be simple but to be associated as intimately as possible with the district in which he has been brought up. Every part of Spain has its special dish, the only one that seems likely to attain to national importance being the *puchero*, which, of old time, found its popularity limited by the boundary of the Castiles. Owing to the intensely regional spirit that can never be disregarded when Spanish life—political, social, or domestic—has to be considered, questions relating to domestic cookery sometimes acquire an immense importance. If a Castilian should marry a lady from Valencia, or a Sevillana should entrust her destinies to

THE MARKET PLACE

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. DOMINGUEZ MEUNIER

the custody of a Galician, the couple are faced with a crisis of the first magnitude. To what extent must the *arroz valenciano* of the first-named bride yield pride of place to the *puchero* of her lord? How far will the Galician be prepared to go in surrendering his national *pote* to the *gazpacho* beloved of the lady of his choice? Compromise, the chief factor in statecraft, is also of first importance in the realms of domesticity, and doubtless under the influence of love and in a spirit of toleration, the happy couples will decide to allow each national dish to share the place of honour in turn. At the same time no lady of the Castilian's family will eat *puchero* of the wife's making without a certain feeling of pity and contempt for one to whom the true secrets are withheld, nor will this Sevillana learn readily to make a *pote* that can reach her husband's heart as readily as it can reach a less sentimental part of his anatomy. On the other hand, the fair Valencian will prefer the *arroz* of her native land as long as she lives, and the Sevillana will find in *gazpacho* and chocolate all that she requires to sustain her interest in the table. After all, religious difficulties between married couples only come to the fore once a week, or when the Church celebrates a *fiesta*, but where food is concerned, divergencies of opinion and taste can hardly be avoided at least twice a day, and it may well be that the existence of dishes that are strictly regional in their popularity do much to define the boundaries of Spain's provinces and hinder the movements towards national unity that might add so much to the country's prosperity. Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" has dwelt upon the importance of clothes. There is room for a philosopher equally gifted to discuss the influence of food upon national life and character, and nowhere will he find more ample material for reflection than in Spain.

Marketing in Spain has its own special characteristics, of which the search for bargains and the persistent effort to obtain something for less than the price demanded are most noticeable. So pronounced is this disposition to buy cheaply that it is difficult to arrive at the truth about the price paid for a certain article from any person of ordinary moral standing. Wives, whose devotion to their husbands could hardly be greater than it is, will lie to them cheerfully and with circumstance when it comes to telling the story of the morning's marketing. Every woman likes to persuade her friends that she can beat the tradesman down below the profit mark.

The housewife relies to no small extent upon street vendors, and though she is a fairly regular patron of the established market, she seldom remains faithful to any one dealer. She knows that only by constant change can she hope to secure bargains or even honest service, for the Spanish tradesman will not make much effort to keep an old customer, though he will make an effort to placate a new one. Fully aware of this, the careful housewife constantly changes her favours.

The Spanish market can compare with any in the South of Europe without fearing to be reckoned inferior in point of colour, variety, and cleanliness. It opens at a very early hour. Buyers and sellers often meet for the preliminary skirmish that precedes business as early as five o'clock in the morning. Ladies of small means go unattended to the market and bargain with an eloquence worthy of a popular politician. The buyer calls heaven to witness that she can pay no more, the seller affirming with equal emphasis that she can accept no less. Ladies of the upper middle class are attended by a servant, generally one who has grown old in the study of market conditions and can assist her mistress with a free-

dom of expression not permitted to a lady in knocking the last ha'penny off the price. Ladies of high position are seldom seen in the market: they are content to send their servant.

Before the morning is well advanced the path between the stalls is blocked by a mass of cheerful women who seem quite sure that they will reach their destination sooner or later, and manage under all circumstances to keep a smiling face. The attitude of the shopkeepers varies in accordance with the day's prosperity. If they have done well, they are inclined to be a little truculent, a little intolerant of any suggestion that they should abate their demand, while on the other hand, if business is not brisk they are prepared to deal on a basis that would seem to leave no margin of profit. At the same time it is worth noting that the price of certain necessaries of life—bread and meat for example—is regulated by the district authorities, so that very little bargaining is possible here. On the other hand, fish, vegetables, fruit, poultry are subject to violent fluctuations and prices vary hourly.

The aspect of a Spanish market on a fine summer's day is perfectly delightful. The close observer of Spanish life will hardly have failed to notice that it is never far removed from the Church, and many ladies are in the habit of taking their beads as well as their market basket, and combining the service of their bodily wants with some attention, however brief, to their spiritual needs. It may be remarked too that the interior of a church, cold and cool and comparatively silent, comes as a great relief after the glare and bustle of the market-place, although the conditions, not altogether pleasing, are more than atoned for by the splendour of the colouring, the fragrance of flowers and fruit, the jovial spirit of buyers and sellers. There are few places where the

colour of the country is more vividly represented than in the market. In the first place there is the cloudless blue sky looking down upon walls intensely white; if the market be at a seaport there will be a glimpse of water that seems studded with jewels, an expanse in which every wavelet wears its glittering tiara of the sun's own diamonds. Contrasting with these vivid blues and whites we have the scarlet pimientos that are ripe and the bright green pimiento that has yet to ripen; the red cabbage lending some of its tint to the cauliflowers by its side; the tender green of the lettuces that have been newly watered and seem to retain their freshness. Of the flowers detailed description would be impossible—the beauty of colour, form, and perfume is literally intoxicating, and sometimes when pressure from the crowd keeps sensitive people in the immediate neighbourhood of the flower stalls, they complain of headache and faintness, the spikenard—*nardo*—being held responsible for this *malaise*. The flower-girls in the market seem to call aloud for a gifted and sympathetic artist. They are often girls of rare beauty—the beauty that blooms so suddenly and fades almost as quickly as it came. Miserably ill-clad, bare-headed and bare-footed, and dependent for the rest upon rags worn with some approach to nicety, they have their regular patrons for the rich carnations that women love to wear in their hair. The prices vary according to the season; they may fetch as much as a *real* or as little as a halfpenny, and on the sale of a few handfuls of these the Spanish flower-girl lives and seems to live happily. Simple fare, fresh air in abundance and sunshine are the secrets of her content, and it is a rare pleasure to be one of her patrons, for her gracious movements and pretty smile make ample atonement to the stranger for paying twice or thrice the market value of a *boutonnière*. To her countrymen, and specially to those

whose sordid pleasure it is to speak rudely or coarsely to defenceless women, the *florera* has a sharp tongue and a ready wit.

"What will you have? In La Verdura
All the day long she keeps a stall:
Sells you a rose for your peseta,
Given with a look and—well, that's all."

One part of the market is given up to live poultry. The unfortunate chickens, tied up by the leg in bunches and slung across the back of mule or donkey, or carried carelessly in the hand, have been brought to the market and sold there to the storekeeper. They have now to face the closing hours of their existence, and these hours are painful. Spanish women are not acutely conscious of animal suffering or greatly concerned with it. They will not hesitate to pick up chicken or duck and dig their fingers into it to see if it is fat enough to be worth bargaining about. If they are not satisfied the unfortunate bird is thrown aside quite carelessly to await the attentions of another purchaser. If they are satisfied the still unfortunate bird must submit to have its defects pointed out by the buyer and its merits emphasized by the seller until the bargain is struck. Then the *pollero* cuts the bird's throat over a big pail or butt standing in the corner of the shop and hands the still struggling body to his assistants—generally women or girls—who proceed at once to pluck the still living fowl. Such cruelty revolts a visitor but leaves the Spanish housewife quite unmoved.

The fruit stalls with their golden oranges from Valencia, bananas from the Canary Islands, asparagus and strawberries from Aranjuez, big rough-skinned melons from Castile, peaches from Aragon—second to no peaches in the world—apricots from Toledo, green figs from Andalusia—all these

delicious things are to be found in the market of a great city. They are sold at prices that would make an English buyer envious, and would lead an English fruit-grower to retire at once from business. In a country where a splendid peach weighing half a pound may be bought for twopence and the finest sugar melon costs no more than a shilling, fruit is to be found on every table, and in connexion with the sale of melons a curious custom prevails in Spain. When a purchaser has chosen his fruit he is entitled to request the salesman to cut a small square out of the selected melon in order that he may ascertain whether the quality is equal to the appearance. If the melon should be found to belie its promise, the purchaser pays three halfpence and returns it to the seller, by whom it is sold at a reduced price to some one not so particular.

It must not be supposed that the stranger who knows nothing of proper prices and has not learnt to bargain very volubly and to realize that every man's hand is against him is going to fare well. Unless you are voluble and can speak with your hands and your eyes as well as with your tongue, and add to your every offer an emphatic *no vale mas* (it's worth no more), you will certainly retire hurt, and even the people round you will be greatly amused and pleased to get the better of you; they will even use your misfortunes as a lever by which to secure better bargains for themselves. To take advantage of a stranger is fair play, and one of the writer's earliest experiences was a very useful one. Going early one morning to the market of Valencia, I was delighted to find on one of the stalls of the fruit sellers a quantity of delicious green figs. I inquired the price in my best colloquial Spanish and was told that a *real* would buy ten. Determined not to be robbed, I refused to pay more than a

penny for six, and after much bargaining received fifteen for my *real.* Later in the day I waxed vainglorious over my capacity to carry out a bargain, much to the amusement of my hostess who, after listening patiently to all I had to say, summoned her housekeeper and asked the morning's price of figs in the market. They were twenty-five a penny!

Although food in Spain is very cheap, so cheap in fact that the margin of profit seems to be quite obscure, it would cost still less than it does but for the *consumos*—the tax corresponding to the French *octroi.* This impost—a source of considerable revenue to the authorities—is of course extremely unpopular, and every peseta gathered by the administration may be said to have a heavy curse attached to it. The effect of the tax is only felt seriously by the unfortunate poor whose earnings are ridiculously small. Many an agricultural labourer in Spain, a hard-worker and diligent, can make no more than twenty-five shillings a month, fifteen pounds a year, with perhaps an extra pound or even two for the harvest, whether it be of corn or wine or oil. On such a one the *consumo* presses heavily, but in spite of that he looks upon life with a cheerful countenance and does not grumble any more than the Englishman who earns twice as much or even more.

Now we have followed the Spanish housewife to market and may presume that she has beaten down prices to the lowest possible figure, told her beads in the church and gone back to her home heavily laden with good things. They are now in the kitchen, whither we will follow.

The room is very bright and clean, no less clean indeed than the scrupulously tended market-place in which the food-stuffs were bought. Brass or copper cooking utensils

all in a state of high polish seem to smile from the white walls. Cooking utensils vary according to the district. In the Castiles the *puchero* is cooked in a vessel that takes its name from the dish which is sacred to it. The *puchero* is a jug or pot of blue enamel. Earthenware cooking vessels are in use all over the Peninsula; they are porous outside and highly glazed within. They are used for boiling and stewing, while the frying-pan shouts defiance to regionalism from every corner of the country, uniting Galician, Valencian, Sevillian and Castilian in the largest measure of universal brotherhood that obtains in Spain. Among the lower orders who cannot afford to buy their oil as often as they could wish, the frying-pan is seldom or never cleaned; when not in use it is covered lightly with cloth or even paper, and the housewife guards it with jealous care. Save in the big cities and in the cooler north, most of the butter sold in Spain is frankly rancid, the best quality being hard to obtain under any circumstances and absurdly dear—five shillings a pound being asked and paid in Madrid for the genuine article. Dripping and lard are rarely used. Olive oil, crude or refined, takes their place, save among the pastry cooks, and it may be remarked that the Spanish housewife seldom makes pastry and seldom entrusts the making to her own cook; she prefers to go direct to the *pasteleria*. Unrefined oil has a rather repulsive green tint, and is brought from the olive plantation in huge hog-skins. Before it can be used the Spanish housewife "fries" it. She fills her frying-pan with as much as it can safely hold and puts a piece of bread in with it. The oil is then "fried" until the bread is burnt black when the oil is poured off into a jar and is ready for cooking. The great art of cooking in oil is to preserve the right temperature; if it is not hot enough when the food is put in, it will soak right through it; if it be too hot the

food will be burnt. A great part of the prejudice with which Spanish cooking is regarded by visitors is due to some experience of the efforts of a clumsy cook. In skilled hands a dish cooked with oil is far from unpleasant. To enjoy salads in Spain beyond the area of expensive hotels it is necessary for the traveller to carry refined oil with him, for it is notorious that the Spaniards have never learned to refine their own crude product, and in the big cities the best oil obtainable is called English oil (*aceite inglesa*); it has been sent abroad either to France or England to be refined. Not only are the Spaniards incapable of treating their oil properly, their wine is no better case. Spain is a great wine-producing country in many districts, and a large part of the produce of the vineyard is sent in its crude state to France, where after due doctoring it changes its nationality and is known to the French and British public as Bordeaux or claret as the case may be. Happily there are signs that the country is wakening up to the heavy loss entailed upon it by imperfect viticulture, and in Aragon a very successful attempt is being made to deal with the *rioja* wines as they deserve. Aragon is also learning to make jam and to bottle fruit, and in this fashion will doubtless do something to check the import from Great Britain which has hitherto made up in large measure for Spain's deficiencies. But as far as the oil is concerned, the properly equipped refinery has yet to be established, perhaps because the great majority of housewives are perfectly satisfied with their familiar procedure. Indeed, you may hear them declare that the clear refined oil imported from France and England is to be regarded with suspicion. "*No se sabo lo que contiene*" (nobody knows what it contains), says the Spanish housewife, proud of the bilious green concoction out of which she must burn the more obvious abominations before it is fit to use even in

a Spanish kitchen. It may be of course that the national palate is not a delicate one; indeed but for the glorious light that shines upon the Spanish table from the *pasteleria* one would be inclined to favour this view, for it must be confessed that a superabundance of garlic, rancid butter, wine that takes the skin off the palate, and bread that is frequently sour are distinct blemishes from our perhaps insular standpoint.

Now it is time to sing the praises and discuss the ingredients of glories that remain to Spain even in these days when world-empire is lost. *Puchero*, *gazpacho*, *pote*, *arroz valenciano*, *olla podrida*, and *pisto*—here we have the most notable sextette in the world—fit subjects for the poet's song, the musician's ode, the painter's fancy, and the sculptor's dream, while the historian scanning the story of the world will look in vain to any country to supply him with six national dishes of anything like equal importance.

To make *puchero* soak garbanzos (chickpeas) in salt-water over night. In the morning take a piece of beef, a slice of lard that may be fresh or may be a year old, a *chorizo* which is a sausage as full of subtle flavour as of mystery, and potatoes, new for choice. Boil very slowly for about five hours, and eat on three hundred and sixty-five days in the year if the necessary papal dispensation can be obtained. But do not seek to eat without knowledge. *Puchero* must be approached with respect, for it is a many-sided delicacy. In the first place it yields soup, and this should be served with vermicelli and eaten with toasted bread and a little flavouring of garlic. A glass of sherry may be taken with propriety at a time like this. Then follow the garbanzos and potatoes and certain green vegetables that are not deemed quite worthy of intimate

association with a *puchero* and are consequently cooked apart. Tomato sauce is associated with this course. Then the meat follows, rich in the added flavour of the ingredients among which it passed its hours of cooking. Among the wealthy who are becoming denationalized a dish of fish may follow the *puchero*, to which, by the way, chicken and ham may have been added, while sweets and cheese succeed as though to rob the meal of its truly Spanish qualities. But the poor and the lower middle classes are content with the real *puchero* and nothing else.

Let us now turn with renewed appetite to the *arroz valenciano*. To make this take careful heed to the following instructions. Procure a large earthenware vessel and cover the bottom to the depth of an inch with the purest oil you can buy. Add, when the oil has reached the proper temperature, a measure of the finest rice and leave it to suffer the pangs popularly reserved for sinners until it has assumed a golden tinge. Then put in your meat, which should be veal for choice, though you may call with equal readiness upon rabbit or pig or sheep. Fill with water, sufficient to cover the top of the meat (for every cupful of rice two cupfuls of water are given by the wise and experienced); error here is fatal. Add red peppers (pimientos) and then close the pot. A short address to the patron saint may be efficacious and can at least do no harm. If all goes well within the earthen pot, there should be a result that will for at least an hour or two drive all sorrow out of life. In Valencia itself this dish is sometimes made without meat, and then it is known as *arroz viudo* (widowed rice). Although this formula properly belongs to Valencia and to Valencia alone, it has been appropriated by the rest of

Spain for picnic purposes; not only is it grateful and comforting to those who take part in the *merienda*, but the cook who can produce it under alfresco conditions in a perfect state receives the warmest congratulations of all present.

While even the Englishman may reasonably be expected to enjoy *puchero* and *arroz valenciano*, let us with all commendable honesty admit that the taste for the four national dishes that remain is nourished best and developed to the farthest extent on Spanish soil and under the Spanish sun. It is unwise even for the intelligent tourist to make too intimate an acquaintance with the others. *Pote gallego*, for example, can be best appreciated by those who have ridden through Galician highlands without breaking fast from morning to evening. Then when one's destination is reached, perhaps it is some picturesque farm-house, wellnigh deserted by the younger generation that has gone to seek its luck in more prosperous lands *allonde los mare* (beyond the seas), leaving the father of the family to gather what profit he may from his herd of familiar, one might almost say vulgar, pigs. He will not be unwilling to welcome the stranger to share such rude accommodation as his neglected home can afford and will set before him the *pote gallego*. It consists of potatoes and a special cabbage grown in the district on a much higher stalk than those we see at home. It is called *berza*. Potato and cabbage are boiled in water with lard and eaten with bread and garlic. Should the farmer have a little meat to spare he will add it in honour of his guest, but throughout Galicia, where the rural population is woefully poor, the *gallego* is generally content to allow one of his precious hams to hang over the pot and convey such flavour as it can through the medium of suggestion or

magic or first intention, or any other of the hidden forces of nature. Yet let it be confessed that this national dish, even when it cannot be reinforced by meat, is very satisfying. It chases hunger away, and by so doing serves the only purpose for which food is required in the ranks of hard-working Spain. The traveller will find it difficult to persuade his host to accept anything but thanks for his entertainment, and when he rides away with the heart-felt "*vaya con Dios!*" in his ears, he will feel that he has left a friend behind him.

The *olla podrida* is a savoury mixture of meat, onions, garlic, potatoes, and oil, not unlike Irish stew, but better flavoured, and differing from *arroz valenciano* inasmuch as it lacks rice and substitutes potatoes. It is the national dish of Northern Spain. If the Navarrese do not like their neighbours across the Pyrenees, their dislike is directly associated with this national dish, for they hold that the French potpourri was stolen from Navarre, while on the other hand patriotic Frenchmen have been heard to declare that their country gave the *olla podrida* to ungrateful Navarre in the far-off days when it belonged to France. Oddly enough, the King of Spain and the President of the French Republic have never troubled to appoint a Commission to inquire into the merits of this vexed international question, preferring to leave it unsettled and justify the unpopularity of their respective Governments. Many a Royal Commission has wasted time and money over matters of less interest and importance.

Pisto is eaten in La Mancha, the land through which Don Quixote sought to confer honour on his Dulcinea. It is a delicious combination of eggs fried in oil with a mixture of Chile peppers and the red and green pimientos. The eggs

are scrambled and sufficient water is added to give the dish a consistency of a thick soup.

Gazpacho, the last of Spain's national dishes, is favoured throughout the sunny land of the Maria Santísima where people can live very happily without patronizing the butcher more than once a week. Lettuce, peppers, tomatoes, cucumber are made into a salad with oil and vinegar in which garlic has been crushed. The bowl is then filled with water and slices of bread are allowed to float on the top. Throughout the summer the Sevillian of the lower middle class is content with a *jicara* of chocolate and a roll for breakfast. Shortly after midday he takes his *gazpacho*, and in the evening a glass of milk or of wine, with perhaps another slice of bread, satisfies his simple needs, to say nothing of the wants of his wife who may be nursing a baby and yet finds all the nourishment she requires in the three modest meals just described.

It should be remarked that the simplicity of life among the lower classes in Spain leads the household to need no further setting to the table than the large bowl in which the national dish is placed and one spoon apiece. If anything has to be cut, bread or meat, the master of the house uses the clasp knife (*navaja*) which he carries in his belt for all emergencies.

In spite of these lapses from the conventions that obtain among more cultivated people, meal time is a merry occasion in Spain. The hour snatched from toil seems to be sacred to the modest happiness of family life, and it may even be suggested that the average Spaniard eats his meal with greater relish because it is his national dish. The *gallego* would not enjoy *puchero* though it is a richer dish than his own; he would feel he was a traitor to his province. Nor

would the Sevillian give up his thin *gazpacho* for the best *arroz valenciano* in the world. Even the upper classes whose association with their own national dishes is almost platonic, take care to eat them when they go into the country to enjoy themselves. No *merienda* is complete without the special dish of the province in which it is held.

CHAPTER X

THE STORY OF THE TABLE

IN the preceding chapter reference was made at some length to the national dishes of Spain, and now it is time to point out that the Spaniard does not limit himself to any of these unless he be so poor that he can afford no more than one good meal a day. Among the middle and upper classes there is a very marked taste for Spanish cooking that has survived all the assaults of the French chef. Fairly considered, the one and primal defect of Spain's cooking is founded upon the poor quality of the oil used. If a well-equipped modern refinery could be established in every Spanish city boasting a population of more than ten thousand people, and if it could be demonstrated beyond the doubts of the most conservative standard that oil loses nothing worth keeping of its native quality in changing its hue from green to yellow and sacrificing the impurities which impart such a vile taste and odour, the quality of Spanish cooking would be doubled or trebled, and the bitterest enemies of Spain would no longer be heard to declare that civilization ends at the Pyrenees. It might be suggested courteously to the ardent reformers and patriots of Catalonia and Vizcaya that the most perfected machinery for propaganda, the one instrument which might strike a blow at the heart of regionalism, which might in a few years unite all Spain in a bond of brotherhood and bring progressive men from all Europe

quite cheerfully into their country, is the oil-refinery. This suggestion is offered humbly, but with complete confidence, to the leaders of Spain's progressive movement.

In the quality of her pigs and goats Spain bows to no country in the world. The skins of the kids are greatly in demand in this country and in France. High up in the mountains of Castile, where some of the finest flocks of goats are pastured, one meets the wildest people in Spain. These goatherds, ill-shaven and unshorn, drive their flocks into La Mancha for winter feeding, and up into the Castilian hills —particularly in the neighbourhood of the Sierra de Gredos —shortly before the kids are born. He whose taste for blood has been nurtured in Plaza de Toros or Arena de Gallos, and whose capacity for climbing seemingly inaccessible hills has been developed to a considerable extent, may enter with security into the highland fastnesses, once the abode of the worst brigands in Spain. Here, in a day, he may see a hundred kids yield their harmless life to the slaughterer who exercises upon them the deadly *navaja* that his grandfather was wont to dye in the blood of unfortunate travellers. The flesh of the kids is sent down the mountain-side in the cool of the evening to the nearest railway station whence it is taken to Madrid, to the butcher's shop, the *carniceria*. But the skins are carefully preserved to be packed and sent across the frontier. Although there are fine flocks of goats in the more arid parts of Andalusia, it is in Castile and La Mancha that the goat thrives best, and throughout the wilder parts of Spain goat's milk is far more in evidence than cow's. It is, moreover, quite a common sight in a Spanish city to see a little company of milch goats, some of them decorated with tinkling bells, driven through the streets and milked in front of the houses of their patrons. Spanish doctors hold goat's milk in high esteem and prescribe it very

freely for intestinal ailments. It is worth remarking that Spain as a country does not suffer very much from consumption, and scientists tell us that goat's milk is free from the germs that develop tuberculosis in the human being, so it may be that the widespread use of *leche de cabra* is responsible, in part at least, to this satisfactory condition.

There are many ways of cooking goat's flesh. It may be included in one of the national dishes, the *arroz valenciano*, for instance. At picnics a kid is frequently roasted whole. In the house the meat is sometimes put on a spit in front of the fire and turned by hand, in fashion tiresomely primitive. But perhaps the most popular way of treating goat's flesh is to give it the leading rôle in the production of a *guiso*. The meat is cut into pieces, dipped lightly in flour and put into oil that has already reached a certain high temperature recognized instinctively by the trained Spanish cook. It must be stirred steadily to keep the flour from burning, and in a little while water is added. If the dish is to be an *asado* only a few potatoes are now introduced and they roast in the oil and water—the water having been added to keep the food from burning. If, on the other hand, the dish is to be a *guiso*, the water is put in with a liberal hand, all kinds of vegetables are added—green peas and young artichokes being most highly esteemed in this connexion, and the stew is left to simmer for several hours. Should the oil chance to possess a comparatively friendly quality, the completed dish is delicious, while, if the oil be stronger than meat and vegetables combined, the popularity of the *guiso* will be limited strictly to the Spanish palate.

The pig occupies a responsible and honourable position in Spain. Perhaps the esteem in which it is held may even have developed the fierce Spanish hatred of Jew and Moor who eye the strange animal askance and have no use for it, alive or

dead. Great herds of pigs, for the most part quite black, precede the piping swineherd through the Andalusian wilds, and browse upon the fallen acorns of the Valombrosas of Aragon and Navarre. For a month or two before the time of its departure from the world it has endeavoured to adorn, the pig no longer travels in a herd. Cribbed, cabined, and confined within a sty, he fares sumptuously upon all the waste provender his master can supply, these products including a large number of green figs and prickly pears not quite good enough for men to sell or eat. Unconscious of his impending doom, the pig waxes fat, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that he can travel unaided to his destination and face the *débacle* associated with All Saints' Day. It is necessary to explain at once that in all large Spanish cities, pigs can only be killed between November and March, the authorities recognizing that pork and the Spanish spring and summer cannot be associated without grave risk of disease. Even in the villages where no very rigid rule obtains, special licence must be applied and paid for by those who, for their own particular benefit, would kill a pig at any time of the year, and in town and village alike, the carcass of the corpulent dead is carefully examined before it may be offered to a pig-loving public. Two or three days before the advent of Todos los Santos, every housewife has given her order to the butcher who is in temporary receipt of her patronage, and the sorrow of remembering the departed whose day is to be celebrated in every Spanish churchyard, is brightened by the thought that thousands of pigs are being sacrificed—though one would not suggest for a moment that any Spaniard regards them as an offering to the souls of the departed. On the day before Todos los Santos every Spanish city is one big squeal, as thousands of the animals despised by the heretic Jew and

infidel Moor pass lamenting out of life, and throughout the day the now silent carcasses hang stiffly and solemnly outside the butcher's shop, while an unsympathetic public saunters by thinking of joys to come. For one like the writer, who is a member of the ancient community which Spain expelled from her borders, there is little temptation to dwell at length upon the many ways of cooking a food that makes no personal appeal to him, but in this place duty must override prejudice. At the same time the writer feels his own shortcomings acutely, and is well aware that he can do no justice to the various virtues latent in an animal he has never learned to regard with enthusiasm or even admiration. Accordingly he has asked Mr. Charles Rudy whose knowledge of so many aspects of Spanish life is superior to his own, and whose "Companions in the Sierra" deals so delightfully with the intimate and personal side of travel in Spain's by-ways, to do justice to a subject which he himself cannot approach with judgment or first-hand knowledge.

Thus, and in parliamentary language, "El Señor Rudy tiene la palabra" (has the word).

"On receipt of the noble carcass of the hog, brought to his shop from the *matadero* in a huge, two-wheeled cart drawn by a tandem of five mules led by an ass, the butcher allows his new acquisition to hang a day at his door—head downward, with a small pail attached to the snout to receive the drippings of blood. At night an expert carver comes, and in less than half an hour, hams, steaks, chops, feet, and sundry other parts of the animal's anatomy lie on the counter ready for the morning's sale. The hams are, however, laid aside to be cured, when, cut in thin slices, they will be eaten raw, and washed down by copas of vino tinto (red wine), or else they will be cooked in sugared water

and sherry. The result is *jamon en dulce* rightly or wrongly considered one of Spain's delicacies. The epidermis of the dead pig, with sundry gristly parts of the animal's body, are boiled and fried into a *pâté*, and sold under the name of *chicharrones*. As for bacon, it is unknown in Spain, where the hog is cut up in such fashion as to leave the lean part (of the bacon) to be sold with the ribs, and the fatty part as *tocino* or lard. The latter—one of the ingredients of the *puchero*—is either eaten fresh or else *añejo*, when, as it is not preserved as the French *salé* in salt, it acquires a rancid taste not wholly agreeable to all palates, Spanish though they be.

"In the cities during the slaughtering season (*matanza*), the Spaniard's one delight—or at least one of his delights—is to indulge in *magro*, by which name the lean parts, such as chops and steaks, are known. Roast pork is not eaten, and this neglect of a good thing is one of the drawbacks to residence in Spain. But the steaks and chops make up for this loss. As often as not the housewife lets the meat—*chuleta* or *filete*—steep a few days in a preparation of water, salt, vinegar, garlic, and oregano—a spice that has given its name to one of the States of the Union. Perhaps the baptiser was a pork-loving conquistador of yore, and thus the State in question may hold itself lucky not to have been christened by some word even more expressive of the explorer's Spanish tastes.

"Emerging from its bath, the cleansed flesh of the unclean animal is thrown into the frying-pan moistened with oil. When it escapes therefrom, it is—with all due apologies to those who despise it—a dish royal, with an aroma of *ajo* about it which I, garlic-loving citizen of the world, cannot praise too highly. But if a more perfected cuisine be desired by the housekeeper anxious to make a passing impression

upon her lord and master's heart, let her cut the meat up into *tajas* and include it in an *arroz valenciano*, rich in pimientos morrones, almejas or shell-fish, and a yard of sausage (for thus can they be bought in Spain) cut up into small pieces. Then verily will the lord and master, the amo as it were, *chuparse los dedos*, by which is meant that, after having eaten his full, he will place in his mouth, turn about, the ten digital appendages of his hands, and withdraw them carefully, lovingly, with the remembrance of an *opípero* meal twinkling in the bead-like black of his eyes.

"There are many kinds of sausages in Spain. But it might perhaps be better for all concerned if I were to omit the life-history of those that are clandestinely made. There is the *chorizo* (those of Logrono on the Ebro can be recommended) which is eaten throughout the year for it is cured or smoked; there is the red *salchicha* reeking in pepper (*pimentón*), and the white which is harmless. These are no thicker than a child's finger, and long—yards long. The *morcilla*, corresponding to the French *boudin* (whence our word pudding), is made of pig's blood and rice; it also can be purchased with or without pepper. In days gone by superfluous dogs used to be removed by means of a poisoned *morcilla*; they could thus pass away on top of a fragrant supper, and not curse mankind too violently for having sent them on the longest of long journeys on an empty stomach. Though this custom has, thanks to civilization, been abolished, allusion to it remains in the *lenguaje del pueblo* (popular language) in the form of a gentle instrument of torture. A friend has turned his hand against you and yours, and thereby most naturally ceases to be your friend. You reward him—by devoutly hoping that 'he may be given a *morcilla*' (*que le den morcilla*), the verb 'to eat' being politely eliminated.

"Raw ham is national. It is sustaining, and of a pleasant odour and colour. Its taste is fragrant. On long tramps across hills, plains, and through dirty hamlets—picturesque only from a distance—I have lived on Spanish ham, bread, and wine, relying upon no other *manjares* (viands). You can be sure of your ham, for artificial curing is unknown (*alabado sea Dios!*), and my only advice to tramps in Spain is that they eat no meat but goat's flesh, and otherwise rely on ham. Thus, and with the bota of wine slung across the shoulder, they will be able to fare far and in peace with man, beast, and climate.

"If, in the city, the pig season is of short duration and is followed by a dearth long and terrible to bear, the more agonizing considering that no provision has been made to meet it, in the country it is not so. Every farmer or husbandman, even the poorest, annually kills his fattened hog. But he does not gobble the lean parts as might a glutton, or sell them as would the miser. Hams, *codos* (elbows), and *codillos* (knuckles) are dried and smoked, the *tocino* is packed away religiously, and as for the remainder of the animal, part is turned into rich, home-made *chorizos* or *salchichas*, and part is slightly fried in its own lard, to which red pepper and garlic have been added, and then stowed away in earthen jars and pots in the *cueva* or cellar. There they slumber during the summer months when nature frizzles away to desert-like aridity, and even the ham in the kitchen melts with grief to a skeleton of its former robustness. On grand occasions the good housewife, armed with *candil* (oil lamp), knife, and frying-pan, will pay a mysterious visit to the cellar, to one of her pots which, as she full well knows, are each worth more than *una onza de oro* (an ounce of gold). Then up she will come again—slowly as befits a careful matron, and with a faint glamour of anticipated

pleasure twinkling in her eyes—and soon the delightful aroma of fried pork drives away the more objectionable odours of a Spanish hut, and involuntarily the honoured guest smacks his lips and praises San Anton for his blessings, not least among them being the good woman's larder, a small fraction of which is now sizzling merrily under his very nose in the frying-pan.

"*He dicho*" (I have had my say).

. . . . . .

My good friend having come to my aid, it is possible for one of the Chosen People to continue this narrative. Yet another of the delightful national dishes of Spain is made by frying slices of potatoes in oil until they are quite soft. Eggs are beaten up and poured into the frying-pan, together with vegetable, meat, or fish, all in small pieces and according to the district in which the *tortilla* is made. Near the coast fish will be added, inland, at certain seasons of the year, tomatoes are used, or wild asparagus will be requisitioned, while some cooks add little pieces of the noble animal concerning which Mr. Rudy has just discoursed so eloquently. When eggs, green vegetables, and potatoes have met their common end in Spanish oil, the mixture is treated like an omelette, carefully turned and skilfully browned. There are few things a Spaniard likes better than his *tortilla.* He will cut a loaf in half, remove a part of the crumb and insert a *tortilla* in its place, and armed with this safeguard against hunger, will go cheerfully on a long journey on foot or mule or in the *tren botjo.* If the wide world holds a happier or more contented man my travels through a small part of it have not revealed him, and those of my friends who know Spain and have journeyed more extensively than I in parts remote, are in similar plight.

As soon as your digestive apparatus is tuned to Spanish dishes you will doubtless enjoy garlic soup (*sopas de ajo*).

This is made by frying nuts of garlic in oil with a liberal sprinkling of red pepper. When the garlic is golden brown it is withdrawn from the pot to which water is added. Eggs are then beaten up and introduced, and bread in slices completes a dish that is highly flavoured and very satisfying to those who live in a hot climate where a little nourishment goes a long way.

Spanish cheese is almost uniformly bad. It is not largely in demand in the towns, where cheap imitations of French and Swiss cheese command such sale as exists, but in the country the farmer's wife makes her own cheeses and even goes so far as to preserve some in the oil of her country, thus ensuring them against the attack of the passing traveller who hails from another land. Catalonia makes a third-class Roquefort, and is perhaps responsible for a large part of the *queso de bola*, an imitation Dutch cheese of deeper colour and poorer quality than the real thing. In remote parts of the north, the mantequilla, which seems to be made of butter and sugar, and is sold in grease-proof papers, is eaten with bread. The town of its origin would appear to be Reinosa in the Province of Santander, on the main line from Madrid, and every traveller to this city sends mantequillas to his friends. Doubtless those for which the Spanish post office has no urgent personal use reach their destination. Many Spanish cities have some dainty that is always associated with them. Some have been mentioned already, others include the *turón* of Valencia, a very delicious Spanish form of nougat, while Alcalá de Henares is famous for its candied almonds, and Guadalajara for its honey.

Among very popular Spanish dishes that may be successfully encountered in the houses of the upper middle class are meat-balls (*almóndrigas*) served with a sauce of bread

and garlic, and lamb or mutton roasted in oil to which water has been added at the psychological moment. Of the beef eaten in Spain the less said the better. Few will forget the shock following the demand for a beef-steak in any of Spain's best restaurants. With all due ceremony the waiter will place before him an unhappy and unwholesome slice of meat, browned throughout, which bids eternal defiance to the best set of teeth and the finest digestion that ever crossed the Pyrenees. Beef does not enjoy much popularity in Spain, though the blackened flesh of bulls that have died in the Plaza de Toros commands a heavy sale at a very small price among the lower classes, who believe that they will gather from it some of the bull's strength and perhaps—who knows—a little of the matador's skill. It is fair to say that this repulsive food is not eaten right away; if it were, the consequences in hot summer weather might be fatal. It is kept over night in salt and water with a weight on the top of it to extract the blood, and is then stewed with wine (*estofado*).

In its supply of fish Spain is extremely fortunate, for both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean bring the produce of their teeming waters to coast, town, and village. Sardines and anchovies (*boquerones*) are eaten fresh and are very popular with all classes; the cod reaches fine size and excellent quality—fresh it is called *merluza*, and dried *bacalao*; the tunny-fish is also eaten fresh, often fried like a steak and far more palatable than any other steak one gets in Spain; excellent salmon and trout come from the north, and among other sea dainties are bream, lobsters, and oysters. Bream is very much in demand on Christmas Eve. The Spanish fisherman tempts Poseidon in the strangest vessels imaginable, most of which on our English coasts would be condemned as unseaworthy. But Providence is

kind to him; his supplies are obtained within easy distance of the shore and are sold at prices well within reach of a slender purse. Even the cuttle-fish is not despised, and shrimps, cray-fish, and prawns are very plentiful. Outside Madrid fish is not readily obtained in the interior of Spain, the facilities for transport and the supreme indifference of railway authorities to such trifling questions as punctuality being too much for the powers of endurance of the average fish corpse under a Spanish sun.

Tea and coffee do not thrive in Spain, and the attempt to establish tea-houses has never succeeded. Chocolate is the national beverage, and is taken in small cups like those that serve the Moors for their coffee. The making of chocolate in Spanish fashion is quite a fine art. The chocolate as the Spanish housewife buys it is already mixed with flour and sugar, and an allowance of one ounce per cup is deemed requisite. The cake is cut and then enough water is added to make a thick paste. It is boiled slowly over a charcoal fire in a heavy iron pot that is seldom washed, but is carefully kept covered up. The morning chocolate is taken with *churros* or *buñuelos* which can be bought from street vendors in the early hours of the day. They are made of a paste of egg and flour fried very rapidly in boiling oil. In small villages the keeper of the local *taberna* prepares them for everybody, and at the *feria* they are made throughout the day and night and eaten as soon as they are taken out of the oil. A more curious custom still, and one that is not quite so offensive as it sounds, is to eat the morning chocolate with a mixture made of breadcrumbs, garlic, and spice fried in oil. A spoonful of the composition is taken and dipped in the chocolate! To the hardy Spaniard this does not act as an emetic, although it may be remarked that he often supplements the curious mixture

with a small glass of aguardiente, a precaution to which the most rigid total abstainer could hardly take exception under the circumstances.

In the conduct of her household we have seen that the Spanish lady is very suspicious of those who serve her. Her baker, her butcher, her grocer are all changed, either upon the slightest pretext or without any. And this curious suspicion is almost an Oriental characteristic that is perhaps developed to the fullest extent in a country where the confessional plays such an important part. As a rule the Spaniard suspects his neighbours, suspects those he serves and those who serve him, and may be said to receive a foreigner with less suspicion than he receives anyone else. Now and again in a Spanish household one meets the housewife who places complete confidence in one of her servants—the class of confidence that is kept as a rule for the confessor. In this case the favourite domestic acts as the medium through which everybody else in and out of the household is suspected. The attitude towards his neighbours of the average Spaniard who lives in a big city is that of the English agricultural labourer and his womankind towards the foreigner—that is to say, the man who comes from another village perhaps only a mile or two away. This suspicion is one of the traits of the Spanish character which is mentioned with regret, for Spaniards as a race are so eminently lovable, so simple and courteous and kindly to strangers that it seems a thousand pities to have to record this one undeniable blemish. A strong suspicion of everybody animates the Spanish housewife and leads her to deal with all tradespeople as she dealt with the traders of the market. The Englishwoman is fairly constant to her dressmaker; her Spanish sister never is. As soon as two or three dresses have been purchased, the

Spanish lady goes elsewhere for fear lest she should be ill-served or kept waiting in favour of some new client. In the lower middle classes the care of the pence is carefully studied; in the towns living is literally from hand to mouth; nobody would buy half a pound of anything if two ounces will satisfy immediate needs. Even coal is bought in the cities by the arroba—a measure of some thirty pounds—and for reasons best known to the Spanish mind, tradesmen offer no inducements to their customers to purchase in greater quantities, reductions on large orders being unknown. As there is no credit there is necessarily no discount for cash. Even the store system is practically unknown in Spain, and it is likely if any enterprising firm were to set up a big store on the English or American model, patronage would be conspicuous by its absence. The business would be regarded as a swindle on a gigantic scale, and even if it were possible to dispel this idea, there would be the ever-present objection to the noise and the methodical habits of the modern store-keeper. To make matters worse, bargaining would be unknown; every woman would know what her neighbour paid for goods, and the delightful fiction of marvellous bargains would pass from the list of the Spanish woman's enjoyments.

While it would not be correct to describe Spanish clubs as the historian described the snakes of Iceland, it must be admitted that club-life does not flourish. The aristocracy in Castile and Andalusia has its clubs—if they were in this country the most of them would be closed by the police, for gambling is their sole *raison d'être*. For the middle classes there are no clubs, but there are regional cafés in which the man from an outlying province, driven to earn a living in a city, may meet his brother exiles and water the national dish with tears. This of course is

mere poetic licence on the writer's part: they do nothing of the kind, being well content to wash it down with the best available wine—or cider, if they be Galicians or Asturians—while they speak with profound contempt of the barbarous city in which their lives are set, and look hopefully to the time when they will shake the dust of the accursed place from off their *alpargatas* (sandals) and return to their native land. This expression is used advisedly. To the Valencians the Sevillians and the Galicians forced to earn a living in Madrid—Valencia, Seville, and Galicia are the native land, Castile is a country of exile, and the same remark, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to strangers in every big city of Spain.

The comparative absence of clubs helps to keep the Spaniard devoted to his home. He is a good husband and father. Should business permit, he is not ashamed to go to market with his wife and carry her parcels for her; he takes her to the theatre as often as he can, and will accompany her when she pays calls, the late hour of receiving guests in Spain enabling him to do this when the day's work is over. On Sunday he will take his wife and children to picnics in the country, or, if his means permit, they will all go together to the bull-fight, where he will have the pleasure of seeing his little nine-year-old daughter clapping her hands with joy at sights that would make many a healthy Englishman ill.

GIRL IN BULL-FIGHTER'S COSTUME WITH WHITE MANTILLA

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. CASALO

CHAPTER XI

THE *FERIA*

SPAIN is full of saints, the efficacy of whose intercession is not to be understood or appreciated by the uninitiated. South of the Pyrenees even the atheist has his patron saint, and the Virgin Mary takes a special name and special attributes from the city with which she has some particular association. It has been mentioned that there are Virgins of Saragossa and Seville, among many others. Santiago de Compostela has St. James, the Patron Saint of Spain, and, in addition to these outstanding figures, there are countless saints and virgins of merely local sanctity and repute, whose intercession in times of trouble is most efficacious. They must be closely related—albeit of another faith—to the saints one encounters on a journey through Morocco. Strictly to be accurate one does not encounter the saints; it is their tombs that are met—*zowias* is the Arabic title. These, consisting of a white domed shrine, standing within four whitewashed walls and fiercely throwing back the intolerable glare of the African sun, shelter the remains of a holy man whose deeds are obscure, and whose name is known only to those who appeal for charity on the ground that they are descended from him. But if a saint's shrine in Morocco is a place of pilgrimage, a saint's city in Spain is no less honoured. Indeed, it may be said that Spain is even more generous in the matter of

offering tribute to saints, for there are few cities that do not boast an annual *feria* which, as far as theory is concerned, is always held in the local saint's honour. The hold of a patron saint upon the Spaniard is really extraordinary. Sarasate, the famous violinist who died quite recently to the unending regret of lovers of brilliant playing, was a native of Pamplona in Navarre, and he was seldom known to miss the *feria* held annually in that city in honour of San Fermin. He would go down to his old home and play in public that his fellow-townsmen might dance the local *jota*, just as though he had achieved no greater success than falls to the wandering *guitarrero* of Andalusian by-ways. For that week at least the world-famous violinist was as simple a child of nature as any of those who honoured Pamplona's patron saint, and the applause of his old friends was dearer to him than the plaudits of London, Paris, or New York.

In the city where the *feria* is held, the cathedral or chapel is of course the point of special interest. Images of the saint or virgin, executed quite roughly in plaster or mud, find a ready sale, and they are generally sold with the similar copy of a leading matador or politician. Presumably the saint is expected to look after the country's spiritual welfare, while the political health is in the keeping of the politician, and the traditions that the Spanish populace regard as Spain's highest and best are entrusted to the torero. Moreover, there is economy in buying saint, statesman, and bull-fighter together: you can purchase the three for the price of any two bought separately. At the booths in the immediate neighbourhood of the cathedral toys of all kinds, artificial flowers, fruit, pastry, and sweets of every description meet with a ready sale. Even the toys that are known by the rude title of "kill-the-mother-

in-law" (*mata suegra*) rejoice in the additional qualification "del santo"—of the saint, though presumably the saint's mother-in-law is not alluded to. The light-hearted visitors are so heavily laden with purchases at the close of the day, that tramcar and railway carriage look like a shop. In the brilliant colour scheme which prevails, one notices that red and yellow are always to the fore, presumably because they are Spain's national colours.

A fair is of annual occurrence and lasts from three days in a village up to a fortnight or more in a very large town. Where the municipality has money to spend, it issues a programme of entertainment covering each day; the railway companies run what they are pleased to call excursion trains at rates so low that the most ill-tempered traveller can hardly summon up courage to complain merely because he is packed like a herring in a barrel and the *tren botijo* does not happen to be on speaking terms with punctuality. But it is impossible to be surly when you go to the fair, for everybody is so supremely happy. The *tren botijo* derives its name from the *botijos* or earthenware bottles holding water, that are slung outside the carriages in order that they may be kept cool by the current of fresh air. When the journey has started, pleasant relations are established between all members of the tightly packed company. Every man has brought his pigskin bottle of rough wine—a wine that threatens to take the skin off the palate of those who have not learned to love it. Men will not always provide themselves with food, because when one has cigarettes and wine it is possible to go a long time without feeling hungry. But the women are more careful, and there is hardly a railway carriage in the *tren botijo* that does not hold sufficient garlic to flavour all the salads that are eaten in London on a summer day. Sausages, sand-

wiches, omelettes, bread that would be more popular among those who have little Spanish blood if it were a little less sour—these constitute the main sources of food supply, and are handed round freely to perfect strangers. The pigskin wine bottle passes from one honest mouth to another with a fervent *con salud* until its generous proportions are shrunk and the last sub-acid drop has been drained. Then somebody produces a guitar—perhaps a couple are forthcoming—very little tuning is necessary and the players strike up a local air or a national song in which one and all join heartily. So, to sounds of merriment and happiness, as real as brief, the *tren botijo* drags its slow length across the country-side, while the signal women in their little huts by the railside wave a hand in greeting, or lift up their little children to catch a glimpse of the merriment. What matter then if the heat be wellnigh intolerable, if the carriages are innocent of springs and the seats are hard as though they had been carved, not too carefully, out of stone. No measure of unaccustomed comfort would add to the happiness of the merry crowd that has forgotten all its troubles in honour of the *feria* and its saint. The same good spirits prevail at night: your Spaniard tires but he does not sulk, and he is as gentle with his women folk when he is going home as when he is setting out. Some of those who indulge in popular amusement on Bank Holiday in England might take a lesson from the Spaniard.

Of late years a certain industrial interest has been added to the *feria*, and large manufacturers, anxious to show their wares, set up stalls in the neighbourhood of the booths. Pedlars, horse-dealers—the smartest rogues in Spain—wandering minstrels (*guitarreros*), travelling companies of gipsies whose ancestral home is probably Granada, farmers with whiskers on which you might strike a match, or with

which, detached from their owner, you might sweep a grate, the most picturesque beggars in the world, bull-fighters of local celebrity, travelling companies of actors who will give several performances every day and devote to rehearsal the "hours of fire" (*horas de fuego*) when the most ardent of their patrons are in search of a little shade, women of all ages whose costumes, however poor in quality, are worn with a taste and nicety unapproached by any other women in Europe—all lend charm to a scene that invites men of every clime and temperament who wish to see real happiness. There may be—indeed there are—times when the Spaniard seems, for all the sun in which his life is set, to be a melancholy man. But when you see him at the *feria*, you realize that he has his hours of mental as well as of physical relaxation.

As has been remarked, nearly every Spanish town has its special food or sweetmeat, and at fair times there is a very brisk demand for these. Visitors buy them in great quantities, not only to eat but to take away with them; some are so venturesome as to entrust packets of the good things to the custody of the local post office, though they must know very well that the officials in charge will send away just so much as they cannot eat or give to their relatives. On the *campo* the merry-go-rounds are set up, and there solemn men and women of middle age, who pass fifty-one weeks of the year at hard labour in the fields, relax the severity of their lives. They are arrayed in their best clothes (*traje de fiesta*), only to be used when they celebrate a birth, marriage, or a death, or when they take their annual holiday. It would be idle to say that they look at their ease or their best in these garments, and when they come for the first time to the *campo*, they are profoundly conscious that they are honouring a great occasion to the best

of their ability. But the merry-go-round avails to take the starch out of their gait and their garments; they become simple children of nature once again. The *campo* is thickly strewn with picnic parties, and beggars and gipsies have a happy time while the *merienda* is in progress, for when the huge *bota* has gone freely round, the fortune-teller can find custom, and her numerous half-naked offspring can enjoy a feast such as seldom falls to their lot outside fair time. The guitar that did service in the train must work once more, and the feast ends in a sing-song. Then the worthy provider of the entertainment will probably remember that in his capacity of Spanish citizen he has a serious grievance against the Government or local authorities, and he will spare an hour to proceed to the local Government offices or town hall and enter a complaint against somebody for having done or failed to do part of his duty. There is no malice in this action: it is merely a compliance with a long-standing custom that serves to remind the Government, whatever it may be, that even a *feria* cannot make it popular with any self-respecting son of Spain. There is another duty that must not be forgotten, and that is "Besar al santo". The worthy patron of the fair feels that it is part of his business to kiss the figure or relic of the town's patron saint in whose honour the function is held, and although the act does not possess the smallest religious significance for him, he never omits it, knowing that if he did, the whole entertainment would lose its efficacy.

There are countless side-shows at the *feria*, but it is impossible to deal with all of them within reasonable limits of space. They vary too according to the district, for Spain's regionalism affects the *feria* as it affects everything else. But in many of the fairs, particularly in the

south, we find the Arena de Gallos or cockpit, and though cock-fighting is tending to disappear in many parts of Spain, it is too interesting to be overlooked. The sport is carried on in a place that looks like a Plaza de Toros in miniature; there is a small arena in the centre and a range of benches all round it. Some cockpits will hold a couple of hundred people or more, and the charge for admission is generally one peseta. The presence of a member of the Guardia Civil by the entrance demonstrates the fact that a paternal Government finds it necessary to regulate the proceedings, and for reasons the writer has been unable to fathom, women are not admitted. The audience consists for the most part of farmers, horse-dealers, bull-fighters, and non-descripts, and betting is carried on briskly while each fight is in progress. The birds are very carefully bred and prepared. When they first go into training their combs are cut close to the head, their necks are stripped to the crop, and their spurs are sharpened, but are not steel-shod as is, or was, the custom sometimes in England. About ten couples are matched: the arrival of the first pair is greeted very loudly, and bets begin to pass at once. The birds are brought in by two attendants, waved gently in the air half a dozen times and then set down facing each other; there is no delay. Each cock stretches his long bare neck in the direction of his opponent, as though it were a rapier, and they join with a sharp rattle of wings from which all save the primary quills have been removed. The fight is full of interest, and has no offensive aspect, for the birds are evenly matched and are as keen as race-horses. Each one aims at the other's head, and a bird whose comb had not been closely cropped would stand no chance at all, for the blood from the first wound would trickle on to its eyes and leave it at the mercy of its opponent. Even

under existing conditions this trouble sometimes arises, and then the wounded bird thrusts its head between the wing and breast of its opponent to clear away the blood by the aid of the soft downy feathers that have not been removed. Fighting cocks live game and die game, and when one falls the victor stands on his prostrate body and crows with all his might, sometimes falling dead as he does so. But though dead he is the victor, and those whose money was on his opponent hasten with curses loud and deep, directed not so much against the loser as against the Government and the Pope, to throw their losses to the winner. I have heard the late Leo XIII most foully abused by those who have lost money on a game cock, though the precise responsibility of His Holiness was not apparent to the uninitiated. Heavy silver duros whiz across the arena, so deftly thrown and so deftly caught that every piece seems to reach its destination. There is a buzz of excited conversation in which the actions of the victor and vanquished are freely criticized, and then the attendants bring in the next couple and the courses are resumed.

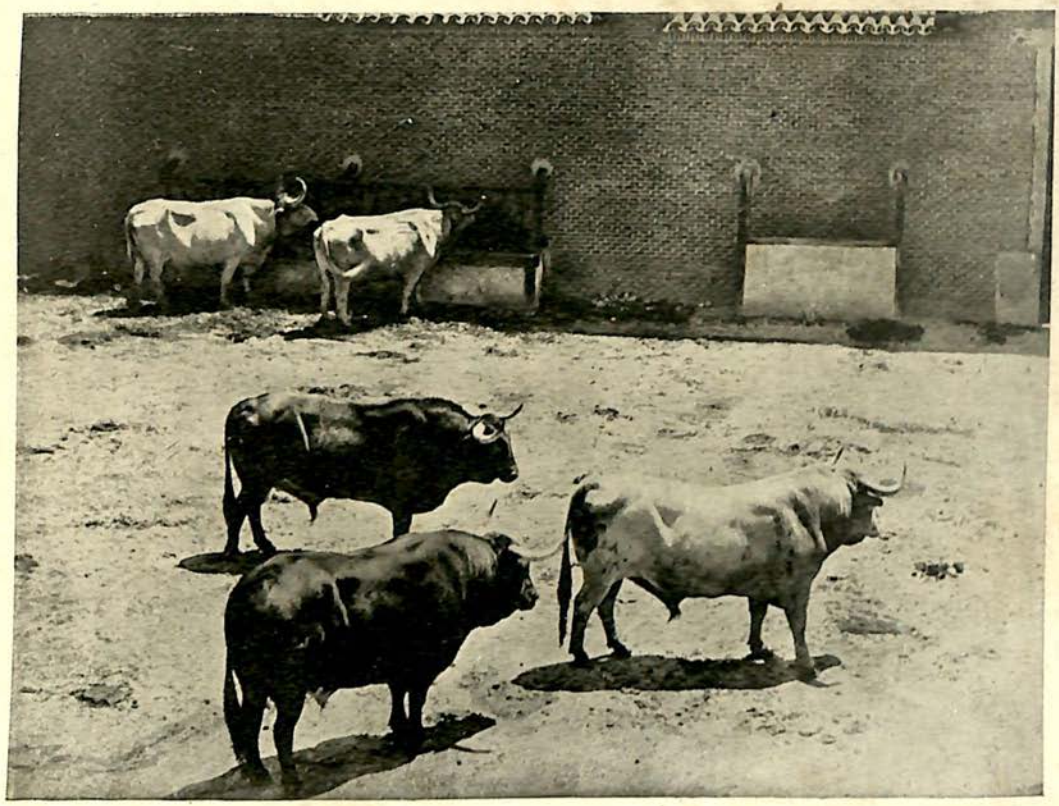
Somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the Arena de Gallos you will find a man in charge of the fighting cocks which have been carried to the arena in flat wicker baskets. Victorious birds that have survived their encounter are brought to him as he sits at a table spread with some bottles, feathers, and a sharp knife. He examines wounded birds with an expert eye. If one is not badly hurt he rubs lotion on its wounds, dips a long feather in some restorative and thrusts it right down the bird's throat. This strange action seems to be wonderfully efficacious; the cock that seemed to be *in articulo mortis* recovers his spirits and is carried off to his basket crowing

lustily. When there is no hope the custodian of the birds leaves bottles and feathers alone, takes up the keen-edged knife, and the blood that was left in the unfortunate fighting cock flows into the pail by his side.

As we have already remarked, cock-fighting tends to fall from its high estate in Spain, but in the remote country districts many a farmer keeps a few birds, often bred from English stock, on his *granja*, and will invite those of his friends who are foolish enough to believe that their birds are as good as his. There is, or used to be, in the Arrebola of Seville a well-equipped Arena de Gallos where cock-fights were held every Sunday morning at half-past nine—presumably that winners and losers alike might go when the courses were over to return thanks or ask for better luck at the shrine of Her of the Dolours. This may seem a little irreverent, but nobody who knows the Spanish mood can have failed to see how closely superstition is associated with the most ordinary acts of daily life, and how it even enters into sport.

Throughout the week of the *feria*, bull-fights on the most lavish scale possible serve as an attraction every afternoon. The best bulls and the finest matadors are specially reserved for the saint's own day, while on the closing of the fair there is a *corrida de novillos* during which the excited populace frequently climbs over the barricade to lend a hand in the closing stages of the ghastly business. It is a strange and sudden revelation of a blood-lust from which no Spaniard among the lower orders seems to be altogether exempt, and to those of us who look upon the entire proceeding dispassionately, this *corrida de novillos* is a stain upon a holiday that has been enjoyed in a spirit of kindness and consideration. When the last wretched *novillo* has completed his hard journey out of life, the *feria* is at

an end. To be sure, a few may linger until the night, but the booths are being dismantled—gipsies, fortune-tellers, tramps, beggars, itinerant minstrels and the rest have gone their way to tramp over fragrant roads and sleep under the stars. The *tren botijo* is waiting for the others, the hour of leave-taking has come, the year's holiday is over. Yet another day and the little town buried in the heart of brown sierras or lost amid the wide spaces of some vast plain, will have recovered its normal aspect. Only the residents will parade the streets through whose pavements the grass rises unrebuked; the shopkeepers, once more indifferent to custom, will retire to the shadiest depths of their tienda, the virgin or saint in whose honour the *feria* is held, will be worshipped only by the faithful few, her festive garments and imitation jewellery carefully removed by loving hands, and the *feria* will have passed so far away that not even the faintest echo of its joy can reach the city of its recent celebration.



BEFORE THE CORRIDA. FIGHTING BULLS IN THE FOREGROUND

CHAPTER XII

THE SPANIARD'S SUMMER HOLIDAY

WHEN full summer gives to life in a Spanish city some suggestion of purgatory on earth, every family that has a little money makes haste to take a holiday. Those in whom blue blood is not allied to filthy lucre find themselves in the awkward position of being unable to go away for lack of means, and unable to remain where they are lest their friends should despise them and point them out with the finger of scorn as members of the class that cannot afford to take a holiday. Now is the time for a little diplomatic deception of the kind that is so often associated with poverty and long descent in Spain. The *cursis*, as these harmless pretenders are called in Spain, announce that they are going to some fashionable seaside place and invite their friends to attend their departure at the railway station. After affectionate leave-taking the train moves off, and the *cursi*, alighting at the first village at which the train stops (Pozuelo, in the case of Madrid), lies *perdu* until the close of the summer season brings rank and fashion back to the capital. Reference to the daily papers has sufficed to keep the *cursi* in touch with everything that has taken place in San Sebastian, Portugalete or the other fashionable watering-places to which they have gone only in imagination. A strange and pitiful deception this, and useless too, since it does no more to

deceive people than the banquets given to themselves by distinguished nobodies in the big cities. A strange snobbery indeed, but not without a certain element of pathos as a device which is one of the last laps in the desperate race to keep up appearances, and to hide poverty from curious eyes and cruel tongues. These are to be found in Spain as elsewhere.

Even apart from the poor snobs who attempt so deliberately to deceive, there are countless instances in Spain of old families, once as wealthy as they are noble, who now live in their *casa señorial* and have taken poverty to be their only friend. Their blood is far too pure, their escutcheon far too noble for them to admit to their ranks the sons and daughters of the outer world. Within the ancestral walls they live a dim life in which piety and semi-starvation play the leading rôles. Furniture, ornaments, and even clothes are wellnigh impossible to replace. In a country where living is extremely cheap, the question of an adequate supply of food and firing is one of gravest concern to these impoverished ones, and the family literally lives and dies within its own narrow boundaries. Holidays are unknown, outside interests scarcely exist even in name. The sons and daughters do not marry because they will not marry out of their own class, so the sons remain bachelors while the daughters stifle their lives in the shadow of the Church. The tragedy of these lives has been the theme of some striking Spanish novels and plays, including Galdos' "Mariucha". In progressive Catalonia where young commerce raises its head and is prosperous and unabashed, there is a perceptible movement in the direction of a healthy change, and many old families have, in Byron's picturesque phrase, "ruined the blood but much improved the breed". Well-dowried brides, sometimes from a commercial house but more often from

overseas, have brought the assistance necessary to restore the faded fortune of noble houses, but Castile and Aragon look out upon the present through the eyes of the past—eyes that pride and prejudice have dimmed.

Turning back not without relief to summer holidays, it is possible to discuss and describe more healthy conditions of national life. Regionalism plays its inevitable part in the choice and occupation of summer holidays, and we find that Spaniards may be divided very roughly into two classes; the first consisting of those who rely for their holiday upon the *feria* of their native town, and those who spend the *veraneo* at some seaside place or go away to the mountains. If it be remotely possible to go to San Sebastian or Biarritz, which correspond in their fashion to Cowes in the yachting season, the Spaniard on the fringe of society will not hesitate to incur a heavy load of debt in order to get there. In San Sebastian, where the King has a summer palace, life is intensely cosmopolitan, and does not yield in point of gaiety to any seaside resort in Europe. It may even be said to challenge comparison with Monte Carlo in March and April. In addition to the yachting, the *feria*, the corrida de toros, and the entertainments at the Casino, there is one long and seemingly endless round of pleasuring to suit all tastes, and the gaiety is heightened by the presence of leisured idlers from all the great capitals and provincial cities of Europe. The wealthy Spanish families that leave Madrid for their country estates at the close of the season, do not fail to shed the lustre of their presence if only for a week or two upon San Sebastian or Biarritz. And it must not be forgotten that it would be hard to find throughout the length and breadth of Spain a city more happily set, more delightfully built or more fortunate in surroundings.

Next in importance to San Sebastian and Biarritz—the latter is situate in France—is Portugalete, near Bilbao. This charming little seaport owes its prosperity partly to the great wealth of the Bilbao merchants and partly to its own natural attractions; it is the head-quarters of the first yachting club in Spain, and when the race week comes round, King Alfonso, who is an enthusiastic yachtsman, motors across from San Sebastian and stays at Portugalete until the last race is run.

Perhaps on account of Queen Victoria's liking for the mountain air, La Granja, in the Province of Segovia, has come very much to the fore in the past few years. In the days of "Ferdinand the Desired," Goya's blackguard patron who did so little for the Spain that did so much for him, La Granja was in high favour, and, in the days of Isabella, the Revolution was proclaimed from the royal palace that stands in such splendid retirement in the shadow of the high hills of Guaderrama. The wealthy classes who do not care for the seaside, and feel sufficiently independent to go where they please, have villas at La Granja, which is happily situated for rural entertainment. The fountains in the Gardens of La Granja are perhaps the most beautiful in Europe, and on a certain day in the summer, the day of La Granja's patron saint, all the fountains are in play, and the public is admitted to enjoy the beauty in the palace gardens. Excursion trains from Madrid bring thousands of visitors to celebrate the occasion, leaving them at Segovia, generally in the small hours of the morning, to reach La Granja on foot or in hired carriages. The wealthy Madrileño, freed from all restrictions of speed, runs out from Madrid to La Granja on his motor-car, and the journey that the *tren botijo* takes six hours to accomplish, takes the motor-car no more than an hour and a half. This style

of travelling suits the official classes admirably, for when summer comes to Madrid, hard-worked officials—if there be any in Spain—leave their labours soon after midday when all the public offices are closed.

Officials whose salary is but moderate, together with the rank and file of professional men and the *burguesia*, cannot spend the *veraneo* in the exclusive neighbourhoods that have just been described. They are content to seek relaxation either in the smaller provincial towns on the coast, or in some of the delightful villages that are spread haphazard along the Bay of Biscay, or they go to the *rias* of Galicia, which correspond in most charming fashion to the fjords of Norway. Life in these places is one long round of simple pleasures. There is generally a casino of sorts—it looks like a café very much out of repair—and acquaintances are made without formality. An introduction to any family that is well established in the social set places all the pleasures of the district before the stranger: he is a welcome guest at every picnic and excursion, and if he chance to be a sportsman, he will find himself in congenial surroundings. There is nearly always some local landlord who is devoted to the gun and is quick to welcome the stranger who is a keen sportsman and is well recommended. Sport varies in quality, and ranges from the pursuit of the shy deer and the savage tusker (in Asturias) down to modest rabbit shooting, which is the special delight of the middle and lower classes. How game manages to exist in a country where every man who has no land of his own poaches that of his neighbour's, where game laws seem to be conspicuous by their absence, and you can buy roast partridge in the railway stations half way through June, is one of the questions to which no solution is forthcoming. Friar Tuck has left some descendants in Spain. Perhaps he shrived some fair Spanish penitents

who chanced to be passing through Sherwood Forest, but be that as it may—and the writer has no desire to pry too curiously into matters with which he has no concern—the fact remains that many a village cura is a notoriously fine shot and indifferent to seasons, seeming to hold that the better the day the better the deed.

Fishing in the rias of Galicia is very good, though it may not compare with the trout-fishing in the Basque Provinces. But it has the double advantage of attracting equally the lover of sea line and the lover of the river rod. Many Englishmen who have stayed in the rias of Galicia imitate Brer Rabbit, "They lie low and say nuffin'"—content to return year after year and enjoy such fishing as they could only obtain in British waters at an expense possible to rich men alone. Naturally enough they keep their discovery to themselves; they have no wish to find a crowd where they left comparative solitude.

No man who is anxious to learn something of local Spanish customs should miss the chance of taking a summer holiday in turn in the rias of Galicia, the mountains of Aragon and Navarre, or the vine-lands of Malaga. Spain's regionalism will ensure for him different surroundings, thoughts, and customs in each district, and as far as expense is concerned, the outlay, exclusive of the journey out and home, is absurdly small. The bachelor who knows some Spanish and cannot live *en prince* on six pounds a month, even in these days when the English sovereign is worth little more than twenty-five pesetas, must be but a foolish fellow. In return for this small expense he will get countless glimpses of old Spain, the Spain that seemed to disappear from history when Goya laid down his brush. It lies beyond the reach of the average tourist; his circular tickets and hotel coupons take no note of it; the *tren correo* passes it by, the leading

journals have nothing to say about it. But whether it lie north, south, east, or west, it is a fascinating region full to the brim of hospitality, good-fellowship, and local colour. Rich in beautiful scenery and quaint costumes that dwellers in the big cities never see; wealthy in a store of folk-lore and folk-songs that have yet to be given to the world, and stimulating even to the traveller who has visited all the places that come within the range of the average well-travelled man. There may be other parts of Europe, particularly in the near East, where life is not less intensely local, but one will look in vain there for the hearty welcome, the boundless hospitality and the freedom from trouble arising out of feuds that continue from generation to generation and give perennial licence to unrest. Tranquillity is the keynote of holiday in the remote country districts of Spain, and the tourist who knows his Borrow will take keen pleasure in noting how small and insignificant are the changes that have come over the country since the author of "The Bible in Spain" rambled over the same ground.

CHAPTER XIII

CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS

THE *fonda* is the Spanish hotel that comes near to entering the ranks of those that attract foreign custom, but never quite succeeds in doing so. The name is Arabic rather than Spanish, and corresponds with the *fandak* or caravansarai of Morocco. Here one finds no attempt to vary the regional convention of Spanish cooking; oil plays a large and important part, garlic holds an honourable position, rancid butter is not rejected nor is sour bread despised. The Englishman who pays his first visit to an old-established Spanish *fonda*, and be it added that in many parts of Spain there exists nothing else in the way of hostelry, will find himself compelled, despite his appetite, to leave some dishes untouched, and to summon up a certain amount of moral and physical courage to enable him to approach others. His accommodation will not quite realize all the ideals or ambitions of the Sybarite; he will not suffer from excess of attention, though he will be treated with reasonable civility; he may share his exercise in the courtyard with many types of Spanish wayfarer, including formidable-looking agriculturists with ample waistbands and a wealth of black whisker which gives them a peculiarly ferocious appearance and sends the tourist flying to his Baedeker to assure himself once again that there are no brigands left in Spain. But if the quality of the *fonda's* entertainment is not high, the prices do not rise above its level, and most travellers when they have paid

their bill will agree, all things considered, that they have had value for their money.

The *posada* corresponds to the English hotel in a county town, although it is not run on such pretentious lines and is not patronized by sportsmen. Spaniards, who have skins through which nothing can bite, a digestive apparatus that responds to the cooking of their own district, and a spirit of contentment that never leaves them while they have a packet of cigarettes in hand and a glass of wine within reach, thrive in the *posada*. The slow pace of its life has some fascination for them, and it communicates itself in time to the Englishman who has learned to suffer little inconveniences without grumbling. Nobody hurries in the *posada*, and time is of no account; there is sun and there is shade; those who are in the sun move slowly because it is too hot; those who are in the shade move hardly at all because it is so cool. The master of the house, when he is not busily engaged laying down laws for the political salvation of his country, may condescend to give an order or two for the benefit of some fresh visitor; his voice rings out like that of a commander on the quarter-deck. Then you look for a short, tense period of extraordinary activity on the part of the household, but nothing happens, and the *posadero* resumes his political discussion as though he had left the fate of Empire trembling in the balance. Somewhere in the dim depths of the *posada* the maid of all work responds to some summons with a long-drawn out "Voy!" (coming). But she never comes, and no Spaniard would expect her to come. Somewhere in the dining-room, which serves as a kitchen as well, there is a large fireplace presided over by an old Spanish woman, as completely smoke-cured, after half a century's cooking, as the best ham in all Galicia. She too moves with great deliberation: you cannot enter the *posada* at any

hour in the day or any day in the year without finding her to all outward seeming completing the task that was in progress when you left. But she must do more than appears, for the household is fed and visitors are catered for, and some of them are men whose appetites would inspire a British agricultural labourer or commercial traveller with respect. Chickens have free right of entry into the *posada's* living-room; they do not respect the bedrooms, and unreasonable visitors have been heard to complain instead of rejoicing because some industrious hen has laid an egg on their pillow. Even the pig, though nominally an exile from the guest-chamber, contrives to show his intelligent face there now and again, and throughout the low-raftered, stuffy chamber there is a curious odour that is seemingly compounded of stale tobacco, wine, garlic, leather, and lavender. You are conscious of each in turn, but happily in the winter the lavender swallows up the others, and the situation is saved. Some of the Spanish *posadas* are of very great age, and preserve to this day their primitive simplicity. Ill-smelling oil lamps still provide the traveller with something that enjoys the courteous title of light when the day is done; modern sanitation is unknown; effective ventilation is regarded with suspicion, and he who would venture to open the living-room window when the air within is so thick that you can feel the weight of it, would probably find that the window was not made to open, and that nobody else found the warmth intolerable. Perhaps one of the chief points of interest in the *posada* lies in the fact that it brings the traveller face to face with such types as he will meet nowhere else—types that have not varied since the days when Cervantes saw them as he rested in the Posada de la Sangre in Toledo to write his "Ilustre Fregona". Here is ample consolation for the intelligent traveller.

From the *posada* to the *venta* is no far cry, for the *venta* is no more than a roadside *posada*, a little point where the highways cross and men gather for a few hours to refresh themselves and exchange news of the world beyond. No shepherd's cot-house in the remote Scottish highlands is more lonely than the *venta;* it is just a little spot in the heart of the plain or some distant hollow of the hill, known only to those whose life is cast in the world's waste places. For all that the *venta* stands deserted by patrons for days on end in the rainy season, it persists through the centuries so that the small house which serves your modest requirements may have satisfied the still more simple needs of Santa Teresa herself. Designed originally with some little pretence to shapeliness that was soon forgotten, added to as the generations passed and some fortunate proprietor found himself with a few pesetas to spare, straggling over a large space of ground, decorated with a very tall chimney that serves as a landmark, being the last point of the building to fade from sight and the first to reveal itself on the horizon, often built of yellow sun-dried clay and whitewashed, the *venta* does not lack the quality of picturesqueness. Some long-forgotten proprietor—a man of more than common learning—gave it a name, and wrote that name phonetically in straggling letters that sprawl across the brow of his house in fashion suggesting that they have quarrelled and wish to be as far removed from one another as possible, but as ninty-nine per cent of the *venta's* patrons are probably unable to read or write, the title is safe from criticism.

A huge courtyard surrounds the *venta*, which boasts one very large kitchen wherein a score of travellers may find refreshment and, if need be, sleep—for bedrooms are few and are occupied by the family, and those who would spend a night in the *venta* wrap themselves in their horse-blankets,

commit their body to the hard boards and their soul to their patron saint, and snore with a ferocity calculated to be equally terrifying to robbers and evil spirits. Many and strange are the *venta's* visitors who seem to pass to and from the back of beyond. What loneliness of life is theirs that they should make the *venta* a meeting-house; what silence has weighed so heavily on them all their days that even the unaccustomed gift of company cannot avail to oil the rusty hinges of their tongues? Their order given and a brief greeting exchanged, the teamsters and muleteers and ganaderos who constitute by far the greatest proportion of the *venta's* patrons, become as silent as the land in which the house is set. Only towards night, when the surrounding stillness is almost overwhelming, when the carts in the open courtyard borrow some mysterious whiteness from the reflection of the moonlight on the lime-washed walls, when horse or mule stirring in its stall seems to set one's nerves a-quiver, and the call of the cigarones from the tree-tops is so clear and shrill, a little conversation springs up, desultory and fitful as the wind that wanders over the plain, but in its way a tribute to the brotherhood and loneliness of man.

Though the *venta's* patrons pass and repass year by year, no man appears to know another's business or to entertain any curiosity regarding it. Life in the wide open spaces, so sparsely populated, seems to develop or retain the latent Orientalism of the Spaniard. To roll endless cigarettes, drink rough wine, sparingly to exchange a few words in tones that suggest preoccupation, greet the belated traveller with a swift glance and a brief nod, sleep for a few hours, and harness the team at break of day so as to be well upon the road before the hours of fire make travel slow and difficult—these are the only things that seem worth doing. The spirit of Spain's open places is a spirit of melancholy.

There is no sadness, but there is a curious sobriety of mien, a strange absence of the joy of life. Perhaps when the *feria* comes round to the town nearest their home, these sober-visaged countrymen will join in the fun as heartily as any, but the mood of merriment will be short-lived. They are the product of centuries of silence and loneliness; they have learnt to bear the extremes of heat and cold; they have gained strength and self-reliance and endurance by sacrificing the spirit of conviviality and light-heartedness that is so often associated with the Spaniard by those who do not really know the Spanish country-side. Literally and metaphorically the *venta* and its strange clients stand alone in Spain, and they would seem to be well beyond the reach of time and change.

Turning from the country to the town, we find a striking difference in the places of public entertainment. Nothing can be more gay in its own fashion than the *taberna* or popular café of the lower orders, where the wine and spirits sold are adulterated to an extent that might well seem impossible in a land of vineyards. The *tabernas* consist for the most part of one long, low room sprinkled with bare tables at which the patrons drink their bad wine or vile spirits, including the notorious aguardiente—Spain's substitute for gin—and eat raw ham, garlic sausage, tripe, and tortillas —the potato cake, of which the exact method of making has been described already in another chapter. There is no music in the *taberna*, but dominoes and cards are very popular, and in addition to such card games as *tute* and *brisca* there is a little indulgence, under the rose, in the forbidden delights of *banca*, which is the same as the English game of bluff. It would be hard to say when the *taberna* closes its doors. Quite late in the night, when the most of a night-loving people have gone to bed, the lights of

a *taberna* may be seen battling doggedly with the smoke of innumerable cigarettes, and quite early in the morning the workman on his way to his daily labours may be found seeking the refreshment afforded by a cup of weak tea or a small glass of crude spirit. Perhaps the house finds a few hours of rest during the extreme heat of the day when the place is left to the charge of one man who, on being called, rouses himself from uneasy dreams to say he is coming, and forthwith goes to sleep again.

Another house of entertainment of still lower class is the bunshop, where at any hour of the night in a big city chocolate, coffee, milk, and cakes may be procured. Even these places have their hour of repute: respectable citizens of small means will take their wives there for a few moments on the road home from the theatre, but after one o'clock in the morning the gathering is not of a nature that commends itself to those who are careful of their company, and the police keep a careful eye upon the bunshops, substituting a heavy hand from time to time.

There are plenty of cafés of the kind one knows in France, and the most of these boast a billiard-room, for billiards is a game at which the Spaniard excels. In the summer the little round tables of these cafés stretch out over the pavement, and the scene they present from sunset until one a.m. differs in no essentials from that which is familiar to the boulevardier.

German influence is very strong in Spain, where many of the public works have been taken over in recent years by German commercial firms, and one of the most significant results of the German invasion is the beer garden or *cerveceria*. Even the Spaniard, long-suffering by temperament and necessity, cannot endure for ever the adulterated wines and spirits that are offered to him in the *taberna*, and

the light beers of Germany please him the more because there is very little strength in them. Quite insensibly perhaps he is being influenced by this new form of refreshment, and the scene in one of the beer gardens of Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, or Seville recalls Bavaria.

If the writer were a poet, or if he could call the muses from Parnassus, or even invoke the shade of old-time Horace or the comparatively modern Herrick, he would devote all the inspiration obtainable to a hymn of praise directed to *los pasteles de Espana* (Spanish pastry). Travel where you may, north, south, east, or west, from the *patissiers* of the Paris Boulevards to the pastry-cook shops in the bazaars of Damascus, where the traditions of the Arabian Nights still linger, pass in review the famous confectioners of the world's most prosperous cities, and surely you will not hesitate in the end to pay the tribute of fullest appreciation to the handiwork of the Spanish *pastelero*. He is a mighty craftsman, dearer to many of his countrymen than Velasquez or El Greco, the Escurial or the Patio de los Leones that is in Granada. The work of his hands is perfect, too subtle for analysis, too delicate for adequate expression of its fine shades save by some great artist who can use words or paint or set musical notes with the same delicacy and certainty of touch that the *pastelero* employs in handling cream, chocolate, preserved fruit and exquisitely flavoured and proportioned essences.

Strange it is that in a country of coarse, national dishes, where garlic plays an important part in the national life, and uncooked meat is not regarded as an abomination, the delicate art of the *pastelero* should thrive and reach such a perfect state. Surely when the history of Spain comes to be written hundreds of years hence, we shall learn that the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening

decade of the twentieth were remarkable, less for the loss of the Philippines, the Spanish-American War, and the Anglo-Spanish Alliance than for the golden age of pastry.

In the cool depths of the pastry-cook's shop, rank, fashion, and beauty assemble every afternoon, and to the accompaniment of a light babble of conversation, the world's most wonderful pastry achieves its appointed end. It would be hard to say whether the pastry, the conversation, or the spray from the fountain that cools the air in many a *pasteleria* is the lightest. Some people drink sweet wine with their pastry, but this is a vile error that deserves correction at the hands of an Inquisition. Iced water is indicated, for this alone can clear the palate and make it properly susceptible to every fresh seductive influence. For those who take sweet wine or chocolate, the epicure can at best have no more than a small measure of pity mingled with a large leaven of contempt. Long may the *pastelero* thrive, wide may his fame extend, happy be his end and everlasting his fame.

The restaurant as it exists in France is not popular with the rank and file of Spaniards, who prefer to offer their friends a simple meal at their own table rather than to take them to a restaurant where the national dishes may be manhandled by an unsympathetic cook. Here regionalism plays its part. In a cosmopolitan city you will find Castilians, Galicians, Aragonese, Catalans and the rest, each one with his faith pinned closely to the special dish of his district, and accepting as an article of faith the theory that no cook who is not one of his countrymen can present that dish in a satisfactory manner. The proprietor of a restaurant, though he have all the good intention in the world, cannot afford to carry regionalism into his kitchen, so he seeks to find a cook who can please all patriotic Spaniards, a task that

would have baffled Soyer himself. Then again, a modern cook with a French training has an eye upon visitors from France and England and no respect for the sacrosanct Spanish belief that oil is far superior to butter. So the fashionable restaurant does not fare very well; indeed, two or three suffice to serve the whole of Madrid, and these are patronized very largely by people who come to the capital from other countries in search of business or pleasure.

Suburban restaurants are essentially Spanish in character. They are generally to be found in an ample garden filled with orange- and lemon-trees and sweet-smelling shrubberies. There is a dancing-hall attached to them, and provision is made for illuminating the gardens at night. If the restaurant possesses any points of vantage, such as a view over the high road along which the bulls are driven from *tablada* to Plaza de Toros on the night before a fight, pagodas are set up and here supper parties assemble to see the encierro, while the less fortunate patrons of the gardens must leave their supper and gather around the hedge separating their pleasaunce from the road.

In Madrid, only a few years ago, there was a restaurant in the Ventas del Espiritu Santo whose proprietor could not afford his guests any glimpse of the encierro because the bulls did not come that way. But his garden overlooked the Campo del Este, one of Madrid's great burial grounds, so he put a large notice board up with the title of his house on the top and underneath the words "*con vistas al otro mundo*" (with a view on the other world). One regrets to add that the authorities compelled the enterprising man to remove the announcement of this added attraction and to compete unaided with his rivals. Small wonder that the Government enjoys perennial unpopularity when it can commit such an outrage as this.

The restaurants mentioned here are known in Spain as *viveros*, and are the scene of the banqueting that plays such an important part in Spanish social life.. When a man thinks he has achieved or deserved a reputation, a banquet is given in his honour. Not infrequently he pays all the expenses and provides the ample meal for those who feel that they can no longer live without honouring him. But the newspapers whose representatives are invited, view the proceedings with the eye of diplomacy, toleration, and benevolence, and in their report of the entertainment treat it as a spontaneous compliment paid by the countless admirers of the worthy gentleman who has footed the bill. These little deceits deceive nobody and are good for trade.

When the summer lays its scorching hand upon Spain the demand for cool drinks is universal. In park and garden, even in the streets, water is sold by the glass, and for those who have a few pence to spare there are countless *refrescos* (iced drinks). Barley water and lemonade play a considerable part in assuaging the national thirst; but perhaps the most popular drink is *horchata*, made with a certain bean flour called *chufa* which is mixed with water, cooled with ice and sucked through straws or wafers. Cone-shaped wafers (*barquillos*) are sold in the streets, and the buyer finds the number that he can purchase for a penny regulated by his luck. The seller carries a wheel with an indicator that can be turned round rapidly and stops in front of one of the numbers with which the disk is marked, and according to the number indicated the buyer takes his wafers. The cry of the barquillero is one of the few street cries left to modern Spain, and certainly the most popular. Pausing for a moment to deal with street cries, that of the flower-seller can hardly be forgotten by those who have heard it. The flower-seller drives or leads a

donkey with paniers loaded with flowers in pots. "Flores vendo!" he cries, with a peculiar intonation impossible to set down without the aid of musical annotation. How the sound comes back to me as I write!

Another favourite summer drink is water that owes the opalescent tint beloved of the absintheur to a few drops of aguardiente. Those who have a sweet palate often add an *azucarillo*—the popular Spanish cake, made with white of egg and sugar.

Old Spanish prints often show us some thirsty wayfarer holding an earthenware jar high above his head and allowing the water to fall down his throat without giving any work to the mouth. Inexperienced people who have never learnt this difficult art would probably choke if they essayed it, but a special providence watches over thirsty Spaniards who can empty a small *botijo* in this fashion without any effort. When all is said and done, *agua fresca* remains the Spanish national drink, and as the adulteration of wine and spirits proceeds apace, the Spaniard turns more and more to the one thirst-quencher that never fails. Perhaps the influence of Moorish occupation is seen here too; certainly the habit of water-drinking is the one Spanish custom that defies regionalism, extending from the Basque Provinces to Malaga, and from Valencia to the frontiers of Portugal.

CHAPTER XIV

ETIQUETTE AND HOSPITALITY

SPANISH etiquette is one of the most cumbersome burdens that any nation could be called upon to bear, and it must be put to the credit of Spain that she carries her burden lightly. Sometimes in the East one meets a beggar who is guarded against utter destitution by a very obvious physical defect or a disease that is too plainly in evidence. He does not repine but begs lustily from one and all, pointing proudly the while to his misfortunes. In his eyes perhaps they have ceased to be regarded as troubles; they have become something that distinguishes him from other men, the means by which he lives and even thrives. One cannot help feeling at times that there is a certain definite association between the pride of the Eastern beggar in his deformity or disease and the pride of the Spaniard in an etiquette that hampers him at every time and serves no useful purpose. At the top of the social scale, in the Court of Spain, etiquette lies upon life like a blight, and although the day has passed when the man who chancing even by accident to touch the royal consort, incurred the death penalty, yet there still exists in the governing circles of Spain a system of meaningless etiquette that has an almost religious force in the eyes of the half-educated and the superstitious. The old grandees of Castile —a remnant most forlorn of what they were, both in

influence and wealth—guard all points of etiquette with a jealousy worthy a better cause, and they see to it that the royal burden is not lightened in any direction. The influence of an English queen in the Palacio Real must needs make for some change, and King Alfonso has understood more clearly than most of his predecessors—one might say more than any exclusive of Charles the Fifth—that the dignity of ruling houses may be maintained without the prop of meaningless restrictions. Queen Victoria is reported to have rebelled against some of the regulations with which she was faced, and possibly her early popularity was not strengthened by the contest. Attention was drawn to Spanish Court etiquette on the occasion of the royal marriage, and again when the Prince of Asturias was born. Enough was said in the leading papers on these occasions to give a hint to the observant of a condition of things belonging more to the Orient than the Occident, to the Middle Ages rather than the twentieth century. It may be added that the Queen's acceptance of authority in matters of greater importance than etiquette has quite reconciled those who looked askance at her in the early days.

Against the democratic spirit that has always existed in Spain, but is more in evidence to-day than it has ever been, the grandees have intrenched themselves behind a rampart of *perjuicios sociales*. They are conscious perhaps of waning influence and diminishing significance in the scheme of things, and what they lack as a class in usefulness or attractiveness, they make up for in pride. They are not unsociable or ungenerous, uncharitable or inhospitable, but they live and act and talk as though Providence had been at pains to create the world in order to find a fitting habitation for the hidalgo of Spain. One of the worst results of this extraordinary class prejudice, which is founded so

largely upon megalomania, is physical deterioration followed in due course by some form of mental deficiency. A grandee's son can only marry a grandee's daughter; no fresh blood enters in to restore the rather thin blue stream of which its possessors are so inordinately proud. Intermarriage too long persisted in brings about rapid degeneration of the species, and it may be said that the Spanish etiquette which leads to so much intermarriage is slowly but surely reducing no small part of Spain's aristocracy to mental and physical inferiority. Now and again a lady of title, who has buried a first husband selected for her from her own rank, will subject the prudent head to the influence of the susceptible heart and choose for a second husband a man whose perfection lies more in blood than breed. By her union with him she raises him to her own rank, though local wit rages furiously and scurrilous newspapers, of which there are not a few in Spain, make caustic comment. But perhaps as far as the next generation of the noble family is concerned, broad chests and strong limbs may be found, and some tendency to rank intelligent work nearly as high as dissipation. So it may be that the special recording angel who looks after the interests of Spanish grandees forgets to make a note of the *mésalliance.*

The future of Spanish etiquette is brighter than its past, for it has lived in the past, and in the relatively near future it will die with the most of those who preserve it. Spain is still no more than a half-developed country with potentialities known only to the few. At present the grandees will not sell a square metre of land, and will do nothing to develop or encourage industries upon their vast estates; they prefer to maintain vast preserves among an impoverished peasantry, and are supremely indifferent to the signs of the times which should teach them that a new spirit has entered their country

and is spreading rapidly towards the centre and west from Catalonia. Already the national conscience is waking. It stands face to face with a scandal of first magnitude. The Castilian grandee must revise his policy in the course of the next generation, or must be prepared to part with a large share of his vast possessions for the good of a kingdom that cannot continue to rely upon emigration as the safety-valve if it is to retain its national prestige. When the grandee dies out, he will take his etiquette with him; an ungrateful country will have no further use for the one or the other. Threatened men live long, and the Spanish grandee as the drone in the national hive, has often been threatened and abused. But down to the past few years there has been no force in Spain capable of shaking him from his place. To-day the case is altered; the commercial development of Catalonia, and even Aragon, has created a new class of wealthy man, one that is alert and vigorous, and increases its fortune by putting money in all manner of sound business ventures instead of allowing it to lie in deposit at the banks. This new class, ostracised by the aristocrats, is largely concerned with preparing a republican programme. Happily or unhappily the regionalism that must be considered in every outlook upon Spanish affairs, stands between Castile and the men who have ample means to voice their discontent. Catalonia prefers a republic to a monarchy, but would be still better pleased with a separate kingdom. Quite conscious that it stands for no small part of the brain and progress of Spain, it would like to pursue its own destiny, and if it could do so, Spanish etiquette would not be affected in any way but would reign in all its terror over the Castiles while it remained a dead letter in the east. It is not unlikely that, finding themselves quite unable to establish home rule in Catalonia, the very wealthy Catalans

will seek persistently to invade the high places of Madrid and that they will succeed in their endeavour. Should they do so, the rigorous etiquette which prevails now will assuredly be modified. Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," and Catalonia may yet do the same for its etiquette.

Marriage among the upper classes is very largely a matter of private arrangement between the parents of the contracting parties. No Spaniard of high degree moves in any circle lying outside his own. Even university life is of little account among the aristocrats of Spain; they may give one of the leading colleges, Madrid or Barcelona, for instance, the honour and labour of entering their distinguished names upon its books, but they would not trouble to attend long courses of lectures seeing that learning is at best no more than a middle-class accomplishment for the strenuous people whose veins are not refreshed by the *sangre azul*. Needless to say that the etiquette that rules Spanish marriage among the upper classes does not make the happy married life, but the Church has plenty of consolation to offer a wife, while the husband is generally able to console himself without the aid of the ecclesiastical authorities. At the same time the Spanish woman of whatever class is, as a rule, virtuous. There is a high standard of sexual morality among the women of Spain, and for this the Church is undoubtedly deserving of credit.

Among the middle classes the etiquette that rules intercourse before marriage is quite curious. Girls are very closely guarded in Spain, though perhaps the custody has been known to prove ineffective. When Cervantes wrote his "Cuentos Morales" he emphasized the extraordinary power of physical attractions upon the Spanish heart and mind; all the deserted wives of his stories retain their beauty to the end, and their physical attractions are the lure that

draws their wandering husbands home. So it was in the Spain of Cervantes, so in a certain sense it would seem to be in the Spain of to-day. The opportunities for social intercourse are so few, girls are so strictly guarded, and the reputation of young men is so unsavoury, that the barriers for marriage would seem unsurmountable to the middle classes of any country but Spain. A daughter is nearly always in charge of her mother, and when her future husband sees her for the first time, he must be content to follow her home in order that he may find out her address and catch her glance on the way. If she be sufficiently interested and her mother approves of the first step, she will show herself upon the balcony and make some slight sign with which she recognizes the attention conferred upon her. For some little time the lover follows the lady when she walks abroad; he spends a certain part of each day in the street, while she remains on the balcony, a ripening fruit still very much out of reach. There is less comment from the neighbours than might be expected, for all the married ones have been through the same performance, and know that age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. The lover scours the city to find somebody who can give him the necessary introduction to the house of his inamorata, and should he succeed, acquaintance improves apace, more particularly if the lady's parents occupy the entire house or the ground floor; in that case she can come to the heavily barred window and he can talk to her from the street. In the cities of Andalusia there are few streets in the residential quarters in which you cannot see some amply cloaked lover in close conversation with a shrouded figure that shrinks away as a stranger passes, while the lover's cloak and sombrero seem to meet in order that he may remain unrecognized and undisturbed. This mild flirtation

or sober courtship enjoys the curious title of plucking the turkey (*pelando el pavo*). Perhaps those who gave the name to it can explain its significance. Happy love whose lady lives on the ground floor! Unhappy Romeo whose Juliet is located on the fifth! The street is still his portion, the balcony hers, and sweet nothings can neither rise nor fall through the intervening space. Like Juliet, "she speaks but nothing says," while he, poor wretch, must use the alphabet of the deaf and dumb and petition Providence to shorten the period of courtship. On stated days at certain hours, and in the teeth of countless restrictions, he will be permitted to call, but until the engagement has been officially recognized, his task is one of far greater difficulty than any of the ten that Hercules is said to have put to his credit. Even when the engagement is an accomplished fact the parents have a deciding voice in fixing the date of marriage, and they do not err on the side of short engagements, nor do they permit the affianced pair to pass more than the shortest possible intervals together without the presence of some "shadowy third".

Marriage, like everything else in Spain, pays tribute to regionalism, and may be said to vary in its ceremonial in every province of Spain. French influence is seen in the conduct of the ceremony among the upper classes, while the lower middle class, in the pursuit of its own purely local customs, is almost as extravagant in the conduct of a marriage as are our own lower classes in the matter of funerals. One of the special characteristics of the Spanish wedding is the presence and service of the sponsors who correspond to the best man, maid of honour, godfather, and godmother of our own country. But in Spain the office of sponsor is no sinecure: the sponsors are expected to contribute liberally to the expenses of the marriage

ceremony, even if they do not defray them altogether; the man must act as godfather to the first-born if it be a son, and the woman as godmother if it be a daughter, and though these obligations are moral rather than legal, it is the custom of the country that they should be generally fulfilled.

Among the lower middle classes where the ceremonial is not affected by French custom, the wedding procession, headed by bride and bridegroom, walks in slow state through the streets. If the bridegroom can produce a frock-coat for the occasion, he is regarded as a man of substance and importance, and if finances permit, the bride's black wedding dress will be made of silk. She wears the flower of the orange under the mantilla, and her women friends are also faithful to the beautiful national head-dress that the upper classes tend to neglect. Service over, carriages or the more modest tramcar serve to convey the happy party to one of the town's garden restaurants, where the wedding breakfast is taken and a certain measure of inebriety is deemed correct. A small amount of wine is spilt, for there is a Spanish belief that *vino vertido produce alegria* (spilt wine produces joy). May not this be some modern echo of the far-off custom of pouring out a libation to the gods. Spain received an early impress of the "grandeur that was Rome" indeed, the Cathedral of Seville stands upon the site of a temple to Venus. The festivities of the marriage day last well into the night, by which time most of the revellers require a little friendly assistance to enable them to reach their homes. Wedding cakes are unknown in Spain, but when people are married or children are baptized, sugared almonds (*almendras*) are distributed among friends and sent in little packets to those who cannot be present. A visiting card accompanies them.

In connexion with visiting cards it may be remarked that a gentleman's card bears in addition to his own Christian name and surname that of his mother's family, while the wife preserves her identity in fashion unknown to the rest of Europe, and bears upon her visiting card the name she has acquired and the name she was known by before marriage.

There has always been some confusion in the minds of foreigners in regard to the use of the terms Señor, Señora, Don, etc. And they are confusing, though when we come to consider them the Spanish forms are the most democratic in the world.

The word "man" is *hombre* and "woman" (or wife) is *mujer;* both terms can be used as familiar expressions of surprise, protest, etc. A gentleman referring to his wife speaks of her as his *mujer* or *esposa* (he is the *marido*), or gives her her title if she possesses one—but he never calls her *mi señora.* A third person refers to her in her husband's hearing as *la señora* and never uses the word *mujer* which would be impolite. Etiquette wills that the wife's name should not be mentioned frequently (excepting among intimate friends), and this is a remnant of Islam's influence over Spain. There is no such familiarity as in other European countries, and to this circumstance is due, I venture to think, the almost total absence of adultery in Spanish society, which in this regard can claim to stand almost alone in Europe.

Among friends the lady in question is referred to as Doña followed by her Christian name. The use of the Don and Doña are most frequent in Spain. After having met Señor Sanchez once you will call him Don Felipe, and as soon as you are on intimate terms with the family, his wife will be Doña Dolores; both señor and señora will disappear as

titles, to be used only when writing or when accompanying a spoken sentence, such as "yes" or "no," etc. As in French, it is impolite to use the above without some other word as señor, señora, hombre, mujer—hijo or hija in case of a child.

A gentleman is a caballero (knight), a lady señora, and a young lady señorita. Señorito corresponds to our "sir" as used by inferiors. Young ladies are rarely called Doña, as it is more appropriate for womanhood. Don and Doña, used as titles, must invariably be followed by the Christian name; señor and señora (señorita) are used very little as titles, excepting when the Christian name is unknown or as a form of introduction; in letter-writing it precedes Don or Doña, followed by the Christian name, and it is as careless to omit the latter as it is the initial in English when the surname is followed by Esq. On the other hand, the Christian name cannot be preceded by Señor or Señora without the intervening Don or Doña.

Further, when speaking with a titled individual with whom you are not well acquainted, the form of address is señor marqués, etc., and señora duquesa, etc. Titles, in the order of their importance, are baron (baronesa); vizconde (vizcondesa); marqués (marquesa); conde (condesa); marques (with title of grandee); duque (duquesa). The last two, being grandees of Spain, have the prefix Excelentisimo. Cabinet Ministers, senators, deputies, provincial governors, academicians, generals—besides a host of other people in the political hierarchy, who really have no right to the title but who are flattered by its use, receive it from those who wish to flatter.

In the royal family the title of the King and Queen is su majestad or S.M. (plural SS.MM.), the Crown Prince (Principe de Asturias) is S.A.R. (H.R.H.), the sons and daughters

of a monarch are Infante or Infanta with the title of S.A. (plural SS.AA.). The use of the Don and Doña is of course general, hence Don Alfonso, Don Carlos, Doña Victoria, etc.

In the lower classes, and especially in the country where Christian names are relatively few in number, everybody has a nick-name (*apodo*), preceded by some such expression as *tio* (uncle) or *tia* (aunt); thus, for instance, as Tio Gallego, Tia Gorda, etc.

Turning from etiquette to hospitality, the travelled man who enters into Spanish life for the first time will be struck by the extraordinary similarity between the hospitality of the Moor and the hospitality of the Spaniard. It may be urged that there is nothing surprising in this if we pause to remember how long and how widely the Moorish dominion over Spain was established. On the other hand, it should be remembered that the Spaniard has always been anxious to forget Moorish influence, and that when a Spaniard speaks of his descent he is anxious to make it clear that his blood is quite free from any Moorish strain. But the influence of Morocco and Islam is still to be observed on every hand, in the cathedrals, in the country-side where the *norias* that the Moors introduced still serve to irrigate the thirsty land, in many a social ceremony, and above all, in the Spaniard's relations with friends.

There is no better mannered man on this earth than a Spanish gentleman, and when he is extending hospitality, your Spaniard, rich or poor, is at his best. It is not the extent or quality of the hospitality that matters, it is the exquisite grace with which it is tendered, the implied suggestion that your comfort is the host's first consideration.

Visits in Spain are paid either during the "hours of fire" when the cool depths of a lofty room or the shady corner

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW—A STREET SCENE IN THE SOUTH

of a patio are so welcome, or at five o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy—as the Moors call the sun—is loosening his grip upon the stricken city. Refreshments are always offered, sherry and cakes in the morning—the wine being served in the little glasses called *chatos*, while in the afternoon rich chocolate, that leaves you in doubt whether to eat or drink it, is served in small cups and taken with biscuits, followed by a glass of cold milk that serves to restore the palate to its normal state. Wine and chocolate play the same part in Spanish hospitality as coffee does in the East.

The week-end has not yet reached Spain in the form of an established institution, but many travelled Spaniards, particularly those who know our English custom, are developing it. The picnic or *merienda* is a very favourite institution, and is associated with very charming simplicity. Elaborate meals, necessitating great trouble and preparation and care in carriage, are dispensed with; one or two simple dishes, which are again affected by the ever-present regionalism, do all that is required, and are taken with the wholesome wine of the country. Goats are eaten throughout Spain, and one of the most favourite dishes at the *merienda* is a roasted kid (*cabrito asado*), which is prepared in the open air, just as the Moors in the market-places of Morocco roast sheep in their portable ovens. There is a striking similarity in the way the food is eaten in both countries, conventionality being conspicuous by its absence.

Birthdays are not celebrated very often in Spain, but every man and woman has a name-day, that is to say, the day of the saint after whom he or she is named, and when this day comes round, the happy owner of the name is expected to extend hospitality in the form of cakes, sweets, wine, cigars, and cigarettes to all who offer congratulations.

Open house is kept on this *dia del santo*, and as the man who has a large circle of friends will have several visits to pay whenever a popular saint's day comes round, he has no occasion to make any of his usual household arrangements. In fact, on the name-day of saints such as San José or Santiago, or the Virgin of the Dolores, after whom so many girls are named, the main thoroughfares are crowded with pastry cooks.

In describing the *tren botijo* mention was made of the Spaniard's generosity in sharing his wine, and if necessary his food, with fellow-travellers. No Spaniard will light a cigarette in your company without offering you one and passing you a match, nor will he allow you to smoke your tobacco in his house, for you are his guest and he is the *amo de la casa*. In short, the instinct of hospitality seems to be born in the Spaniard, and he contrives when you are staying in his house to put you at your ease and leave you there. His formalities are never aggressive, his kindness seems to come from the heart, and the foreigner who enters Spain with a few good-introductions will find it hard to outstay his welcome.

The formulæ of politeness claim attention here. When a Spaniard meets you for the first time he is quick to assure you that he kisses your hand and that he is your servant; if you are a woman he places himself "at your feet"; in signing his letters he calls himself "your very affectionate and trusty servant who kisses your hand" or "kisses your feet," and when he gives you his address it is with the formulæ "in such and such a house and street you have a home and servant"; when you visit him he says, "You have taken possession of your house," much as the Moorish gentleman says, "My house and all that is in it are yours". The influence of Morocco is seen again if you are so thoughtless

as to express your admiration for something belonging to your host. He at once tells you that it is yours, and it is a pretty formula with which you reply as you return the proffered gift: "Keep it, I beg you, because it could not be in better hands than yours". This, too, is Moorish in its origin.

It goes without saying that much of this elegant discourse is formula and nothing more, more particularly in modern cities, and among those who do not feel the full force of their country's tradition. Spain, like the rest of the world, has its snobs and pretenders, and they are no less offensive in the Iberian Peninsula than they are elsewhere, but with the best type of Spaniard the old forms are no mere empty words. His hospitality and generosity are a part of his honour and the dearest thing in life to him, and the catholicity of his kindness may be gathered from the fact that Spanish has but one word, "*amigo*," to express both friend and acquaintance. It must not be supposed that Spanish hospitality is limited to those who can afford to dispense it. On the contrary, the very poor are delighted to do something for a stranger who is sympathetic. It may be no more than a cigarette or a glass of crude wine, an orange or a handful of olives, but there is something in the way in which the gift is offered that magnifies its intrinsic value a thousand-fold. Even among those whose days are passed in ceaseless toil, who live far remote from the company of their fellowmen, you find evidences of the inborn courtesy that is one of the most striking charms of the complex Spanish character.

CHAPTER XV

THE PLAZA DE TOROS

SIXTEEN years or more have passed since the writer then, little more than a boy, travelled from Lisbon to Madrid in company with a cuadrilla that had distinguished itself in the Campo Pequeño, near Lisbon, to the accompaniment of the frenzied enthusiasm of the Portuguese. Reverte and Bombita were the heroes of the hour, and their treatment of the *toros embolados* had been as daring as it had been skilful. Nor had there been wanting a loud demand for at least one combat *à outrance*. Needless to say the Portuguese authorities refused to respond, and the writer had decided to seek in the Plaza del Triunfo the full expression of the corrida. The two matadors held something akin to a reception at half a dozen of the stations at which the train stopped between the frontier station and the capital, but after all they did not exercise their skill in Madrid where the honours were divided between the great Espartero, then in the last year of his life, and D. Luis Mazzantini, lawyer, gentleman, and *diestro*, who left the law for the bull-ring and has since left the bull-ring for the Council Chamber. A few weeks later the writer journeyed down to the south to see Guerrita in the great bull-ring of Seville, and travelled out to some of the bull-farms where the more historic herds are raised. In the country and in the café of the Emperadores on the Sierpes at Seville, he learned something of the theory and practice of bull-fighting from

the closely shaved, sinewy aspirants to honour, who sat through their hour of ease smoking cigarettes and telling how fields are won, their splendid *coletas*, as their pig-tails are called, carefully twisted under broad-brimmed hats. Tastes change; to-day the writer's desire to attend a bull-fight has been replaced by a still stronger desire to avoid one at any cost. If there was any pleasure in days of old that could atone for the sight of horses running round the arena and treading out their entrails, it has gone for good. But the splendid colour, the barbaric sounds, the glittering crowd, the ornate uniforms and the blinding light of a Spanish bull-ring in the hours of action will hold no small measure of fascination for all time, and inasmuch as bull-fighting is at once a science and the national pastime of Spain, it cannot be overlooked and calls for certain explanation in detail.

The finest fighting bulls belong to herds that have their own stud-book and their own *devisa* in the form of a rosette that the doomed animal carries with it into the ring. The best farms are in the Utrera district where water is plentiful and the pastures are rich. There the young bulls are carefully tended by ganaderos who watch over them night and day, guiding and controlling them from horseback with the aid of long poles. When the bulls are a year old they are tested, being attacked in turn by a horseman; those that turn tail and run away change their status and become in due time the property of the butcher. Those that show fight and are "well armed" are named and entered in the stud-book. Plucky bulls that suffer from some physical defect which would prove a bar to their admittance to the first-class arenas of Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, and other cities, meet their fate while young at the inexpert hands of second-class matadors in some *corrida de novillos*. Their

better-equipped companions pass a full three years on the farm in charge of the ganadero whom they come to regard as companion, friend, and master, and surrounded by belled bullocks in whose company they learn to travel at their ease. When at last they are brought in for some great corrida they make their way to the arena by night, the tame bullocks, their life-long companions, surrounding them, their ganadero in attendance. They are corraled in some spacious meadow not far from the city of their destination, and the supply of corn that has been given to them in such liberal measure for some weeks prior to their departure is well maintained. On the night before the fight they are driven along the road to the arena in the small hours, and every point of vantage on either side is crowded with spectators, while a great company of *afficionados* follows behind. Once within the prison walls each bull is driven into its condemned cell and left without food or water for the fifteen hours that must elapse before the gates of the toril open, the *devisa* is thrust into its shoulder, and the bull furious with anger and with thirst, conscious of its enormous strength and eager for vengeance against mankind, rushes out into the light to see across the yellow sand, capadores and picadores awaiting the attack which ten thousand spectators or more are assembled to witness.

In the theory of bull-fighting, the bull is always the aggressor, in practice he is known to sulk and sometimes to require the cruel stimulus of the *banderillos de fuego*. Should the hideous noise and his own burnt skin leave him still unwilling to attack his tormentors, he is promptly lamed by the aid of the *media luna* and stabbed by the puntillero, while the excited crowd curses the Government and the Pope, and yells for the blood of the administration. This happens but seldom.

The matador in charge of the cuadrilla responsible for the bull in the arena decides most of the questions that arise during the combat, but the judge who sits high up in the arena with trumpeters by his side has power to limit or extend the divisions into which the combat is divided. It is for him to say when the bull has killed a sufficient number of horses and has reached the point of exhaustion at which the banderilleros may take up their work with safety; it is for him to decide when the matador's turn is reached, and the divisions in the combat are announced to the public by the shrill notes of the trumpeters stationed under the judge's box. By the time the matador has received from his attendant an *espada* and *muleta* (sword and small scarlet cloak) and has asked permission to kill the bull "in fashion that will confer honour upon the city," the arena is strewn with dead and dying horses, the bull's shoulders are pierced with lances and his horns are stained with blood to the head. The contest between man and beast is followed with keenest attention and deepest silence; the *diestro* manœuvres to bring the bull into position in which his forelegs will be close together; if they are spread out at all there will be no free passage for the sword as it passes between the shoulders into the lungs. If the stroke be a successful one and the bull falls slowly to his knees, the air is rent with shouts, the matador walks off triumphant, while flowers, cigars, hats, and even *billets-doux* are flung to him from every side, and the puntillero, coming from behind the bull, puts an end to its agony with one swift thrust behind the head. Should several strokes miss, the matador is greeted with howls of derision; the trumpeters sound a warning; he must try again, and should he fail several times, he may even suffer the disgrace of seeing another matador summoned to complete his work. As

soon as the bull is dead, a gaily decked team of mules is driven into the arena, the carcase is dragged off to be cut up in some neighbouring shambles from which the flesh, almost black and quite unfit for food, is sold to the lower orders of the populace. The mules return for the dead horses; the red or blue coated attendants carry their sand baskets to and fro to cover up the purple patches plainly to be seen on the floor of the arena. The second cuadrilla replaces the first; the trumpet sounds again, the gates of the toril are drawn back, and another splendid animal rushes to meet its doom.

Bull-fighting brings about a heavy drain upon the Spanish exchequer, for in a comparatively poor country like Spain many men at the head of the profession draw incomes running into five figures. In the days of his greatest achievements Rafael Guerra (Guerrita), whose father was a butcher in the matadero of Cordoba, earned an annual income of a million pesetas. Don Luis Mazzantini was said to earn three-quarters of this amount, and when the Spanish *diestros* crossed the Pyrenees to give the people of Nimes, Dax, Arles, and Bayonne a taste of their quality, one of them, Reverte, if I am not mistaken, lighted his cigarette with a thousand-franc note, presumably to show that art and not profit was the object of his excursion. The bull-fighter must be a man gifted with fine physique, splendid nerve, sound judgment and complete use of all his faculties. He may receive his earlier training in the cuadrilla of some second- or third-rate matador and fight his way through the ranks unaided, or he may go to one of the *escuelas de tauromaquia* where great fighters now retired from active work labour among a rising generation as Royal Academicians in this country work at the Academy School. The path to Parnassus is a very steep one; there are many falls

and bruises. The young bull-fighter must learn in the first place to wield the plum-coloured cloak of the capador, and when he has acquired sufficient agility to enable him to keep the most savage bull at bay he will be promoted to the use of the banderillas. When he is an expert with them he may persuade some administration to allow him to form his own cuadrilla and kill *novillos*, and, should he succeed, one engagement follows another until the great day in his life when he receives the *alternativa* and is admitted to the ranks of first-class matadors. On this occasion some leading *diestro* draws the bull into position for him and then hands him *espada* and *muleta* that he may complete the work; thereafter he may take his cuadrilla to the leading cities of Spain and kill the three- and four-year-old bulls. Just as a great opera singer who has received the plaudits of the audience at La Scala or San Carlo di Napoli travels across the Atlantic, so the great matador is retained to visit the capitals of South America and Mexico, where he performs his office in return for enormous fees. Women bull-fighters are not unknown in Spain, though they are seldom entrusted with old bulls; there is a school for women bull-fighters in Barcelona.

A few years ago toreadors who died in the ring passed to the world beyond without the rites of the Church, but nowadays there is a chapel attached to the bull-ring where the pious matador may commit his safety to the keeping of the Virgin. A priest remains in attendance to administer the last sacrament to any one of the fraternity who fails to escape from the enemy. It often happens that one of the lesser lights of the bull-ring is very badly mauled and the courage with which one and all rush to his assistance is remarkable. Now and again a wound is fatal, generally because blood-poisoning sets in. Few great *diestros* can say that they have

never been caught by the bull's horn though most of them have escaped with little injury. Espartero who in his day—that is to say in the early nineties of last century—was the greatest matador of Spain, met his death facing the first bull in a corrida at Madrid. The bull was one of the famous Miura herd known on account of their prowess as the "herd of death," and all Spain went into mourning for the dead matador. The last appearance in the bull-ring of a famous fighter is one that will never be forgotten by those who witness it. Standing room is at a premium, every seat has been sold weeks before the great day; his last fight fought, the great torero cuts off his cherished pigtail (*coleta*) and lives in glory until he is translated to Paradise. His presence in the arena as a spectator is always the occasion for a display of frenzied enthusiasm.

The arena is divided into sides, a shady side (*sombra*) and the sunny side (*sol*). To the sunny side the working classes and students gather in their thousands. They understand the value of every stroke and are prompt to scream applause or howl disgust; their technical knowledge may compare with that of the people who go regularly to the gallery of our national opera house. They arm themselves with pigskins full of wine, sandwiches made by cutting a roll in half and inserting a slice of greasy sausage, malodorous with garlic, and they enjoy themselves as though their life were one long holiday. The girls wear flowers in their hair and fight the sun with fans; the men trust to their sombreros; the consumption of cigarettes is enormous. The sunny side where it is unreserved fills as soon as the arena is opened; the shady side is seldom completely occupied until a few moments before the national anthem announces the arrival of the President. The roads between the city and the arena are impassable. Every vehicle that

can be pressed into service is engaged at a high price for the afternoon; the square in front of the Plaza is densely packed: motor-cars, carriages, carts, bicycles, are to be numbered by the hundreds, and gallant cavaliers on splendid horses find a passage through the crowd in order to exhibit their horsemanship and greet their friends. Even little children, who have not yet entered their teens, are taken to the Plaza de Toros, where they learn early to acquire a taste for, or complete indifference to, a spectacle that, for all its barbaric splendour, has many disgusting elements.

Occasionally some spice of variety is introduced into the arena. When the writer was last in Madrid, he saw during his brief visit to the Plaza de Toros a celebrated man, Don Tancredo, who stood on a pedestal in the middle of the arena, dressed entirely in white. When the bull was released from the toril and had taken a preliminary canter around the arena he saw this motionless figure and ran up to investigate. He sniffed eagerly and seemed for a moment to be uncertain. D. Tancredo remained motionless as marble; the movement of a limb, a deep breath, would have been the signal for his hideous death, but the most savage bull does not make war on statues, and a moment later toro was chasing the toreros around the arena while the statue, suddenly animated, was making a bee-line for the barrier amid a tumult of applause that made the bull turn round and bellow defiance to his audience. Contests between a bull and a lion, or a bull and a tiger are not unknown, but need not be described.

There are many other aspects of the bull-ring: the fights in which the aristocrats of Spain replace the ordinary matador; others in which the fighting is done by members of some trading association who are celebrating their fête-

day. But many of these are associated with the Spanish fair which is one of the great national institutions and has been discussed in another place. Sufficient has been said to present a rough outline of the country's most popular pastime, to indicate its fascination and its more repellent aspect. The future of bull-fighting in Spain is uncertain, for though the public taste remains as it has been since Pan y los Toros was the most popular cry in the Iberian Peninsula, it is an open secret that King Alfonso's consort has set her face against it and it is losing its hold upon the educated classes. Moreover, and this is a very important point, the breed of bulls is not what it used to be. The fighting quality of some of the best herds is deteriorating, while a general improvement in the financial outlook is making the Spaniard more attentive to business than he used to be and less indifferent to the waste of time and money involved in the pursuit of bull-fighting. Years may pass before a great change is noticeable, but there are many who believe that the most prosperous days of the arena have gone never to return. For no small part of the cruelty to animals that is undoubtedly a national failing in Spain, the Plaza de Toros must be held directly responsible.

CHAPTER XVI

STUDENT LIFE IN SPAIN

IT is not easy for one who has not been a Spanish student to write about the student life of Spain, and in order to do so it is necessary to reflect that few Spanish students would be able to set their impressions down. When one is no longer young, even before the trumpeter under Time's judgment seat has sounded the *tercio* of middle age, certain enthusiasms disappear. Our capacity for being rowdy and careless has passed; responsibilities of various kinds dog our footsteps; we are fortunate if we have not become intolerant of the games in which we can no longer play a part—*la jeunesse n'a qu'un temps.*

Student life in all the world's great centres is full of an exaggeration that stretches from sentiment to dress, from thought to action. Spanish student life is no exception to this rule. How could it be in a country where the sun levies its daily toll upon the working hours, and education is never taken quite seriously? To be sure, there are theories of free and compulsory education, but everybody knows that in Spain theory and practice are seldom on speaking terms. Elementary education is provided by the State but competent teachers are not, and the dullest schoolmaster has the wit, and finds the means, to keep on good terms with the inspector. The higher education (so called) is

reserved for the few. Nominally it is the main road to the learned professions and to Government appointments, but it is better to be a dull young friend of the local *cacique*, than to be the brilliant lad with unattainable ideals and a soul above paltering with the truth. This of course is as far as material progress is concerned.

The young student who has ideals without influence, runs a serious danger in Spain where the ranks of the forces which oppose the established order of things are recruited mainly from the *estudiantes*. Many a promising career has come to an untimely end in the cells of Montjuich and the other penal establishments of Spain, and it is as hard to say that the Government is not as justified in protecting itself against the inexperienced enthusiast for freedom, as is the student himself in working against the established order of things. In the eyes of youth many of the conditions which wiser minds accept are intolerable.

Time was when the Spanish universities of Salamanca and Alcalá rivalled Oxford and Cambridge of to-day. Not only did Spain send her most promising sons to these institutions whose degree conferred a *cachet* recognized by all civilized Europe, but the young men of foreign lands were sent to Spain's great universities to study Arabic and the medical science. In those days the students wore the prescribed costume, the short black cloak fastened to the left shoulder, a three-cornered hat, knickerbockers, and a sword. Their discipline was severe, but they had their own associations and were a force to be reckoned with, not only by the *alcalde* but by the highest authorities. The philosophy of Averrhoes and others who had translated the great works of Greece into Arabic was taught in Salamanca, and at Alcalá Cardinal Cisneros edited the translation of the Polyglot Bible. The eyes of scholarship were turned upon

Spain and the Spanish Renaissance budded, blossomed, and filled the face of the Iberian world with fruit.

A great change has fallen upon Spain since those palmy days of scholarship, when Ferdinand and Isabella and Charles V ruled over the land. The two universities have become ten, but it would be flattery to suggest that those in existence to-day are worth together as much as either of their two great forebears. When Carnival time comes round groups of students who have assumed the old costume of Salamanca and Alcalá, parade the streets in some of the big cities. They are armed with guitars and mandolins; they sing old student songs and the least shamefaced of the *estudiantina* collects money from those who pass by. With such echo of fallen greatness as this melancholy incident can provide, the lovers of their country's old glory must be content.

While Spain has fallen from her high estate as an apostle of culture, it is fair to say that some of her ten universities are effective educational forces. Madrid, Barcelona, and Oviedo are undeniably the pick of the bunch, the last named, situated in the cathedral town of what was the first capital of Spain after the Moorish invasion, being very fortunate in its professorial staff which includes that acknowledged authority upon Spanish history, Señor Altamira. Barcelona is of course a centre of new ideas and is associated with the best commercial enterprise in Spain, but the university can hardly be said to lead the way in any direction. Perhaps young Spain in the eastern and active portion of the Peninsula thinks more of affairs than of intellectual pursuits; perhaps commerce absorbs those who would be well fitted to shine in other walks of life. Be these things as they may, the fact remains that Barcelona's world progress stops at the university gates. Barcelona's University, like

its nine brethren, is under State control, and doubtless we may look to this condition to explain some of the failings of the Spanish university system. Patriots and scholars may often be heard to deplore the fact that their country has no endowed universities like Oxford and Cambridge, and that consequently the progress of these institutions is limited by forces they are unable to control or direct. In their palmy days Salamanca and Alcalá were very rich; to-day no university has more than is absolutely necessary to carry on its immediate work, while Alcalá, with its rich traditions, has disappeared.

The University of Madrid is the largest, and in certain respects the most progressive university in Spain. In times past it attracted some of the biggest brains in the country to its professorial chairs, and there is a healthy law that binds the Ministry of Education to give professors in the universities freedom to use their tongues as they think best. Even the conservative rulers of Spain have realized the impossibility of excluding Liberals from the *catedra*, and it is well that they have shown so much wisdom, for some of the most distinguished professors of Madrid University have been Liberals or Republicans. Salmeron and Castelar among the dead, and Azcarrate among the living, have been professors of law or philosophy of the Madrid University; the two former were presidents of the short-lived Spanish Republic. A good story told of Castelar deserves record in this place. When Alfonso XII was brought to Madrid after the fall of the Republic, Castelar with his companions was exiled. Some years afterwards an amnesty was proclaimed and Castelar returned in triumph to Madrid to resume his office in the University. A vast gathering attended to hear his first lecture, and the greatest orator in all Spain mounted the rostrum, looked around him imper-

turbably at the sea of eager faces surrounding him, and began "As I was saying yesterday . . ." (*Como decia ayer*). Between that yesterday and this day he had fought the battle of the fallen Republic and had known the bitterness of years in exile. All memory of this, however poignant in the heart of Castelar, had passed from the professor of Madrid's University, and he continued his lecture at the very point at which it had been broken off. Needless to say the incident made a profound impression not only upon Madrid, but upon all Spain.

Madrid is the seat of the leading medical college of the country, and it is the centre of the high schools as well as the preparatory schools in which young Spain studies for Government service. Chartered accountants, apothecaries, civil and mining engineers, all find their chief educational home in the capital, and this centralization of education is one of the great grievances of Catalonia which, regional to the core, objects most strongly to send its sons to the hated Castiles where they say the men who work are governed by the men who play. But for all the objections of Catalonia, Madrid is, and will probably remain, the leading centre of Spanish student life. Other seats of universities —Seville, Saragossa, Santiago and the rest—are of little or no importance.

Spanish universities not being residential, gather their students from all parts of the city and maintain no discipline out of lecture hours. The rules for attendance are fairly strict, and the students are not admitted to degrees unless they have been diligent in their attendance.

Nominally the course of lectures in the Spanish university is free, but in actual fact it is expensive for several reasons. In the first place the Government levies a tax by directing that all official communications are to be written

on a stamped paper. This system of course is practised *ad nauseam* in France where one must pay for the privilege of making any application to a Government office, and in Spain it presses very harshly upon the poor student who can only make his application for examination or for a degree on heavily taxed paper. Many a poor Spanish student who has scraped together the money for his examination, is unable to secure the degree he has earned because he is unable to pay for it. It is fair to remember that fees in our English universities are tolerably—or should one say intolerably—high. But here there is no suggestion of a free higher education while in Spain the fiction is religiously preserved.

Another tax upon the poor student is levied by the impecunious professor who, by being born in Spain, has brought his brains to such a bad market. He has the privilege of enforcing his own textbooks upon his classes, and if he be sufficiently poor to need the assistance granted by this privilege, he will write a new textbook every year and compel his unfortunate pupils to purchase it. In this fashion he supplements his meagre State allowance. Throughout the Spanish universities the vicious circle of national maladministration may be seen revolving: the State underpays its professors, the professors tax the students, and everybody is profoundly dissatisfied. If it were not for the fact that nearly every student and every professor has in his brain a fully matured scheme for the regeneration of national education against the time when he becomes *el Excelentísimo Señor Ministro de Instrucción Pública*, the trouble could hardly be endured without occasional appeal to barricades and bloodshed.

Those who lack the money required to enable them to take a degree, can generally spare a peseta to buy the paper

on which they enter themselves for one of the small competitive examinations for a Government post. Teachers in the primary schools, professors in the colleges, inspectors of customs, post office officials—in short, all appointments that are not political and are not given away as *douceurs* to people who must be reckoned with, are gained by these competitive examinations. It would be no exaggeration to estimate these at two hundred and fifty per annum in Madrid and it is not uncommon to find five hundred competitors for a post, so that each of the examinations yield a very considerable amount to the Government in fees, for of the hundreds who pay their peseta for the right to compete only one can be chosen. Even when the post has been secured, its nominal emolument is subjected to a very heavy Government tax (*el discuento del Estado*), and as far as some of the minor appointments are concerned, the fees taken for the entrance examination by the Government suffice to pay the successful candidate's salary for the first year of his office. Happily for the victor, his appointment lasts for life, but it is hardly matter for wonder that students as a class are "agin the Government". The worst side of the existing system in Spain is its speculative character. Many a man who ought to strike out for himself and develop to the utmost such individuality as he may possess, lingers month after month in the Spanish capital, leading a careless, dissipated life while he proceeds from examination to examination, hoping against hope that one of the prizes in this rank State lottery will fall to him. The amount of energy lost to the country is enormous. The national strength is sapped, and a young countryman, whose devoted parents strain their meagre resources to keep him in the capital, wastes so much time in his endeavour to secure a State appointment that when at last he gives up the

struggle in despair, he is quite unfitted to return to the life he left behind him in the country. Madrid has blighted his hopes, and having no further use for him, cast him adrift. Now he is ripe for the ranks of the more violent agitators, a tool sharpened to cut into the existing order of social life.

Turning from this sober side of student life in Spain's university centres, it is pleasant to remember that in the years when he has hope as well as youth, the Spanish student leads a merry life and does little or nothing to complicate it by hard work. He has his club and he has his friends, and students unite in friendliest fashion to oppose grievances of whatever kind, so that if one professor proves so unpopular that his class revolts against him, it may rely upon the support of all the other classes, even those of the most popular professors in the university. The student has his sing-songs and is developing a taste for light German beer; he loves billiards, dominates the feria, speaks slightingly of Mother Church, and will give his last peseta for a seat on the sunny side of the bull-ring. Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon you may see students sitting under the blazing sun of the Plaza de Toros with their coats tightly buttoned up, and a little examination or inquiry will reveal the fact that these *aficcionados* have literally pawned their shirts and their capas to assist at the function. The dancing booths that are generally to be found a little way beyond the city walls are greatly favoured by the students, who love to dance with the country girls and the servants who have an evening off duty. In times of a political crisis the students bring a large store of superfluous energy to the task of regenerating Spain, and make up in sound for anything they may lack in sense. Whatever their faults or shortcomings, the city they delight to honour looks upon

them with a friendly eye. They contribute no small part of its life and colour, and the authorities are content to lay a light hand upon them even in hours of extreme provocation. The philosopher and the patriot may look with unfeigned regret upon the terrible waste of life that results from the shortcomings of national administration. He may deplore wasted years and purposeless existence, but the Preacher himself has declared that there is a time for rejoicing.

The lottery plays an important part in the life of the Spanish student, for in a city where thousands are gathered together a few prizes must be gained now and again by the impecunious. When a student is fortunate he does not cloud good luck with idle thoughts about a morrow; he summons all his friends and acquaintances, adding to their numbers for the occasion, and with plenty of money in his pocket, proceeds in colloquial English to "do it in". Sufficient for the day or for the night the merriment and the extravagance thereof. If to-morrow brings an aching head and an empty purse in its train, these are no more than a part of the game, and every student who has been unfortunate in the lottery hitherto doubles his subscription if he can find the money to do so. When the great *sorteo* comes around, the day when the big prizes are drawn, the scene is one of extraordinary animation.

Of the theatre the Spanish student is an unfailing supporter as long as he has the peseta or a couple of *reales* that will pay for an *entrada*. A keen-witted and fearless critic, he demands good value for his money, and his capacity for whistling like a ship's siren, and hammering on the floor with the noise like the passing of a regiment of cavalry over a hard road, is something that must be heard before it can be appreciated. The limits of his purse are

the foundation of his preference for the *genero chico*, the series of one hour entertainments that make up the programme in most Spanish theatres. Only when the month's remittance has just arrived and is burning a hole in his pocket will he patronize the *genero grande* with its three act play, or the *paraiso* (gallery) of the opera house.

One of the reasons why the Spanish student is always poor is that the university life is almost limited to the upper middle and lower middle classes. The aristocracy engages private tutors for its sons, or sends them to the military colleges, or gives them a year or two at some foreign university. The Cadet College is situated at Toledo, and on the occasion of the annual distribution of awards the King, attended by full military staff, is always present. Doubtless this visit has its own political significance.

The path of the Spanish student is not made easier for him by scholarships; such stimulus as the scholarship gives to the English lad is unknown in Spain, where the *papel sellado* enfolds one and all in its costly embrace, and no student can receive his degree or an appointment until his path to it has been paved with stamped paper.

As a class Spanish students are pleasant lads enough, fond of fun, inclined to look with suspicion or impatience upon work, very full of life and good spirits. They have no sense of responsibility, and are frequently heard to refer to their father as the treasurer sent by Providence (*el cajero enviado por Dios*). The allowance of a student whose parents are not blessed with a generous proportion of the world's goods, is as low as fourteen shillings a week. This would be rather a small allowance for Madrid, but would be quite sufficient to maintain a lad in a provincial

university. The higher cost of living in the capital is recognized by the Government, and the scale of pay for Madrid officials is higher than that which must suffice their provincial brethren.

It has been said that the students' habits are cheerful and inoffensive, but an exception to the last adjective must be taken on account of the *flirteo.* The Spanish student claims the right to make remarks (*echar piropos,* literally, to throw compliments) to every pretty girl or young woman he passes in the street. He limits his attentions to those ladies who please his eye, and to these his remarks are frequently vulgar without being funny. When the student sees a pretty girl approaching, he immediately assumes the gait of a matador, squares his shoulders, throws his chest out, fixes the fair damsel with his eye, as Mr. Sim Tappertit used to fix the locksmith's daughter. Oddly enough one does not hear of cases in which the student gets his ears boxed or is soundly kicked by some outraged relative of the lady. Only when this interference with young women is resented by their relatives, the palmy days of the *flirteo* will draw to an end, but it is impossible to avoid the thought that the Spanish *mujer* is flattered by the attentions. If the too ardent student be the reverse of personable, she can stab him with her eyes, and leave him wellnigh paralysed on the pavement, following her with his glance but quite incapable of moving. If the student be an attractive specimen of his class, he will still get no further recognition than a glance, but it will be one of a more friendly sort. The working girls who labour in the factories of the university towns have had a long training in the arts of *flirteo.* Woe to the student who does not seem sufficiently attractive to justify his coarse remarks; the *chula* is on him quick as a hawk on its quarry. In a second

she has taken stock of his most prominent disabilities, mental, moral, or physical. In picturesque language, largely metaphorical, in a few terse sentences full of scorn, the *chula* can make her little persecutor regret the day of his birth. To make matters more difficult for the beaten party, the rebuke is always delivered, by a *chula* at least, at the top of her voice, and as the *flirteo* is quite a recognized part of student life, passers-by are always keenly interested in the outcome of one of the little encounters. The writer remembers a passing scene in a tram-car in Madrid between one of these *manolas* and a tall, rather thin and meagre-looking youth. The latter had boarded the car and sat down beside the woman scanning her with the impertinence of Spanish eyes. At a favourable moment—for such at least it must have seemed to him—he whispered some words, doubtless of admiration, in her ear. Quick as a flash of lightning the *chula* turned full upon her aggressor, glanced at him scornfully, and then, in a loud voice to be heard by the deafest of the occupants of the car, she said: "Cállese, es Usted un chico en grande de limon"—by which was meant, metaphorically speaking, a small capacity in a large compass, though literally the picture of a few drops of lemonade lost in a big glass, was referred to. There was a hearty burst of laughter from the travellers on the car at this sharp sally, which only increased the thin youth's embarrassment; nor is it to be wondered at that at the next turning he should jump off the tram and disappear hurriedly in the crowd, leaving the *manola* in triumphant possession of the field of her victory.

In winter the student wears the *capa* which, for purposes of the *flirteo*, he endeavours, generally with small success, to fold after the fashion of the bull-ring. The *capa* is a black cloak, the remnant of the old dress of Spain, and the

forepart of the inside lining generally consists of a broad strip of bright-coloured velvet. When the *capa* is adjusted, it is thrown back over the shoulder intended to display the lining to advantage. The *capa* has great advantages as a winter covering, keeping the wearer warm from his shoulders to the immediate neighbourhood of his knees; below the knees he must suffer all the rigor of the Spanish winter. There is a steadily growing class in Spain that eyes the *capa* with profound disapproval, declaring that it is one of the three stumbling-blocks to Spanish progress, the other two being the Plaza de Toros and the *garbanzos*. Here again we see the Spanish taste for metaphor. There is no feeling that chick-peas are harmful, but they are the most outstanding component part of the national dish *puchero*, and those Spaniards who have been educated abroad or have joined the ranks of the *intelectuales* have a certain intolerance of their own national institutions. They would like to see their country flattened out like a lawn under a heavy roller, all idiosyncrasies removed under a dead level of thought and custom that would, in their own picturesque language, sink the Pyrenees into the earth and seal down the doorways leading to the Cid's tomb. Happily perhaps for certain of the most alluring aspects of Spanish life, the Spanish student is a great stickler for tradition, and as the opinions of the advanced few cannot permeate far beyond the city walls, the Spaniard of the small provincial cities and the vast open spaces of the country remains wholly unaffected by them.

If the life of the student of letters is hard, the life of the art student is harder still. There are several important art schools in Spain, and in the large provincial towns the schools of art are allied to the ordinary secondary school. To sum up the situation in a sentence, it may be said that

only the industrial arts flourish in Spain, and when a lad wishes to become a painter or a sculptor he is safe to find himself faced by the uncompromising opposition of his family and friends. Their attitude is really justified, because the art of the Spanish painter is not national to-day. If parents can afford the outlay, they send their sons abroad, generally to Paris, where perhaps one in a hundred will make a name for himself. The Government art schools of Spain draft a small number of their most prominent pupils to the Spanish Academy in Rome, where at the expense of the Government they remain for at least two years and are required to send to Spain one work of art a year, the first being a study from the nude and the second an historical picture. It is worth remarking that there is very little room for the nude in Spanish art, perhaps because the beauty of Spanish national costume makes the female figure so much more attractive when it is dressed and appeals to the national sentiment of the country. Others would hold that this aversion from the nude is the outcome of the Spaniard's strong feeling for things as he sees them in public life.

In the university towns that boast an academy of art the art-students do not make a group by themselves as they do in France. They unite with other students and enjoy themselves after the same fashion. As a class they worship El Greco and Velasquez, sneer at Murillo, denounce their instructors, and sigh for the Latin Quarter and the modern art movement of Paris. As they grow older the great part of them break away from whatever influence France or Italy may have brought to bear upon them, the regional spirit of Spain being too strong for it. Only in Madrid and Barcelona can one find a foreign convention enjoying some measure of feeble life on Spanish soil. It is permissible to suggest that as far as Madrid is concerned, this modern in-

fluence is merely second-hand, and has filtered through to the capital by way of Barcelona where all activity is more or less modern.

Once in two years there is a great exhibition of pictures in the Palace at the Hippodrome of Madrid. It is run on principles differing very considerably from those that obtain in this country, every artist being at liberty to send his work in and to have it hung as long as the subject is not flagrantly immoral. A certain amount of favouritism may be displayed in the hanging of the pictures but nobody is crowded out, and there is much to be said for this principle which has been copied of late years in London by the Allied Artists' Association in its exhibitions at the Albert Hall. At the exhibition in Madrid one sees the work of the Spanish students in Rome. Medals are given by the State for the best work of the year which is supposed to be purchased by the Government, but it is no uncommon thing for the artist who has secured his medal to be compelled to wait two or three years for his money. In the granting of the medals personal influence plays a very considerable part, and while many of those who have achieved a medal have passed altogether from public notice, a large number who are at the head of Spanish art to-day, have never received recognition from the State.

Other exhibitions are those of the various Circulos de Bellas Artes which belong for the most part to provincial towns, are supported by their own members, and do not exhibit outside work. Being smaller than the great exhibition of Madrid, they attract more detailed attention from those who are interested in art, for the majority of the patrons of the exhibition at the Hippodrome never brought anything more like a picture than one of the highly coloured oleographs of saint or martyr that, like

so many other of Spain's commodities, has been made in Germany.

Among Spain's living painters many are called but few are chosen. The clever portrait-painters—Sorolla, Carbonero, and Pradilla—can command good prices and fairly constant work, but the middle classes are not patrons of art and the very wealthy prefer to collect or speculate in old masters. It is only in the great commercial centres, Barcelona and Bilbao, that the modern painter who combines talent and individuality can hope to achieve prosperity in some moderate measure; in Madrid, unless he be a highly favoured portrait-painter, his case is hopeless.

For the unsuccessful—and their name is legion—there is much trouble. Penury marches at their heels, and after years of striving their last pesetas are spent on *papel sellado* that will enable them to enter into competition for the small living wage of the Government art teacher. Failing this they may betake themselves, comparatively late in life, to some other profession, or may retire to their country town to live in such halo as they can carry from a well-known art centre on the slender profits of an *estudio* to which pupils are admitted at very low fees. The lad who goes to a country studio of this kind is one whose parents cannot afford an annual outlay of £25 for his eight months' course in some provincial university centre. Still others, who find they cannot earn a living by the exercise of their gifts at serious work, paint hundreds of the little *genre* pictures that are exhibited in shop windows or hawked about in the cafés as souvenirs of the city, much in the same way as the shops in our seaside towns sell amazing plates, dishes, and glasses on which are printed the moving words, "A Present from the Seaside". Others, who have probably lost all love for their fatherland, join the ranks of picture-restorers, and for quite

a moderate fee will spoil any masterpiece entrusted to their care. This passion for restoration has always been a Spanish vice; time was when the Prado had its restorer. To him Tĭtian, Velasquez, and countless others of lesser degree were cheerfully surrendered, and he did with them as seemed good in his eyes, correcting their faults of drawing and perspective, restoring their colour and generally man-handling them with an indifference born of conscious superiority. Of late years the activity of this official restorer would seem to be in abeyance; perhaps his post has been abolished, perhaps the growing interest in old masters has led the Spanish authorities to believe that they are better left alone. But for a very long time the scandal was a crying one.

Sculpture does not flourish in Spain, probably on account of the progress made in wood-carving which has reached a high state of perfection in *pasos* and *retablos*, but in the industrial arts Spain is making a rapid and well-defined progress. Schools of industrial arts are thriving and are developing along different lines, drawing students from all parts of the country. While on the one side we find a modern movement emanating from Barcelona and Bilbao, and founded entirely upon French and English ideas, on another side we note a movement in the direction of an older tradition. Engraving on metal, inlaying, wrought-iron work of the old patterns, wood-carving for altar-pieces—all these industries are being revived and vigorously followed up, side by side with modern industries that only a few years ago were unknown in Spain. Some of our English art magazines, notably the "Studio," have exercised great influence upon the work that comes from Bilbao, where modern furniture, following English fashions, old or new, is undeniably the best in Spain to-day. From an English standpoint Bilbao's

attitude towards modern industrial art is far more sane than that of Barcelona, for the former recognizes the value of an occasional straight line and Barcelona has a startling *penchant* for curves. The revival of the old industrial arts is associated with the north; in the south no revival of the regional industries was necessary; they have been thriving within the limits of Spain's prosperity since they were first established by the Moors. The chief industries are those in leather (Cordoba) and the *azulejos* in Valencia. Needless to say the Castiles do not concern themselves with any other industry save those of tax-collecting and administration. Even the departure of the steel industry from Toledo—once famous throughout Europe for its sword blades—to Eibar in the Basque Provinces, seems to have raised little comment and to have excited no regret. Perhaps Castile feels that the change removes commercialism still farther from her borders. There are those among the most progressive class in Spain who see in this departure of the last industry from the governing provinces a certain sinister significance that they welcome. Castile, they say, is becoming farther and farther removed from the rest of Spain; indeed, the great central plain in which Madrid is set tends strongly towards depopulation; the inhabitants move steadily in the direction of the coast, and the time will come when the capital will stand alone, separated by miles of waste land from the rest of Spain. Across this desert to the city they see an ever-dwindling procession of students approaching a goal that becomes year by year less desirable. East, south, and north they see a new Spain arising, with an administration that will successfully defy the central Government.

This is the dream of the republican and the socialist, who never pause to remember that their country's faults,

AN OLD TIME STREET SCENE IN SEVILLE

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALVAREZ

like their country's virtues, are affairs of climate, and that if all the governing classes could be replaced to-morrow, their successors would be compelled to face the problems of government in some spirit of compromise not unlike that which obtains to-day.

CHAPTER XVII

IN A SPANISH VILLAGE

LET us pass together across the foot-hills of the rugged, savage Castilian sierra. We are bound for the village of Doquiera, the village to which no rail runs, where in the heat of the year no green thing grows, where the appearance of the postman creates something between a sensation and a scandal, and the daily passing of the stage-coach summons the lovely, half-clad, ill-cared-for boys and girls from their play. A bridle path over the oak-topped spurs leads us from *el diablo mundo* to Doquiera. The deep valley on our left, now so dry and bare, carries a rushing torrent in the rainy season, and far away on the right, in the hollow of the hill, those ruins, now so hopeless, solitary, and grey, were once a thriving convent in which a hundred voices were raised in prayer by day and by night. From the belfry, now invisible, the people of Doquiera were reminded that time was slipping from beneath their feet, and, in joy or trouble, they would seek the walls which once enclosed a great part of the valley and hid thriving vineyards and an orchard, certain that within its shelter they would find welcome and good counsel.

To-day owls and bats divide between them such shelter as the convent affords. But far away on the left, over the bridge that must have been built by Spain's Moorish invaders to span the winter torrent, Doquiera basks in sun-

shine and takes no heed of the flight of time. If it ever thinks of solitude and remoteness from the world beyond its walls, the thought is a pleasant one, and the daily sight of the antique berlina that brings an occasional passenger or two, and a still more occasional letter, is a happy reminder to Doquiera that there is no intention on the part of the powers that rule Spain to inflict the indignity of a railway service upon her. The village knows that black care rides ever behind the horseman, or to be more exact, that the tax collector will appear by the first train. Doubtless, too, a railway company would demand a subsidy of perhaps five hundred pesetas (twenty pounds sterling). Doquiera is already heavily in debt to the Provincial Government: when the village accounts were last audited, she was some sixty pesetas (two pounds five shillings) in arrear, and although an attempt has been made to put the matter right by reducing the schoolmaster's salary and allowing the postmaster's stipend to get a little in arrear, the deficit is not likely to be made up this year, and they say in Doquiera that the Provincial Governor is meditating some very drastic action. Reckoning that Doquiera has two hundred inhabitants, the financial situation might be saved by a forced levy of one *real* a head, but with the exception of the *cacique*, who is popularly reported to be a millionaire, hardly anybody in Doquiera has a *real* to spare.

The village clusters round the hill crowned by a church dedicated to San Anton, to whose care mules, horses, and asses, to say nothing of other four-footed animals, are committed. It is a bare edifice, the only ornament being an elaborate side altar erected by the *cacique* for the salvation of his soul, which is said to stand rather in need of special attention owing to accidents inseparable from the making of a fortune. Happily for his future state the altar is quite a

high-class affair, boasting far more tinsel and glass than the main altar, and served by candles of superior size.

On a little plateau slightly below the church is the Plaza de la Constitución. The careful observer will be a little puzzled to find that the plaza has three names. Half-obliterated on the right-hand side as you come out of the church is the old title, Plaza Mayor, dating from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. On the left is the more modern title of Plaza de la Libertad put up in the days when some echo of Salemeron's republican rule spread across the sierras to far Doquiera. Then, when the monarchy was restored, the proud title of Plaza de la Constitución was affixed to one of the square's unoccupied corners, but the authorities lacked either the time or the energy to remove the old names. If the republic should come back the second title will serve, and if some new and unexpected form of government obtain in Spain, there is still an unoccupied corner to serve for the plaza's rechristening.

The plaza is planted with pepper trees—male trees on one side and female trees on the other—and at certain times of the year, when the rainfall has been generous, their stunted little trunks seem to make up their minds to achieve distinction. But the effort is too much for them: the rain passes, and the sun returns, and the trees shrivel back to insignificance.

Prominent on one side of the plaza is the *alcaldia* or town hall. Doquiera would promptly take up arms against the rest of Spain if the Government sought to lay violent hands upon her town hall. Our village is not so famous in the annals of Spain as the little village of Móstoles, near Madrid, whose *alcalde*, be it remembered, declared war against Napoleon; but within the memory of man Doquiera picked a quarrel with another village lying behind the

sierra's spur far away to the right as you look across the plaza from the steps of the church, and she sent more than fifty braves armed with *navajas* and sticks to do battle on her behalf. Doubtless she would have covered herself with glory had she been a little quicker about the business, but mobilization takes some time in Doquiera, and the driver of the *coche* told the authorities of the big provincial town twenty miles away, with the result that twenty stalwarts of the Guardia Civil were waiting on the *prado* to avert a civil war. Disgust was universal, but the situation was saved. For the captain of the guards informed the *alcalde* of each village that if hostilities were resumed the provincial governor would fine each village, and, to make matters worse, would raise the rate on *consumos* (food-stuffs) until the fine was paid. The hottest blood cooled at the thought of such a catastrophe.

But the *alcaldia* is very sacred. It holds a number of bare whitewashed rooms with a desk and a chair here and there, and sometimes an empty cupboard that may serve some useful purpose in years to come. Nobody quite knows the office hours or the duties associated with the *alcaldia*. But the *alcalde* himself has a pair of black whiskers which are an honour to the whole province, and he moves as though conscious that the governing circles of far-away Madrid regard his procedure with an anxious eye, and he talks as if the burden of the whole Spanish Empire lay heavily upon his broad shoulders.

Facing the *alcaldia* across the plaza is the modest mansion of the village aristocrat, the *casa señorial*, built centuries ago, with a ponderous escutcheon over the carved doorway and a wonderful knocker wrought in iron matched by a no less beautiful lock admitting a key more than a foot long. The *rejas* protecting the lower windows are of rare beauty, but

no *caballero* is ever seen to stand in front of one. Doquiera holds no man fit to mate with the lady of the house, who lives with her brother in semi-regal state on an income that hardly amounts to fifteen shillings a week. The blue-blooded couple are kind and courteous to one and all, but they dwell in a world apart, on intimate terms with nobody, their only companion, beyond the old couple who serve them, being poverty. Even the *cacique* abates his normal attitude of bluster and forgets his importance when D. Felipe Guzmán or Doña Serafina are abroad, and while they do not demand humility from others, they accept it as their due. All the *cacique's* riches, which, although they fall very far below the popular estimate, are not inconsiderable, cannot purchase him admittance to the *casa señorial*, and so it happens that when he walks on that side of the plaza he lowers his proud look.

The only other house on the plaza that calls for notice here is the *casa del cura*, the home of the parish priest. He is a kindly soul, and enters intimately into the life of the parish, a welcome guest in every house, for Doquiera knows nothing of atheism or free-thought. His *ama* or housekeeper is no longer young and is well favoured—too well favoured, it is said, to be the companion of one who is vowed to celibacy. But she has a good heart, a discreet tongue, a helping hand, and a pleasant smile, and the worst that is said in Doquiera is that the *cura* is a "man like any other".

Much to its regret Doquiera has no Plaza de Toros, but every year when the *feria* comes round the last day is given to a bull-fight. It is a very crude affair, and is celebrated in the plaza which has been barricaded on all sides. Nothing but a bull-fight would lead to the accomplishment of so much hard work as is entailed by the erection of these barricades, and as Doquiera is too poor to use full-grown

bulls, *becerros* (young bulls about fifteen months old) are exposed to the clumsy assault of a *cuadrilla* that seems to have been recruited from the gutter. A local *ganadero* armed with an unpointed pole takes the place of the *picador;* there is no money to spend on horses, although the poor beasts slaughtered to make a Spanish holiday can be bought for a pound apiece. The *banderilleros* are amateurs; he who can place "half a pair" in the *becerro's* quivering shoulders is accounted skilful. The *diestro* himself will make half a dozen attempts to get the *espada* home, and when the populace that throngs the barriers and has been recruited from neighbouring villages feels that the master of the sword requires assistance, the barriers are stormed and the poor *becerro* falls under a score of knives. It is a bloody and disgusting spectacle, but it provides a use for the *alcaldia*, whose windows are crowded by the mayor's friends, and from the balcony of the *casa señorial*, decorated on this high occasion with the ancestral tapestries, Don Felipe Guzmán and his sister sit in state, their two servants respectfully behind them—the woman sitting down—and survey the scene with no expression of emotion. It is just a part of the life they have known since first they assumed the heavy burden of the *sangre azul.* In their own fashion they are as friendless as the poor tortured *becerro* in the plaza at their feet.

Even uglier than the *corrida de toros* is the *corrida de gallos* in which all the local horsemen compete. Three parts down the centre of the plaza two poles are stuck up and a thin cord stretched taut between them about twelve feet above the ground. From this cord half a dozen fowls are suspended by the legs. The *caballeros* on their small ponies race from the far end of the plaza, and as they pass underneath the cord endeavour to wring the head off one of these living fowls. The

poor birds, as though conscious of what awaits them, endeavour to tuck their head under their wing; but the *cabellero's* eye is keen and his hand is strong and steady, and one after another they turn their ponies and gallop back with the bloody head in one hand while the still moving carcass remains suspended to the cord. And yet the men who do this hideous thing, and those who applaud their skill, are kindly folk, who work hard, are good to their wives and children, and fulfil their duties to Church and State. Such sports as these are quite beyond our comprehension; we can only be devoutly thankful that they make no appeal to us.

Happily the *feria* has a brighter side and more innocent amusement. The greased pole that was once familiar to those who visited the fairs in rural England is always in evidence in Doquiera, and children as well as men endeavour to climb it in competition for the prizes of money or a ham, provided by subscription, of which the State, represented by the *alcalde*, the Church, and the *cacique* have given a liberal part. There is also a small firework display, sometimes associated with trifling accidents.

But the *feria*, with its curious mixture of revolting and harmless amusement, only occupies the plaza for one week out of fifty-two. Throughout the rest of the year it is Doquiera's market-place, and the market folk are very early afield. The most of the merchandise is displayed upon the ground; the butcher is almost the only man who boasts a stall made of a few boards stretched across trestles. Once a week he has fresh beef for sale, on other days his patrons are content with mutton or goat's flesh. The fact that no *consumo* is levied on sheep or goats doubtless serves to give their meat an added flavour to the thrifty Spanish housewife, for beef carries a tax.

Round the corner, by Doquiera's village church, and consequently in the full odour of sanctity, the *taberna* raises its modest head. Early in the morning the wreath of smoke, rising straight up through windless air to the blue vault above, tells that the *ama* is cooking the little cakes of egg and flour that Doquiera will eat with its morning's chocolate, and already in the bar parlour men are fortifying themselves against the day's toil with the *copita de aguardiente* that costs a ha'penny, and in their brief moments of leisure they discuss affairs of Church and State, life and death, and the world to come, as gravely and to no less purpose than if they were philosophers, each boasting the degree of a learned university and the authorship of half a dozen works that nobody reads. There is not a man in all Doquiera who does not know that he has all the panaceas for his country's troubles in his brain.

As the sun moves up from the east, sprinkling the white walls with burning violet shadows, the little group round the *taberna* disperses. The market women gather what is left of their wares and betake themselves to their homes or seek a few minutes' shelter in the cool silence of the church. Peace settles upon Doquiera's plaza and lays a light hand upon the streets surrounding it. Even the birds cease their song; only a few gaunt and hungry fowls wander to and fro like Apollyon of old seeking what they may devour. Doquiera is not idle, but its men have gone to the field, to woo the means of living from the rich, ill-tended soil; the women are already preparing the evening meal, and in the bare, whitewashed schoolhouse the *maestro* is imparting some of his scanty store of knowledge to his indifferent flock of boys and girls. He enforces no discipline nor do the children give him much trouble. The school inspector may make an occasional visit, but he can only come by the

coche; he must book his seat a day before he sets out, and the driver is an old friend of the *maestro.* Even if the inspector should be young and energetic, a contingency so remote that it may be disregarded, the *maestro* need do no more than point to the fact that his salary is in arrear and the inspector will accept a cigarette, shrug his shoulders and accompany the "educator of youth" to the *taberna*, where over two ha'penny glasses of *aguardiente* the worthy men will evolve a new and perfect system of education to take effect when the inspector has been appointed to be Minister of Education, and the schoolmaster has been promoted to be rector of a University.

The only shopkeeper of importance in Doquiera is the grocer, a man of repute, who is "agin the Government," though he probably does not know why. It is likely that he felt the necessity of being opposed to something, if only to show his independence, and in the eyes of the local patriot Government exists to act as a target for grievances. Between the *cacique* and the grocer there is a rivalry that only death can end. Doquiera's grocer is a diplomat, and if there were a Ministry for Grocery in the Spanish Cabinet he knows that he would be asked to accept the portfolio. His diplomacy enables him to oppose the *cacique*, who is the recognized political agent of the Government in Doquiera, and yet to retain his agency for the *Banco de España*, and bank the little savings of his patrons. He calls himself *tendero*—but this is a very elastic term in Spain, and in this case includes banking, the sale of toys, clothes, food-stuffs, and the still more profitable practice of usury. Doquiera has very little money, and its purchases are made on the most modest scale imaginable. But the grocer wears a prosperous smile and raises a large family in comparative comfort. It may be that some change in the Ministry will

help him to the *cacique's* place, or that some higher appointment will tempt the *cacique* to a big provincial town, satisfied with the reflection that the altar in Doquiera's church remains to atone for past *pecadillos*, and that the profit of a new job will pay for the erection of yet another, in expiation of offences to come.

The *estanco* sells tobacco in Doquiera together with postage-stamps and lottery tickets under the auspices of the company that buys the tobacco monopoly from the Government. Here one may realize the amazing truth which larger cities enforce: the truth that there are no good cigars in Spain. The very best cigar Doquiera can offer is not very much worse than the best that is to be purchased in Cadiz or Saragossa. In Madrid or Barcelona a really good cigar may be bought, though even there the price is higher than the quality. The best products of Havana go to London, Paris, and New York. Like the rest of the world of Spain, Doquiera scorns the pipe, but for such a little village its consumption of cigarettes is enormous. Those who can afford to buy cigarettes can get from four to six for a penny; but the general practice among the poor is to buy tobacco and roll the cigarettes for themselves. You will hunt in vain through Doquiera for a man whose first finger is not stained a permanent yellow with nicotine. The tobacconist is a woman, one of the widows left by the Spanish-American War. Throughout the country these small billets have been given by the Government to widows, who must relinquish them if they marry again. They do not marry again, but one would hesitate to affirm that all their lives are barren of domestic bliss.

Doquiera has its café or casino, quite distinct from the *taberna*, and far removed from the Plaza de la Constitución. It is a pleasant place with tiny marble-topped tables that

may have had quite a good colour in years long gone by, and towards the evening it is well patronized by all classes of the community, including the Guardia from the little barracks. Here one may meet the apothecary, surely a lineal descendant of him who burnt Don Quixote's godless books, a learned man, and one who has helped the doctor to keep Doquiera's population within reasonable limits. His shop is not well equipped according to modern ideas, but such simples as he boasts are compounded with as much care as he thinks the case demands, and as several sick people have been known to use his medicines and recover, he is not without a reputation. His position is greatly strengthened by his wife, who is the grocer's eldest daughter, and the two, representing as they do the ripe fruit of science and commerce, claim a considerable social position in the village. In the café one meets the telegraph operator, for Doquiera has lately come into communication with the outer world, though it must be confessed that the village wire seldom troubles the junction lying miles away across the brown sierra. But in the worthy operator one sees the instrument by which under Providence Spain is enabled to keep in touch with Doquiera's progress, and when telegraphist, apothecary, his faithful ally the doctor, and the schoolmaster are assembled together, Doquiera waits upon their wisdom and profits by it, for, let it be known to every man, these worthies have taken all knowledge to be their province, and nothing in the heaven above or earth beneath or the waters under the earth, can escape from the all-circling net of their intelligence.

In Doquiera there are no weekday amusements save once a year when the *feria* reigns supreme, but on Sunday while one generation prays in the church, a younger generation plays *pelota* against the church wall. That which would be

a scandal of the first dimension in this country is accepted almost without comment in Spain. The *pelota* of the children is little more than a game of ball, not unlike the English game of fives; but the real *pelota* is also played against the church wall, while service is being celebrated within, by men who care more for physical than spiritual exercise. Those who stand half-way between spiritual and worldly things, too lax to go and listen to the *cura*, too devout to play *pelota*, compound with their conscience by watching the game. If Doquiera were situated in Navarre or the Basque Provinces, the *pelota* players would have their own wall (*frontón*) set up in a field, away from the shadow of the church, but in these northern provinces the betting would assume very formidable dimensions, while in Doquiera, although the wagering is brisk, the money lost is small. On Sunday afternoons the girls who have been in the church in the morning meet the boys who were playing outside, and the young couples stroll to and fro along the plaza, where many vows are made and perhaps a few are broken. Sometimes from the balcony of the *casa señorial* Doña Serafina may be seen watching the procession of youth, beauty, and happiness. Can the knowledge that hers is the true *sangre azul*, unstained by a single drop of plebeian admixture, console the poor creature for standing so high above, so far beyond the life around her? *Quién sabe?* Perhaps the *cura*, who receives all the secrets of that distorted life under the seal of the confessional.

Hitherto we have wandered amid the rank and fashion of Doquiera. We have hardly ventured beyond the Plaza de la Constitución, save to visit men of mark in the village. Now let us venture into the lower quarters where the poor thrive as best they may on the weekly wage of seven or eight shillings earned by the master of the *tapia* hut that

passes for home. It is hardly necessary to explain why Doquiera has not yet had time to master the elements of sanitary science, and the result of local indifference to hygiene is revealed by the high death-rate in fashion which it seems best to leave wholly undescribed. The narrow allies between the hovels of sun-dried clay are the happy hunting-ground of thin chickens, aggressive pigs, and the loveliest little dirty children in the world. In the cool of the evening every hut seems to dismiss its inhabitants to a place where the pavement ought to be. Men and women who look to be of a very great age but are probably younger than they look, create a mild astonishment in the mind of the passer who cannot quite understand how people have managed to live so long in such unsavoury surroundings; women give their lately born infants their evening meal; children play happily in the dirt unquestioned and unrebuked; the tired father of the house whose slender earnings support parents as well as wife and children toils painfully from the fields to eat his simple supper and recover his spirits. The pitcher, full of grape juice, is brought to the doorway, and if the *alcalde*, the apothecary, the priest or the schoolmaster should pass, he will be invited to taste the contents. The most careless traveller, coming from a land full of pavements and main-drains, will realize that a spirit of happiness, not inferior to anything he has ever known, has taken up its abode in these squalid alleys and that save for death and the tax-collector the people have few troubles.

Let us ask permission to enter the home of the sturdy vine-dresser who just passed us with a civil good-night. The door is low and admits to a living-room leading in its turn to a kitchen through whose big, bell-shaped chimney inquisitive stars are peeping down upon the faggots from the

vineyard that our friend has just placed on the smoking straw, a couple of pots (*pucheros*) are simmering and giving out their pleasant suggestion of the national dish awaiting a hungry man. Under the living-room is the cellar reached by a trap-door, and here, in huge earthenware, tar-lined jars (*tinajas*), is the goodman's store of wine. It is made in simplest fashion possible. Ripe grapes are thrown into the vessel. Honey is added to sweeten it, lime to clear it, and a few weeks after fermentation the wine can be drawn off into the pigskins, quite clear and ready for use, if it be intended for home consumption. Returning to the living-room on our way to the street, we may notice the ladder-like staircase leading to the bedrooms in which young and old must herd together.

In all Doquiera there is but a single house of any pretension below the plaza. It stands in one of the alleys on the site of half a dozen hovels that have been cleared away; it is four-square and hideous, with green wooden shutters, and built round a patio in which nothing was ever known to thrive. Here the *cacique* dwells on the site of the hovel in which he was born, one of ten children, of whom he is the sole survivor. He is now past the prime of life, but keen-eyed and keen-witted, owner of much surrounding land and considerable interests in the provincial city to which the *coche* makes its daily progress. He has a wife from a far province who has no part or parcel in Doquiera's social life. How she lives in that squalid quarter that has for her no sentimental associations, is a mystery of which there is no solution. She is said to have two sons but they are away studying at one of the Universities. Friends she has none; the Church is her only bond of union with the life around her. And the *cacique* himself, grave, self-controlled and scheming to the last, does he find consolation for all he

has done to establish his present position in the thought that he has substituted an ugly house for a picturesque mud hovel, and amassed money for his children to spend? This is yet another of the secrets that Doquiera refuses to reveal.

BESIDE THE NORIA, OR MOORISH WATER WHEEL

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. BERTODANO

CHAPTER XVIII

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY-SIDE

ALTHOUGH this chapter sets out another aspect of Spanish life, its story still lingers round Doquiera, where the toil and travail of the day assume many varied aspects. Our village is fortunate beyond the most that lie in little white heaps upon the sierra, like the tiny white eggs on an ant-hill. For some of the land around the village belongs to the villagers themselves. The plots are small—small as those that the Italian labourer builds up with so much labour and love in terraces along the mountain-side. But the produce of each little holding suffices, though not too fully, to keep the pangs of hunger from some *tapia* hovel of the kind we have visited, and out of the labourer's long day in the field comes the wherewithal to purchase the pig whose precious limbs hang smoked from the ceiling, whilst some of the less distinguished parts of his corpulent body have been treated in manner known best to the Spanish housewife, and stand in covered jars upon the kitchen shelf or in the cellar. In the cellar, too, the tar-lined earthenware vats, filled with the pure juice of the grape, are replenished out of the proceeds of labour on the small plot, which, although it may be scattered and one part may be half an hour from another, would not, if put all together, cover a couple of acres. In Doquiera there is no agrarian problem. Less fortunate country districts have a landowner who employs all the available male labour in the neighbour-

hood, paying no better wages than will suffice to keep body and soul on terms of acquaintance rather than intimacy. In such parts any small plot belonging to a labouring man must be worked by his wife, and when we remember that it may be half an hour's walk from the village, and that she must look after her house and her children in the intervals of toiling under a blazing sun, it is not hard to understand why the infantile mortality is so high. And yet the instinct of the Spaniard to have a definite interest of his own, however small, is always in evidence. In parts of Spain where the poor man is landless, in such districts, for instance, as parts of Soria and the Batuecos, which are said to be as poverty-stricken as any corner of Europe, the Spaniard contrives to keep a pig and a few fowls, one and all as gaunt and hungry as himself. He must be hard pressed at times to provide the very meagre allowance necessary to keep them alive. But they serve to suggest to him a feeling of comparative independence, and he would deem himself an outcast if he had no live stock at all.

In Doquiera there are but three landlords who employ labour. The *cacique* is one, and of course the largest; *longo intervallo*, the grocer follows; the last of the men of means and mark is the *forastero*, a stranger who recently started a small *huerta*, and has had the amazing presumption to import new-fangled agricultural implements all the way from Barcelona—implements that no priest has ever blessed, presumably because they were invented by the devil. To make matters worse, and still further to show his indifference to honourable and established custom, the *forastero* bottles his wine though everybody in Doquiera knows that wine in bottles is never worth drinking. Even the *cacique* and the grocer would not venture upon the modern road that the *forastero*, who comes from across the

plains, travels over so gaily, and one regrets to add so profitably. Small wonder if when some of Doquiera's most pious women-folk pass the *forastero* on the plaza, they avert their heads and make the sign of the cross, suspecting that he is no better than an atheist.

Let us pay a visit to the *huerta* of one of Doquiera's husbandmen—a tall, lean, sunburnt man, extremely shabby, prematurely aged by toil but very well contented with his lot in life. Perhaps as the result of his labours on some acre and a half of land he earns the equivalent of two pounds a month, perhaps twenty-five pounds a year. Of this modest sum not more than six pounds will be in cash, derived from the sale of some five or six pigskins of wine, sold in March or April before the tax-collector makes his annual call. The trifle that the tax-collector leaves behind him will go to buy the family clothes and such groceries as cannot be secured through the medium of the system of barter that will be presently explained.

Our friend, known in Doquiera as Tio Paco, though his baptismal name is Francisco Jose Sanchez y Perez, divides his *huerta* into several parts. There is the small vegetable garden in which he raises potatoes, beans, peas, onions, garlic, lettuces, and cucumbers, all of which require careful and constant watering. On a patch apart he grows the *garbanzos* which have learnt to thrive on a dry soil. Beyond this vegetable garden—around which a few fruit-trees are scattered—we come to a small *olivar* or olive orchard containing a score of gnarled veterans whose produce in a good year is quite remarkable. The age of the trees would suggest that they were supplying Doquiera with olives in the far-off days when Christopher Columbus was explaining his hopes, in vain, to Ferdinand and Isabella, and doubtless it is only antiquity that has robbed the fruit of most of its

quality. When the fruit is ripe Tio Paco takes it to a friend who has an olive press, and in payment of his friend's services leaves an agreed measure of the oil behind. The olives from which the oil has been extracted are given to the pig, and any surplus goes on to the land as manure. If Tio Paco should grow wheat under his olive-trees, he takes the harvest to the miller who grinds it for him on similar terms to those exacted by the owner of the oil press, and the flour then goes to the baker who keeps back a certain proportion in return for his task of turning the bulk into loaves. It will be seen that money does not often change hands in Doquiera.

Beyond the *olivar* is the *viña* (vineyard) looking of course to the south. The vines are very old, and straggle over the ground in fashion that would shock a Frenchman from the Midi, but it must be remembered that the dreaded phylloxera has never acquired a strong foothold in Spain, and although the opinion is fairly general both in France and Germany that the Spaniard entrusts his vineyards to Providence, the belief is not altogether well founded, or it is at least founded upon incomplete knowledge. To be sure, the *cura* blesses Tio Paco's vineyard every year, and for anything the writer knows to the contrary, this blessing may avail to keep the phylloxera away. But our friend is aware that if he wishes to handle one hundred and fifty pesetas and face the tax-gatherer with confidence, he must leave nothing to luck or even to the good services of the *cura*. All through the day at critical seasons of the year he labours among his vines, and if he cannot treat them in strictly modern fashion or give them the chemical dressing so necessary in Germany and France, the wine is no worse on this account. In the last-named countries the ravages of the phylloxera have weakened the vines to such an extent that these dressings are absolutely necessary.

Tio Paco has both red and white grapes in his vineyard, the former supremely sour, the latter delightfully sweet. When vintage approaches Tio Paco's neighbours come to his assistance and he goes to theirs. Each man knows that it would be impossible to harvest the grapes unaided, and although our friend has been the father of twelve children only five survive, and of these only one—Paquito—is old enough to help in the fields. Sometimes Tio Paco hires a little assistance, and two or three women may be seen labouring in his *viña*. But no money changes hands: he pays for their services with some corn or wine or oil which will serve perhaps to replenish the store of a family that can only hope to face the winter with the aid of occasions like these.

If you go very carefully through our friend's *huerta*, you will find in some unfrequented corner one or two tobacco plants whose white flowers are obliging enough to lose the greater part of their insistence under the blaze of light that falls upon them. It may be doubted whether in any year Tio Paco can collect as much as a quarter of a pound of tobacco from this secret storehouse. He knows too that if one of the *guarda montes* were to see the tobacco plants there would be trouble, associated with a considerable fine if not with imprisonment. But Tio Paco is a sportsman and a sufficiently good Spaniard to hate the Government. So the tobacco plants persist, and year after year the worthy man smokes a few cigarettes of his own making, or even gives a small handful to the *guarda monte* who, being a civil man, not averse from the good things of life, accepts it with a smile that speaks volumes.

We must turn aside for a moment to say a few kindly words about Tio Paco's friend, the *guarda monte*, and explain why he happens to exist. Beyond the area of the

cultivated land the country belongs to the Government. On the mountain-sides clad with oak and pine up to the point at which the ilex-trees begin, there is plenty of valuable timber, and there are partridges and rabbits. The last named may be shot in due season by those who have a licence, and it is the *guarda monte's* business, in theory at least, to see that the close season is observed and that every sportsman has taken out a licence. The *guarda* must also see that trees are not cut down, and his task is the more responsible one because the village folk are so careless. They have quite a bad memory for close seasons; they really have no money to pay for licences. Then again there are times when they are short of fuel and are apt to forget that some useful tree within easy distance of the *huerta* is Government property. On other occasions there will be a great demand for fish, and somebody may have a little bit of explosive that will save all need for a long trial of the angler's skill. It is not difficult to see that the contingencies likely to arise provide ample occupation for the two *guarda montes* attached to the district who really work very hard for their very small pay.

Spain is essentially a land of concessions. The *guarda montes* must justify their existence but have no occasion to be too brutal in the exercise of their office. They must be diplomatic too, else how are they to deal with their old friend the *cura*, who was never known to purchase a game licence but who never goes walking without his gunstick and does not take count of the season when his good *ama* tells him that the pot is crying aloud for a partridge or a rabbit? The *guarda monte* cannot take official cognizance of any irregularities, but he may drop a friendly word to the *cura* to say that on the morrow, or the day following, his duties will take him in a certain direction, and the *cura* is

quick enough to gather that it is quite safe to go in another. In the same way the *guarda monte* would not tolerate the existence of a tobacco plantation on any *huerta*, but if a man likes to grow two or three modest tobacco plants in some retired spot, the *guarda monte* will make a few cigarettes out of part of the produce, and console himself, if consolation be necessary, with the pleasant thought that it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Many of the *guarda montes* in remote Spanish villages, of which Doquiera is a tithe, are friends of the poor. They have intimate knowledge of the bitterness of the struggle for life, and if a hungry man should help himself to a rabbit or partridge out of season and without a licence, it is more than likely that nothing will be said unless the words take the form of a hint to be more careful in future. If, on the other hand, men who have no excuse for poverty raid the Government lands, the *guarda monte* will prove a very tough customer. For he carries a carbine, has the right to use it at discretion, and finds the weight of a weapon that is seldom used very trying to his arm and his patience. It must not be imagined that the authorities in Madrid are altogether in ignorance of the conditions prevailing on the country-side, or that they would alter them very materially if they could. To live and let live is the Government policy in dealing with the village folk who endure poverty so cheerfully and give little or no trouble to the authorities. If they were political agitators their lot in life would be altogether harder.

Returning to Tio Paco's *huerta* for a last look round, we shall find that he has a small plantation of well-tended fig-trees which yield an abundance of fine fruit in due season. By the time the figs are fully ripe, the pigs that have been allowed to roam at will over the mountain-side, where the

goats are also grazing, are being brought in for fattening against the great day of Todos los Santos, and the ravages of dysentery and infantile cholera are checked to some very small extent by the practice of giving the bulk of the unsound fruit to the pigs. The rest of his harvest is dried by Tio Paco who disposes of the store to the grocer in exchange for sugar, chocolate and salt, and the grocer in his turn packs the figs carefully to send them to some big city where they will command a ready sale. It will be seen that with the exception of the wine no part of Tio Paco's produce is paid for in cash, and it may be in a very good year Tio Paco will barter one *tinaja* of wine in the village, and by so doing both parties to the bargain will avoid the *consumo*, which is only levied on goods bought and sold in the ordinary way of business. There is little occasion to wonder that Tio Paco, for all his hard work and relative prosperity, never becomes a rich man. Year in, year out he labours, but it must be a prosperous year indeed in which he can carry fifty pesetas to the grocer for investment against the night that comes wherein no man may work. He tells you over a cigarette and a *copa de aguardiente* how he has worked his land for four and twenty years, and he confesses that he is well satisfied with the result of his labours. Doquiera regards him as one of the prosperous, speaks of him as though he were a capitalist, and yet it is unlikely that out of the produce of nearly a quarter century of labour Tio Paco has saved as much as twenty pounds. Happily for Doquiera this is wealth. Not many a Spanish village of such dimensions can boast a labourer who has put by as much, and this small fortune has only been amassed by dint of hard labour all day and nearly every day throughout the year.

Night comes in fascinating guise to Doquiera which

knows little light save that of oil lamps and stars. The village is not given to dissipation, the hours spent in the fields are too long and too arduous, the hour of rising too small and the cost of oil too large. The crudest of crude olive oil, the kind of thing that Tio Paco extracts from his time-worn *olivar*, serves to feed the lamps which shine fitfully from the huts of the labourers, and the reek of the oil does not add to the attraction of the living-room. The café and the *taberna* boast nothing better than smoky lights, and this religious dimness may account for the fact that patrons leave so soon. Even at the less busy season of the year, when all Doquiera has gone to bed, the *sereno* keeps watch and ward over the guiltless streets. He is a very old man and carries a horn lantern in one hand and a spear in the other. An agile lad of fourteen could deprive him of both, but in all the years of his ill-paid duty he can recall no exciting moment, save when a volume of smoke issuing from the *taberna* warned him that something had caught fire. For many months afterwards his promptitude was acknowledged in *copitas de aguardiente*, and since that time Doquiera has slept peacefully, conscious that no evil can approach its dwellings. The peaceful sleeping can only be acquired with some difficulty and patience by the visitors of Doquiera, because it is part of the *sereno's* duty to record the passing of the night and take upon himself the labours of the meteorological office. It is also seemly for him to start the recitals with which he shatters the silence of the night-hour by an invocation to the Virgin. *Ave Maria Santésima. Las doce son, y serena.* The cry lingers in our ears long after time and place have combined to remove it and brings Spain back as surely as the call of the flower-sellers or the scent of the market-place, or the sight of the road to

the Plaza de Toros on a Sunday afternoon. These return to us in the mirage of dreams and wake us with a sense of regret to the truth that we are not in Spain. In all Doquiera nothing emphasizes the old-world life and mood so definitely as the *sereno's* cry.

There is one other cry, almost as old-fashioned as the *sereno's*, far less agreeable to hear, and having its origin in some forgotten century. This is a cry in which all the youth of the village join eagerly when it is announced that some widow, instead of resting content with the memory of the beloved departed, has decided to take to herself a second husband. Doquiera would not excite itself if one of its few widowers were to take the risk of a second wife, but when the proprietress of the *estanco* decided not so very long ago to change her state (gossips said she did no more than regulate it), Doquiera was wildly excited. The good widow gave up a comfortable little position to marry her *querido*—none other than the *forastero* to whose farm reference was made on an earlier page. She was quite popular in the village, but the whole sentiment of rural Spain is opposed to the marriage of widows, perhaps because men, being in a minority, the number of spinsters must be thereby increased. On the night when Doña Dolores was re-wedded, Doquiera's youth armed with tin cans, kettles, whistles, and every noise-producing instrument they could think of, serenaded the *forastero's* farm a little way beyond the village, and shouted extremely ribald verses taught by the local rhyme-maker and sung to a *jota*. All this procedure associated with the *cencerrada* is strictly *sin malicia*, i.e. harmless, and though the *forastero* and the buxom lady of his choice were doubtless considerably disturbed and not a little vexed, they were wise enough to take no offence at the interruption. In fact, before the score or more of village

roysterers had sung their indecent rhymes half a dozen times over, the *forastero's* head-man Pablo made his way from the kitchen with a big pitcher of wine which was handed round to the serenaders and the *guardia civil* who had accompanied them in the interests of law and order. The little timely gift changed the whole mood of the company; the offensive verses were dropped, the *jota* resumed its proper words, the only shouts were those of *olé* (bravo!), and the small company straggled back under the stars to mud huts and well-earned repose.

Another form of serenade practised in Doquiera, and of course in every Spanish village, is the Christmas carol. For a few nights before Christmas little children go from house to house singing to the tune of some familiar *jota* lines associated with the Story of the Nativity. He must be poor indeed who cannot spare a trifle for these young serenaders, and though money is very scarce in Doquiera, sweets and fruit are always given, and the babies, to whom such luxuries come rarely, look forward throughout the year to the nights when their simple songs will be welcomed by those who in some respects are childlike as themselves. Kindness to children in Spain is as universal as cruelty to animals.

We must be leaving Doquiera soon now, but before following the road elsewhere it is only right to mention the great rural procession of the year, taken at the time of the *feria*, to bring to Doquiera the effigy of the local virgin, "la de la Sangre," from her resting-place in the old convent that stands five miles away on a spur of the sierra. To bring the saint to the church all Doquiera takes holiday, and rambles slowly at its ease over the dry sandy ways leading to the hills. The occasion is almost a picnic: the men carry their *bota*, the women's baskets are filled with

tortillas and fruit. All work on the *huerta* is suspended, and Doquiera seems to be left in charge of the few decrepit old folk who are unfit to take the journey. In his heart of hearts it may be that Doquiera's *santo padre* feels that his fourteen stone of weight distributed over a height of five feet five inches was never intended for a ten-mile journey, but he makes the best of it, and tramps along happily, like Falstaff of old, "larding the lean earth as he walks along". When he reaches the last *huerta* on the path —that of his affluent friend the *forastero*, he asks for a mule; it is his annual request and is always granted, and for the rest of the day his fatigue is forgotten. He has been seen on the way back, when the mule has been restored to its master, moving rather unsteadily before the effigy of the Virgin, but it will be remembered that King David himself danced before the ark, and it may be that the *padre cura* does no more than seek to imitate the historic example. Let us remember too that the day has been hot and the journey long, and that every *bota* has been offered to the *santo padre* whose thirst is inexhaustible. After all it is an annual holiday, and if the worthy little man needs a friendly arm or two to help him up the hill leading into Doquiera, there is no lack of aid, and men say with satisfaction that their *cura* is human like themselves and consequently liable to err.

The procession is always attended by the *guardia civil*, and though the effigy is carried by men, it is the women whose state of ecstasy is remarkable. The most of them are united in a sisterhood that works during the year to make a new and splendid cloak for the Virgen de la Sangre. Doña Serafina, from the *casa señorial*, is the moving spirit of this sisterhood; all her wasted womanhood seems to be stimulated by the occasion, and she turns an indulgent eye

IN RURAL ANDALUSIA—THE RIVAL TO THE TRAIN

upon the accompanying spirit of revelry in which she takes no part. Although the whole journey does not cover more than ten miles, evening has arrived before the last stragglers join the procession outside the village and the effigy reaches the Plaza de la Constitución to an accompaniment of lanterns and torches, past the pig-strewn, malodorous alleys and little by-ways in which late fowls and inquisitive goats manage to get in everybody's way, though perhaps the fault is not altogether theirs. With all befitting solemnity the effigy is carried to the front of the high altar. Doquiera's best candles are lighted to do honour to the occasion, and the effigy rests in peace until the following morning brings the hour of the official procession. For nine days following the state procession a service is held in her honour every afternoon and then she is carried back again to her convent. No universal holiday marks the return journey. The men of Doquiera remember that they must work for the right to live, and they leave to their women-folk the honour of accompanying their *santo padre* and the *guardia civil.*

CHAPTER XIX

LOTTERIES IN SPAIN

BEFORE you have been very long in Madrid, your first slumbers may be disturbed one night just before twelve o'clock by one of the city's most significant street cries.

"Sale mañana!" cries some hoarse voice under your window if you chance to sleep in a room that looks out over the street and not over the patio; "Mañana sale"—with the last syllable long-drawn out, as if the crier wished to stretch it into the coming day—"quién quiere la suerte?"

(The draw takes place to-morrow. Who's looking for luck?)

The voice passes slowly down a street, wholly silent to its appeal.

"Tengo el gordo" (I hold the lucky number); the solitary voice is making its closing appeal, and the tone is one that does not suggest much association with good luck.

These last words are just audible as you turn back to your pillow with an uneasy feeling that you and fortune have come together for a moment like ships that pass in the night, and that the blind lady is moving perhaps for all time beyond your ken. But do not despair. Yet another ten days and the same quavering cry shall seek, this time in vain, to summon you to complete wakefulness. You will reflect that if the poor crier of the roadway really held the

prize, he would be comfortably in bed as you are, and would not be crying through the blind night for one to rid him of the burden of his riches. If you were to say as much to him, meeting him in the street and noting his lean, impoverished appearance and the rags that cling to him, seemingly more by accident than design, I do not think he would argue with you; he would merely shuffle off flat-footed over the hard pavement, and the long-drawn call, "Sale mañana! Tengo el gordo!" would baffle you as surely as it consoles him. Who knows? May not to-morrow's *sorteo* hold for him the good fortune that so many years have denied; may not the stone that you have rejected become the headstone of the corner? Are there not stories current throughout the length and the breadth of Spain of men who, in the last hours of the night before the *sorteo*, have bought a tenth of a ticket, or perhaps two-tenths, from one of these shadowy, poverty-stricken *ambulantes* who has vanished into the night leaving them rich beyond the dreams of avarice? Is not the choice of a ticket hedged round with more superstition than the choice of a number on the green baize playing-ground of Monte Carlo's salle de jeu? Every Spaniard knows that there are certain *ambulantes* who "carry luck"—generally at the expense of some physical deformity; they have paid for their capacity as Wotan paid for worldly wisdom with the loss of one eye, though in this connexion there are some who are heard to say that this was just Wotan's story, and that some domestic disagreement with his angry wife must have been the real cause of his loss.

The lottery system has eaten into the heart of Spain. In all probability it arose through the State recognition that private lotteries were a source of immense profit to those associated with them. They pandered to the gambling

spirit that is inherent in man, while, handled with care and honesty, they promised a very considerable addition to State revenues. To-day Spain holds thirty-six lotteries in the year; the tickets are issued in Madrid and sent broadcast into the country; the *sorteo* is held in the capital, in the Casa de la Moneda or Mint, and the drawings are entrusted to some child from the Orphan Asylum [1] who may generally rely upon the life patronage of the fortunate ticket-holder who draws a first prize, or to a handsome gift if the prize be shared by many competitors. Numbers, corresponding to each lottery ticket, are printed on little white balls and thrown into a huge wire cage which revolves rapidly. In the presence of the Board of Administration and other officials who are on the platform, and of a large body of the general public in the hall, the numbers are drawn and telegraphed all over Spain. Those Englishmen who look askance at the lottery and rejoice to think that we have nothing of the kind in England, would do well to remember that the "Extra Special Edition" with its tipsters' selections and latest news from Newmarket and other racing centres finds no counterpart in Spain, so that our superiority to our neighbours is more apparent than real. The lottery impoverishes the country, but it may be doubted whether it does so quite as cruelly as horse-racing impoverishes a considerable class in England, and the large profits made by the State which taxes all prizes to the extent of ten per cent, go to the reduction of taxation. Moreover, every ticket-holder has a fair chance, from the beggar in the gutter who owns the tenth part of the tenth part of a thirty peseta ticket—costing him threepence—to the rich banker who has taken several tickets costing a thousand pesetas a piece in the

[1] The Blue-coat boys used to draw at the Guildhall lottery in the eighteenth century.

great lottery of Navidad (Christmas), which is drawn for annually in December.

The lottery is popular in Spain. The newspapers stimulate the interest in it to a very considerable extent by telling with amplest detail the full story of the fortunate few. When the Christmas lottery is drawn, reporters and photographers hurry from the great cities—if hurry be a permissible term when used in connexion with Spanish trains—to seek the fortunate winner of the first prize who may live somewhere at the back of beyond. His photograph adorns or disfigures every newspaper; the remotest details of his home-life, the food he eats, the clothes he wears, the political doctrines he favours—each and all are matters of intense public interest, and for the time at least no happening of wide-world importance has an equal interest for Spain.

The three monthly lotteries vary considerably in the price of the ticket. The most expensive is the hundred peseta ticket for which the prizes are drawn on the tenth of the month; this is subscribed to very largely by the upper classes. The first prize in this lottery is worth three hundred thousand pesetas (twelve thousand pounds). On the twentieth or twenty-first of the month, the fifty peseta lottery reaches the *sorteo* and the first prize is worth two hundred thousand pesetas. On the thirtieth or thirty-first, the very popular thirty peseta lottery is drawn, and the first prize wins a hundred and fifty thousand pesetas. From all these sums, which do not of course represent all the prizes in each lottery, the Government takes its ten per cent tax, which the winner can well afford to spare. The system of prize-giving is conceived on a very generous scale, and hundreds of prizes accompany each drawing, so that the ultimate profit to the State is very considerable. In addition to these profits the State can safely reckon upon a certain number of unclaimed

prizes. Some tickets have been destroyed or lost or forgotten and the smaller prizes cannot be claimed after a twelvemonth. Big prizes are always payable without restriction in point of time, but some very large amounts have never found a claimant, and the official lists are only published between the drawing of one lottery and the drawing of the next. When we remember the vast number of illiterate in Spain, the fact that prizes are sometimes unclaimed ceases to be surprising.

Every ticket, whether it cost a hundred, fifty, or thirty pesetas, or whether it be issued in the annual Christmas lottery, and cost a thousand pesetas (when the first prize is worth five million pesetas, or one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, after taxation), is divided into ten equal parts called decimos, and this division is extremely popular, for it enables those who have not enough money to buy a whole ticket, to purchase a tenth at an issuing office. This tenth he can share with as many friends as he cares to invite, and it is no uncommon thing for the big prize to find its ultimate division among fifty or more subscribers to the lucky number. For example, among the middle classes one man may purchase a decimo of a ticket in the Christmas lottery and admit nine friends to share it with him, and if he should have drawn the winning number, they will all draw two thousand pounds apiece, less Government tax, for their outlay of ten pesetas. Among the very poor the decimo of the cheap monthly lottery, which costs three pesetas, may be divided among a dozen who will pay a *real*, and for this *real*, if their luck be in, they will draw forty-five pounds net, more than they can earn by two years' hard labour on the land. Small wonder then that the lottery is popular, and that the enthusiasts tend to forget how small their chance of success really is.

It is a point not only of honour but of practical importance to pay for the share of a decimo as soon as it is taken. For if a man sell an interest or interests in his decimo to friends who do not pay up before the *sorteo*, and his ticket draws a winning number, he is entitled by the custom of the country to refuse to acknowledge a transaction that was never completed. As the lottery is surrounded by the quaintest and grossest superstition of every conceivable kind, few people make any delay in paying for their share, because to do so is to destroy the ticket's luck. Many of the superstitions hinted at may be seen in working order on any day in Spain. Thus, if a man should see a woman refuse a ticket offered by an *ambulante* in the street, he may know in his own mind that she has refused a winning number, and promptly buy what she has rejected with an amazing confidence that experience is powerless to reduce. The converse may hold good, and a woman may hasten to buy the ticket that a man has rejected. Certain *ambulantes* are said to bring luck and can sell tickets very freely. Others have their lucky hours or lucky days, and can do a thriving business when they come round. Certain people have lucky numbers or lucky days, or think they have—which is almost as satisfactory; others have their systems, as elaborate, as carefully worked out, and as futile as those of the professional gambler at any hell of European repute where baccarat, roulette, and trente-et-quarente enjoy the protection of some shabby little State or country. The most popular system of lottery gambling consists in taking a certain series of numbers year after year in the belief that sooner or later the hand of the orphan schoolboy must move in their direction. And the odd, half-pathetic aspect of this mania is seen when you meet some elderly clerk or Government employé who, for thirty years or more, has followed blind

fortune along the line of his own principles without being rewarded by a solitary smile, and who yet goes three times a month to the issuing office to spend the money he can so ill spare, with the firm conviction that the next drawing will find him with the decimo of the coveted *gordo* (literally, the fat one).

Cynics have said the lottery is the one branch of Spanish administration that is conducted honestly. Without going as far as this, it may be acknowledged that, as far as the Government and the Bank of Spain are concerned, the business of the lottery is cleverly and skilfully handled on thoroughly practical lines. A certain number of shopkeepers throughout the country are specially licensed to sell lottery tickets. They may not carry on any other business in this shop, and they receive a small salary and a tiny commission on the sale of tickets. Tickets bearing the same number are issued to them every time, so that the buyers who wish to obtain a ticket in a certain series know where to go for it. Inside the shop the prizes which have been drawn from tickets sold there are recorded on the wall, and as the list lengthens patronage increases. These shops must render the strictest account to the Government, and are entrusted with the payment over the counter of small prizes gained by lottery tickets in their charge; for the big ones, the winner goes to the Bank of Spain or to one of its branches in the provinces. At a certain stated time before the *sorteo*, every unsold ticket must be returned to the administration in Madrid, or to the local offices in provincial districts or the numbers of the unsold tickets telegraphed to head-quarters. It has happened time out of mind that among these tickets returned has been the one drawn on the following day for the biggest prize. For all tickets not returned the *expendedor*—as the shopkeeper is called—is responsible to the

Government; he it is who sends the ragged *ambulante* on the grounds with a certain number of decimos each bearing the stamp of the shop where it was issued, and the result of the *ambulante's* labours depend very largely upon his luck. His regular remuneration is a tiny commission that cannot possibly suffice to keep body and soul together; but if he should have the good luck to sell a winning decimo, he may reasonably expect to receive a handsome tip from his customer. Some of these men have been so fortunate in the sale of their decimos that they have quite a following—just as the shops from which fortunate numbers are issued, are regarded with special favour and receive an ever-increasing amount of public support.

Curiously enough the revival of prosperity in Spain has not benefited the lottery system, and one hears that the number of unsold tickets, particularly those in the cheaper lotteries, increases steadily, so that the profit to the State would be considerably reduced if it did not become automatically a leading shareholder in its own gamble, and draw a certain proportion of the prizes. On the other hand, the sale of lottery tickets abroad has increased very considerably, although Cuba and the Philippines, which used to absorb so many, are no longer in the hands of Spain. Spain's increasing commerce has brought to the country a large number of foreigners who have heard of the lottery for the first time and have surrendered to its dubious attractions, and to-day there is a very brisk business in the sale of the higher-priced lottery tickets to foreign countries, and the administration finds it profitable to advertise its big lotteries abroad. It would not surprise many close observers of Spanish life if the thirty and fifty peseta lotteries are abandoned in a few years by the Spanish Government and another *loteria de lujo* (*de luxe*) is added to the Loteria de Navidad.

Although the administration is quite incorruptible in its dealing with the lottery, certain systems of swindling in connexion with it are not unknown, and chief among these is the custom among certain unscrupulous people of selling more shares of their tickets than the tickets possess. For example, a rogue who purchases a whole ticket may sell countless shares of a decimo until the whole ticket has yielded him twice or thrice its face value. He may continue to do this for a long time with comparative impunity, trusting in the heavy odds that stand between him and a prize. Should he be so unfortunate as to gain a little in one of the *sorteos*, he may find it advisable to pay up cheerfully, but if the crowning disaster of a big prize should fall his way, his only chance of safety lies in quick presentation of his ticket at the bank, where all tickets are recognized without inquiry, and a prompt departure to fresh fields of less onerous activity. There are plenty of people in Spain to-day who can tell sad stories of winnings that should have come their way but were intercepted by some cunning rogue, who, let us hope, has given a part of his profits to the building of an altar in the church of the village of his nativity. It may go hard with him else in the world to come.

It would be easy to fill a volume, to say nothing of a chapter, with stories of the sudden fortune that the lottery has brought to the poorest of the poor. They may be read throughout the year in the Spanish press, and when *el sorteo de Navidad* comes round the old legends or histories of the fortunes it has bestowed are brought to light in much the same way as our turf historian recalls the incidents and sensations of past Derby days. The press does much for the lottery in Spain, and its stories of sudden wealth serve to allure simple country-folk, servant girls, shopkeepers assistants, small civil servants and others to the *expendeduria*,

as the will-o'-the-wisp lures the night-stricken sportsman on the Albufera of Valencia, where he has waited too long for his last shot at the wild duck, and finds that the darkness has fallen on him unawares. Perhaps the simile could be justified even if it were extended, the Albufera then becoming the dangerous land of speculation, the jack o' lanterns the newspaper stories, and the ducks that rise almost unseen and pass right out of ken with a triumphant quack and a great flutter of wings are the *premios grandes y menores*—larger and lesser prizes, while the ammunition that blazes uselessly in their wake stands for the hard-earned savings of the foolish fellow who left high road and hedgerows where his cartridge would at least have served to bring a cony to the pot.

"Mañana sale!"

The cry still rises unbidden to the ear as these lines are written a thousand miles from Spain.

CHAPTER XX

SPANISH INTERNAL POLICY

THE administration of Spain, although it is extremely faulty judged from our national standpoint, is really well thought out, and enables the nation's business to be carried on with no small measure of success. In the old days when Spain was a world-empire it was the policy of her rulers to encourage emigration in every possible way; to this line of policy we must in fairness attribute many of the restrictions upon industrial activity that are only now being modified or removed under the new conditions which have obtained since Spain lost the last of her important colonial possessions. If the administration were quite as effete and corrupt as it is said to be, the industrial revival of the past few years could never have been brought about; and now that commerce and the manufacturing industries are in a thriving condition, and a very wealthy middle class is springing up, old laws and customs are losing their sanctity, the ruling classes are being forced, however reluctantly, into line with the spirit of the time, and are even entering into commercial undertakings. But the fact that Madrid is comparatively isolated from the rest of Spain makes the regeneration of the governing system a slow and laborious undertaking, although there is more activity in the Government offices in this year of grace than there has been

at any time since Alfonso XII restored the monarchy to Spain. Spaniards are awakening to the consciousness of the richness of their own territory and to a certain healthy jealousy of the foreigners who have for some years past been quietly and profitably exploiting them. In short, Spaniards are now beginning to take a part in Spain's wealth, and the number of rich people has increased to such a remarkable extent in the past few years, that in certain social aspects Madrid may vie with the Paris and London of to-day.

All national administration is centralized in Madrid. It is possible to trace the political work of the village *cacique* through his provincial town and the seat of local government in the province, to its proper government bureau in the capital, and if Parliament and the Senate are mere platforms for unmeaning eloquence, while the real government of the country moves almost independent of them, this phenomenon is not limited to Spain. We have something strangely like it in the immediate neighbourhood of the River Thames—the opposition to the party in power, be it Unionist or Liberal, is my authority for the suggestion.

In the art of taxing the public the Spanish administration has nothing to learn from anybody; it could teach our own Chancellor of the Exchequer much that he has yet to learn. Taxation is direct and indirect, the direct variety being divided under twelve heads, each very direct indeed. Spain has her tax on land and land values, on areas of cultivation, on live stock, on manufactures, on all other business, on mines and mining properties as well as on the export of minerals, on nobility and titles, on individuals as individuals, on State salaries, on all deeds and documents referring to the transfer of property or the bequest of money or valuables. Another tax is levied under the head of Royal Rights

(*derechos reales*). The only tax named above that requires any explanation is that upon individuals. It is called the *cédula personal*, and is a triumph of Spanish ingenuity. Until you have your *cédula personal* you are unable to transact any business of a documentary nature in Spain. Indeed, before you can sign a paper before the notary public, or receive a letter that has been registered to you at the post office, or take a flat, or, in short, become a party to any contract, your *cédula personal* must be produced—you really have no legal existence without it. Its price varies according to your social status, and this is estimated—if you do not belong to the nobility—by the rent you pay or the money you are alleged to earn. The lowest class pays a nominal tax of fifty centimes, and by special exemption—a polite euphemism for State favour—the Church and the military are rated at the lowest scale, so that his Grace the Archbishop of Toledo and the Commander-in-Chief (next to the king) of Spain's military forces need pay no more than their washer-woman. The scale rises gradually until at last it reaches the high estate of the Spanish grandee and the royal family whose *sangre azul* costs them over a hundred pesetas a year. Now, if Spanish administrators were foolish, unimaginative folk, they would not think of adding anything to the *cédula personal* But the municipality has nudged the elbow of the State and demanded to know why it should be left out of a good thing, and the State not being able to answer this impertinent question, has obligingly added to every *cédula personal* a 40 per cent tax for the benefit of the municipality. This is the municipal levy for Madrid; in provincial centres it is smaller. Cunning Spaniards who have a home in the country, coupled with a business in a town, are very careful to take their *cédula personal* from their local *alcaldía*, and

in this way they are enabled to leave the municipality to look after itself; but those who follow this line must walk warily, for the municipal tax, like the *cédula* itself, is farmed out by the Government in the larger cities, presumably in order to save the expense of administration and pensions, and the farmers are men after whose harvesting none may hope to glean.

All honour to Spanish administration! The *cédula personal* was a happy thought. The municipal addition was statecraft in the highest, but the genius of the country has evolved an addition to the impost. When the Spanish-American War broke out and found the exchequer empty, new taxes called for prompt imposition, and an additional 10 per cent upon the *cédula personal* was levied without delay. The war has passed but the tax remains, and so we see that for the right to be yourself in Spain you must pay a triple impost. If your wife should have any business negotiations, or has even presented you with offspring, her *cédula personal* must go with yours when the child is registered, or the registration officer would not be satisfied of your wife's existence. Facts are things of which he will take no cognizance, it is the *cédula personal* that he wants, and he will not be civil until he gets it. Happily women pay no more than archbishops and distinguished generals—a recognition of women's rights and privileges that may, for all we know, prove the starting-point of a woman suffrage movement in Spain, while it provides the sex at the lowest possible rate with the serious grievance of taxation without representation.

We have omitted from direct taxation all reference to the lottery which plays such an important part in Spain's national life, for the lottery is at best a substitute for taxation, inasmuch as it yields a large income to the State.

This would need to be collected from other sources if the people did not respond to the Government's annual thirty-six applications for subscriptions.

Blue blood is taxed in Spain, so is the mere red plebeian fluid that courses through the veins of those who receive a patent of nobility for services rendered or alleged to have been rendered. Titled Spain contributes over fifty pounds a day to the national exchequer.

Turning from direct to indirect taxation, we find another series of examples of Spanish administrative genius, and the way in which the Government rides the public in this matter reminds the writer of the fashion in which the Moor best rides his spirited stallion. His bit consists of an iron spike which presses against the roof of the horse's mouth, and is so powerful and painful in its application that the strongest and most fiery animal can be pulled back on his haunches with comparatively small effort. When the Moor rides he holds the reins sufficiently tight to enable him to feel his horse's mouth all the time, and remind his charge that his master is upon him. The *impuestos indirectos* are the spiked bit that a paternal Spanish Government puts into the mouth of the noble animal it guides over the primrosed path of dalliance. The noble horseman whose blood is as blue as the heavens above can remind the less noble animal of his presence and keep him going as long as he has strength to move.

Leaving metaphors behind us and getting down to the solid ground of facts, we find that the indirect taxation of which every Spaniard complains so bitterly comes under six heads. The first is customs (*aduanas*), and these of course are very heavy, for Spain is a protected country. Experience has taught Spaniards, and even foreigners who venture into Spain, that custom-house officials are men

like themselves, and we have heard of instances in which goods have passed the *aduanas* without rendering to Cæsar the full amount that Cæsar would have been justified in claiming. Smuggling, too, is a pleasant, profitable, and highly exciting pastime, and is carried on with energy and distinction by families who have the hereditary capacity to get the better of the custom-house people. Sometimes, both on coast and frontier, the guns go off and the smuggler's family must wear a little crape or burn a few inexpensive candles for the soul's repose of some promising gentleman cut off in the midst of his career. But happily the appeal to fire-arms is the very last resort, and one has heard—though the statement is given with timidity—that pieces of paper bearing the imprint of the Bank of Spain are potent in afflicting with temporary blindness some of those who are in charge of His Most Catholic Majesty's Customs.

In connexion with the *aduanas* the writer remembers an experience in the early nineties when, still in his teens, he went to Spain for a holiday. At Gibraltar he picked up a cargo boat going to Malaga and became friendly with the first mate, who showed him two boxes, each containing a hundred splendid cigars, that he had brought from London to a friend in Malaga who was a connoisseur and could not buy decent tobacco in that pleasant seaport.

"I had a little trouble with the customs at Malaga last year," said the mate, "and the dogs watched as if I were a rat. But if I can't get these cigars past them, I'll give up seafaring and sell cats' meat."

Anxious to see how it was done, I waited in the docks at Malaga all through a summer's day. The mate must have made nearly a dozen journeys to and from the town, and every time he passed the customs officers they

challenged him, dug inquisitive fingers into his garments and expressed rude and regrettable suspicions of his *bona-fides*. He, dressed in his best clothes, and wearing a big bowler hat that he raised with the utmost deference every time he passed the angry officials, pursued the even tenor of his way until sundown. The boat was detained all night in Malaga, and we met at a café shortly after dinner.

"What about the cigars?" I asked the mate.

"All delivered," he said, "and not one broken. See here."

And he handed me the hat that he had raised so ceremoniously to the officers in charge of the customs. It was filled with the most ingenious contrivance of wire clips, each of which would hold a cigar quite firmly.

"It's held other things as well as cigars in its time," remarked the mate, "and this old hat of mine is only one of a bagful of tricks. I don't come out in that old——" here he spoke disrespectfully of the good ship lying in the harbour, "for my health, or for what I get for being mate."

One can only hope that this was a solitary instance and that no other British seaman has ever been guilty of ignoring the *impuesto indirecto*. I wonder if that one has now retired from business and if these lines will ever meet his eye?

The second indirect tax is upon food-stuffs, and is avoided in many Spanish villages by a system of exchange. It is a State tax imposed upon the municipality according to the number of its inhabitants. Home-made sugar, made from cane in Andalusia and from beet in the north, is heavily taxed. All loading and unloading at the ports is accompanied by a tribute to the Government; railway passengers

have an indirect tax as well as the direct tax levied during the war and never remitted, while theatres and places of amusement are under a similar contribution to the State. Every paper that a citizen of Spain must fill in for the purpose of making any application to the State in any of its branches must bear a Government stamp which varies in amount according to the importance of the business or the estimated capacity of the person who fills it in, to satisfy the hungry soul of the administration. If an application, whether for an appointment or an examination or a certificate or a legal document should not be worded in strict accordance with the established formula, the Spanish citizen enjoys the privilege of writing it over again and paying a second time. The one surprising fact to the stranger who does not know his Spain is that any Minister of Finance should be compelled to proclaim a deficit instead of a surplus as the result of a year's devotion to the great game of national administration. It is only when the State pension list has been examined and discussed that the conditions can be properly accounted for.

In Spain the *clases pasivas* is a national scandal of the first magnitude. Despite the comparative poverty of the country, the pension in Spain is as common as the decoration in France. Everybody who has served the State and loses his job through diverse reasons, is entitled to a pension, and as the administration of the pensions is either very careless or else very corrupt, thousands of pounds are paid away annually to those whose claims are, to say the least, shadowy even in Spain. Various small sinecures are in the gift of high officials, and it is no uncommon thing to find an inferior but remunerative little office given to somebody who not only has no acquaintance with the work involved, but has never striven to form any. There is no occasion

to write in this place of pensions or offices bestowed on men whose wives are *personæ gratissimæ* in certain State offices, for this is a scandal that has been heard of in other countries where it is much more common than in Spain and is not discussed. But the pension system has eaten so deeply into the vitals of the country that until quite recently all members of the Cabinet were entitled to pensions as soon as they resigned their portfolios, and it was not an unusual thing for a scratch ministry to be convened to see some unpopular act of legislation passed, and then to resign, leaving it safely on the statute book. Now this scandal has been reduced, if not abolished, and a portfolio does not carry a pension unless it has been held for a year. But it is not the large pensions that deplete the national treasury, it is the countless small ones. Loyalty to party in Spain is a marketable commodity, and politics is a trade, as it is in all the Latin countries, and the only outstanding difference is that the other Governments are better able to pay the price of it. An honourable exception to the general rule of pensions and pay is to be found in the case of members of both Houses of Legislature in Spain, neither senators nor deputies receiving anything from the State save a few privileges, including a limited free pass on the railways, free postage, and simple refreshments in the Cortes and Senate—the latter being, however, a House Order relieved from State interference. In the case of the deputies this refreshment is limited to sugar-water (*agua y azucarrillo*) and in the case of senators to beef-tea (*caldo*).

In this country the profits on one of the finest postal systems in the world amount to over a hundred thousand pounds a week. In Spain, one of the worst postal systems in Europe yields little or nothing at all, and the system of free postage is the more to be deplored because

it is associated with a large number of abuses. If you have a friend in the Senate or the Congreso, you need pay no postage; your friend is "a man like any other man," you are another, so you send your correspondence to him, he takes it to the Cortes, and the Government carries or loses it, without charge. Even the deputies and senators who are so disobliging as to refuse this timely assistance to friends outside the Cortes have no scruples in using their position to cover all their private and business correspondence, although, in theory at least, free postage is reserved for letters dealing with affairs of State. Of course it is a little difficult for a man to decide where State interests end and personal interests begin. Probably he argues that his presence is necessary in the Cortes if the regeneration of Spain is to become an accomplished fact, while, unless his business affairs are carried on along the lines of the most rigid economy, it will be impossible for him to shed the light of his presence and vast intelligence upon the House. Perhaps he doesn't stop to argue with himself, but is quite content to post his letters.

Spain is ruled to-day under the terms of the Constitution of 1876, formed when the last flame of republican rule spluttered and went out. The country is divided into more than four hundred electoral districts, each of which sends its *diputado* to the Cortes. The limit of the parliamentary term is five years, but this has seldom if ever been reached. Elections are not very genuine affairs in Spain, and all appeals against the results must be made to the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies (*actas graves*), and not, as in this country, to the Law Court. A deputy is immune from arrest, and action only lies against him for criminal offences, and such action must be tried by the Supreme Court, whose delays are proverbial. Contested elections are few because

the result of the deliberation of free and independent electors is intelligently foreseen in the high and secret places of Madrid. In other words, Government and Opposition agree between themselves upon most of the vital questions in connexion with a forthcoming election, and certain seats are reserved for certain men in consideration of past or future services or even present influence. This system of private arrangement avails to keep a large number of Republicans from the Cortes, and some of the many enemies of Señor Maura, the late premier, have been heard to declare that he is a very unskilled political organiser, because in the days when he was Minister of the Interior and had the handling of the elections, he was so careless that the Madrileños were enabled to return no fewer than eight Republicans to Cortes. Had the elections been handled properly, that is to say, on Spanish lines, such a scandal could never have taken place. Happily for the peace of mind of governing circles, Señor Maura has been much more careful since then, and as far as the Castiles are concerned, people who are neither Liberal nor Conservative may clamour in vain for entry to the stately building in the Carrera de San Jeronimo.

The senators number 360 in all. Of these, under the Constitution of 1876, one-half are either hereditary senators or life-holders of the seat, and include sons of the King, archbishops, the captain-generals, the Lord High Admiral of Spain, and certain grandees. The other 180, whose election like that of deputies is for a period not exceeding five years, are sent to the Senate House by certain State corporations, including of course the universities and the academies.

So far we have discussed senators and deputies and others of high degree, but in order to understand civil

government in Spain, it is necessary to start not at the top, where conditions are common to nearly all civilized countries, but from the bottom, where Spain's individuality is most clearly discernible. For the village is the unit of government, possesses its own privileges—though in ever-diminishing quantity—and points the way along the rough and thorny path that leads to distinction—or oblivion.

Every hamlet numbering up to 800 inhabitants appoints its own *junta*, which disposes of purely local affairs and is responsible to the *ayuntamiento* or local governing body of the village within whose superior jurisdiction it falls. A village includes all the immediately surrounding hamlets, and as long as the total population does not exceed 6000 the *ayuntamiento* may elect its own mayor or *alcalde*, who must be one of themselves, and holds his office for one year. The *alcalde* is directly responsible to the provincial governor (*gobernador provincial*), who is at the head of his province, and the secretary of the *ayuntamiento* is responsible to the provincial commission for local administration. Every province in Spain is divided according to its size and importance, and for purposes of election, into so many districts. Each district is composed of one or two sessional divisions, and elects four deputies to serve on the provincial deputation which holds its office for four years and meets once a month. The provincial commission, to which every municipality within the province is responsible, is selected from the *diputación provincial* by the members themselves, who elect one-quarter of their number to serve for each year. In this manner every member of the *diputación provincial* has served on the provincial commission before his four years of office has expired. The same divi-

sion that elects four provincial deputies elects one member of parliament. Very large cities are divided into wards or boroughs (*barrios*), each of which has its mayor, while for the whole town there is a functionary whose office corresponds to that of our lord mayor. Every appointment to the mayoralty, in towns or villages whose population exceeds 6000, is made by Madrid from among the members of the *ayuntamiento*. The one exception is Madrid, whose Lord Mayor, appointed by the King, need not have been an alderman—this being one of the many instances to be met in Spain of the royal prerogative.

The provincial governor, to whom the *alcalde* himself is responsible, holds his appointment from the Cabinet. If there is trouble in the province, civil war, uprising against the Government or series of anarchist outrages, a state of siege may be declared by the supreme authorities in Madrid, and the rule of the province passes at once from the hands of the civil governor to those of the military governor, who suspends all constitutional decrees and guarantees and institutes a court martial in place of the civil courts, so that insurrection must be very powerful if it is to thrive. Should an insurrection spread, it has to encounter not only the force of the province in which it starts, but the effective organization of the military district of which that province is a part. Spain is divided into fourteen of these military districts, each of which is under the direction of a Captain-General whose head-quarters are situated in the chief city within his military jurisdiction.

The division of Spain into provinces was the outcome of an attempt by the ruling powers to combat the destructive spirit of regionalism and to deliver the reins of power over to the hands of Madrid. The attempt failed utterly, for

Spain is no less regional to-day than it was long centuries ago, but the failure is more limited than might appear. As far as the centralization of Government is concerned, the plan has met with complete success. Nothing could be more fatal to local aspirations than the power possessed and exercised by Madrid of naming the *alcalde* of every municipality that has more than 6000 inhabitants. We see that just as soon as power begins to bud it is nipped. The *ayuntamiento*, the provincial commission and all the machinery for electoral purposes are really in the hands of the governing class in Madrid; so it is quite easy to realize how election results can be predicated with sufficient certainty to enable rival politicians to agree about the divisions of the spoils of office. The Cabinet directs the provincial governor; the provincial governor influences the councils of the provincial deputies; the deputies bring their influence to bear upon the *ayuntamientos;* the *ayuntamientos* control the *juntas* of the little hamlets that are just beginning to speak the language of a restricted franchise. Independence has little more than a limited existence, but some semblance of it is allowed to appear from time to time because it is held to serve as a safety-valve. For all practical purposes there is no check upon Government by the Madrid minority unless it puts forward some extremely unpopular measure that proves sufficient to rouse the most lethargic citizens to indignation.

Spain is divided into forty-nine provinces, ranging in size from Badajoz with its 22,000 square kilometres down to Guipùzcoa which has less than 2000, and in point of population from Barcelona which holds wellnigh 1,000,000 inhabitants to Alava with less than 100,000. Save in the cases of the Basque Provinces and of Navarre, the capital

gives its name to the province. The country is like a fertile farm that is cultivated diligently by hard-working men who, when the harvest is gathered, hand it over to somebody else. In this case Madrid is the somebody else, and its accounts will never be audited.

CHAPTER XXI

SIDE-LIGHTS ON POLITICS IN SPAIN

WE know nothing of what goes on in the heavens above, but as far as the earth beneath and a part of the waters under the earth are concerned, we may rest well assured that there can be nothing so stimulating to the sense of humour as Spanish politics—to those who look on from the outside. For the poor wretch whose only appearance in this comedy is made when he walks on and puts his hand in his pocket, the case is altogether different. But the most ill-used Spaniard, having something in him of the Orient, knows in his heart of hearts that if he had the good luck to climb into power, he would follow faithfully the example of those whose hand is so heavy upon him.

I remember meeting once in the Haha Province of Morocco a countryman who was driving a donkey loaded with salt. In return for my civil salutation he expressed the pious wish that I, my parents and my children might burn for all time in a place that is not generally mentioned among the polite. Asked why he reviled a stranger in this fashion, the worthy salt-seller gave an effective explanation.

"I am a poor man," he said, "to whom Allah has denied influence. My Basha takes my little money and drives me to work in his fields without payment, or sends me to the town for salt. But I can do none of the things

I suffer to anybody, for it is written in my book of life that I must herd with the weak. If I were strong I would cut many throats; I would carry off money and women and corn, but being poor I can do no more than curse."

And, as though to prove that he made up in fluency what he lacked in wealth, the good man continued to curse me as long as I was within hearing.

This spirit of fatalism, universal in Morocco, is hardly less marked in Spain. Few Spaniards are perfectly reconciled to their government, but the most dangerous discontent is manifested by those who know that Fortune herself can hardly turn her wheel in such a way as to place them among the governing classes. There are Spanish cynics who declare that our own much-vaunted system of popular representation is no better than their own. They point out that while the leading political parties in Spain meet amicably to divide the spoils of office, the Englishman is sent to a constituency by some political federation to whose expenses he must contribute liberally, and that he retains the coveted title of M.P. just so long as he consents to respond to the various forms of blackmail practised by his constituents. I do not put this forward as a true statement of our own case, but merely as a picture of British political rectitude seen through eyes that though foreign born are undeniably shrewd and keen. Unhappily the gods seldom give to others the power of seeing us as we see ourselves.

Spanish politics may be described as a form of business conducted on lines that are at once commercial and feudal. It takes no count, save in speech, of Spain's political needs; it has no morals and one of its fundamental principles is "the devil take the hindmost". On the platform, in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate, you may hear frequent expositions of the best moral principles in the world,

delivered with an eloquence that is not rivalled by the publicists of any civilized country. There never was such eloquence as Spanish eloquence; it would bring tears to the eyes of Sancho Panza's mule. When the Spanish orators speak, you feel that their finger is upon the nation's pulse, that, when nobody is looking, they shed tears of blood on account of their country's sorrows; that sleepless nights and strenuous days are given wholly to the regeneration of their beloved fatherland. So much then for their speech, their actions are quite another matter. It does not follow that they are dishonest men, or that they would not be honest if they could, but it is quite beyond doubt that they could not be honest if they would. They do not create conditions, they merely respond to them.

The national wealth of Spain may be compared to a banquet to which the ruling classes have given themselves an invitation. The rulers of the country are no more than toastmasters who use their splendid voices to announce the subject that claims public attention. The people who provide the banquet are divided against themselves and hate one another even more than they hate those who sit in the high places at the feast. Those who cook the food and those who bring it to table, together with those who clear the half-empty dishes when they have been removed from the banqueting hall, are concerned chiefly, if not altogether, with their own chances of being able to put something into their mouths or baskets in the intervals of protesting that they have no greater desire than to serve those whose labours provide the feast, and no higher ambition than to give them every satisfaction. So Dives revels all day and every day, and the crumbs that fall from his table do not go to Lazarus who toils in the fields or starves in

the shadow of the city walls, but become the perquisites of the flunkeys round the table and the menials in the kitchen.

Properly to understand the causes which have brought this condition about, and threaten even in these progressive days to make it enduring, we must turn to the conditions of local government in Spain and consider the career of the men who carry it on, and to this end must invite the cacique, with all the respect due to such an exalted personage, to come to the dissecting table and submit to our courteous application of the scalpel.

The cacique, the origin of whose title is Mexican and means head of a tribe, corresponds roughly to the American "boss," but the cacique's position is not publicly recognized by the Government. In most cases he is a very shrewd business man, quite unencumbered by education, prejudices or scruples; the leading, most ambitious, and most prosperous citizen of a small town or large village. In a country where energy is rare he is extremely energetic; in a town where most people live for pleasure he lives for profit; among folk who are fairly simple he is the most notorious *vivo*, using the curious term in its native sense of low-class diplomatist. In the intervals of turning men to profitable account, he studies their every weakness; he knows a man's foibles as well as he knows his place of business; he conciliates Mother Church at every turn and is one of the chief supporters of Black Pope and White. While weaker men dream away their lives in the cafés, he is serving them that they may serve him, and the rate of interest he secures for his labour would make a money-lender envious.

The cacique is, of course, a large employer of labour, and he has a natural instinct for combining men for political ends. In the high places of Madrid the politicians look to the cacique in town and country to do all their spade work: he

must prepare the soil, he must plant the seed, he must have his share of the harvest, while those alone who have helped in his local labours will be permitted to glean the fields over which the reaping machines have passed. Mother Church herself is among the gleaners. This arrangement, for all that it ignores the rank and file and creates a privileged class and many small lucrative appointments, works most effectively from the practical standpoint of the Spanish Government. The cacique may act on lines that the Government indicates but does not care publicly to follow. All men who have anything, combine to keep it; abuses acquire a quality of permanence; sinecures become valuable in fashion that secures them from all fear of abolition, and in order that no great spirit of reform may arise to offer effective opposition to abuses, the political parties in Madrid, Liberal and Conservative, unite themselves in a common bond of loyalty to the ruling house, though at certain seasons the name of Government changes.

For many years, when Alfonso XIII was a minor, a compact known as the Pacto del Pardo existed between Señor Sagasta, the Liberal Premier, who to his honour, be it said, lived and died a poor man, and Canovas del Castillo, together with his successor, Señor Silvela, the Conservative Premiers. A regular rotation of the ruling parties was secured by the Pacto del Pardo which was directed against Carlists and Republicans. Suddenly a strange thing happened. Don Carlos, who then passed most of his time in Venice, where his splendid physique and fine boarhound were the admiration of the promenaders on the Piazza de San Marco, was "got at" by Mother Church. He promised to retire from active competition for the throne of Spain on condition that the Liberal Party should undertake to promote no measures inimical to the interests of Rome. This arrange-

ment was never published to the world, but was communicated to the writer by one of Señor Sagasta's best informed political opponents. With it the fear of Carlism disappeared and the Government soon found that the fear of Republicanism could be disregarded, because the intense spirit of regionalism that besets Spain limited the movement to Catalonia and a few prosperous commercial centres elsewhere. One of the consequences of the changed conditions followed closely upon the deaths of Señor Sagasta and Silvela. The Pact was broken up, and to-day the good feeling between the Conservatives and Liberals exists no longer, though they are still united to support a regime that is bound to provide one or the other with cakes and ale in plenty. There is a saying in this country that when thieves fall out, honest men come by their own, but it will be dangerous for Spain to hope for too much from the new conditions. Nor must it be supposed that the Republican camp is the shrine of all political virtues; indeed those who are asked to support republican propaganda have an uneasy feeling that scorpions may be substituted for the whips with which their leading politicians scourge them to-day.

The cacique has profited by the new development in politics. A few years ago his influence was directed from Madrid; he was told when the country was about to change its political coat and wear the colours of Liberalism instead of those of Conservatism, or vice-versa. It was his business to obey instructions, and had he disobeyed them a power stronger than his own would have promptly put him down. Nowadays he has a larger measure of independence and can take a larger share of the harvest already referred to. He can even impose conditions, though if he be a clever man —and where is the cacique who is not?—he will see to it that they are not too onerous. But onerous or light, they

will not require much examination to show a very definite local profit to the man who has put them forward. This is indeed the golden age of the cacique.

Even this brief hint at the political conditions prevailing in Spain to-day must suffice to show how far the country stands removed from political regeneration: every deputy (sometimes the cacique himself goes to the Plaza de las Cortes) has his local abuses to maintain, every senator is in the same plight; he pays for his promotion with compliance. As Gilbert wrote in one of his earlier musical comedies :—

> It is patent to the mob
> That his being made a nob
> Was effected by a job—
> And a good job too.

Going a little higher in the social scale, it will be seen that the Government, by whatever title it may please to call itself, is perfectly powerless to do anything more than talk eloquently about reforms. It dare not attempt to carry out any. The late Señor Silvela accomplished the most unpopular act of his life when some years after the Spanish-American War he made a tour of Spain's naval stations and removed from the active list and pay sheets of the Treasury thousands of sailors, both officers and men, who had no ships, and consequently could render no service. For years the vessels that lay rotting full fathoms deep under the Caribbean Sea were still rated on the effective list of Spain, and the poor remains of their crew, from flag-captains down to stokers, were drawing full service money from an impoverished exchequer. The most un-Spanish proceeding of checking a glaring abuse was of course only undertaken a few months before it was time for Señor Sagasta to resume the reins of Government, when doubtless his supporters waxed eloquent about the troubles that beset

Spain's gallant sailors, and attributed them to the corruption of an effete Conservative administration. Had there been any risk of Carlist or Republican troubles, we may be sure that no measure so drastic would have ever passed beyond the public platform, if indeed it had succeeded in reaching that place of national eloquence.

While on the one hand these years have been described as the golden age of the cacique, it must be admitted that it is no longer in his country's power to bestow upon him the richest of all rewards known, rather euphemistically, as a Foreign Appointment. In days of old when Spain's power over Cuba and the Philippines was undisputed, the cacique who had deserved well of his country was sent *ultra mar* to the Antilles and instructed to look after himself. No questions were asked, save by a few foolish Republicans whose rôle in life it is to trouble a paternal Government with embarrassing queries, and if they were asked, a few outbursts of official eloquence redolent of the highest principles known to mankind, sufficed to silence the bore who strove to waste the time of the Cortes and hinder the regeneration of the country upon which the great heart of legislation is set. The cacique troubled himself not at all. According to his lights he remunerated himself for the sorrow of absence from his beloved country, and if he made haste to become rich, it was because he knew that the span of life is brief and that other caciques were clamouring for his job. If his conscience were troubled—and the conscience of a cacique is of the most elastic variety known to man—he had but to make a few offerings to the local Virgin of his far-off Spanish home, thereby assuring to himself the proud title of *hijo predilecto*, while, if he cared to go to the expense of an altar, there would be no question of purgatory for him. Indeed half a

dozen altars would render his whole family immune and enable them to enjoy in perpetuity the rich fruit of his—let us be charitable and call them—little faults.

Eheu fugaces! Times have changed and the American hustler sits uncomfortably upon the slippery surface of the pearl of the Antilles and works harder for his profits than any of the *hijos predilectos* who preceded him. Nowadays the cacique must lower his proud looks when his gaze is directed seawards. Did he go to the Philippines to-day he would be no more than a tourist in a strange land, and would become one of the sun-helmeted guide-book-holding children of Cook, who like the first raven sent from the Ark by Noah wander over the face of the earth finding no rest for the soles of their feet. So the cacique remembers that he is a son of Spain and leaves foreign countries to take care of themselves and survive the loss of his administrative genius as best they can. To do them justice, they are making a fairly successful effort.

But the cacique does not lack rich rewards. His paths still drop fatness. When his native town is no longer big enough to hold him, he is appointed Governor of a Province, and to an energetic, thrifty man of affairs who never lets his left hand see what his right hand appropriates, there is much balm in Gilead, wherever that delectable place may be situate. The provincial governor is responsible only to Madrid and to his conscience—this last being, as we have seen, a comparatively negligible quantity. He has not served a long apprenticeship for nothing. Hitherto he has been content to superintend the public weal of one town; now his care is devoted to many. Hitherto he has had to conciliate small men; now he conciliates caciques, making his interests their interests after due consideration and amendment, and always bearing in mind that the Govern-

ment is the origin of all earthly honour and emolument. In this fashion, as can easily be seen, the system that obtains in the village obtains in the province, and the caciques have absolute discretion over all minor political appointments within their considerable but undefined jurisdiction. The alcalde and his deputy who are not walking in the right path—the right path is the cacique's—can be removed at discretion, by which is meant that great discretion is used in their removal, the cacique's hand being felt but not seen. Below the mayor and deputy mayor there are dozens of minor officials earning a small incompetence that enables them to live without the intolerable necessity of working hard. It is their business to do the cacique's work—the alternative being the unthinkable one of working for themselves. So the cacique progresses and his influence grows like a snowball rolled by enthusiastic schoolboys over a snowclad field, and when it has reached truly formidable dimensions the cacique is ready for translation,—he blossoms. A grateful country offers him a title just as in old days his native town offered him a banquet. He paid for the one, he has paid for the other. If he be a very great cacique indeed, with a goodly number of pocket deputies at his command, he may even enter the Cabinet; and in this connexion it may be remarked that a prominent member of the Cabinet in Spain last year was a cacique. Doubtless His Excellency could if he would vouch for the truth of what has been set down here. But it would be wrong to approach such an exalted statesman, busy, even out of office, as all his predecessors have been, with the task of regenerating Spain. Señor Montero Rios, "the old man of Galicia," and sometime Premier of the country, was another cacique.

Sometimes the cacique having inspected his bank balance —Spaniards seldom invest their money, they leave the banks

to take charge of it—becomes suddenly aware of the vanity of riches and his love for the intellectual life. He realizes that though politics have been his care and self-interest, his guiding star, he is, "at the ripe red of his heart," an "artista de cuerpa entero," and in order that his light may shine he becomes an Academician. This is easy in Spain, almost as easy as it is to enter the ranks of the titled, which must not be confused with the peerage, an institution that lies beyond even the cacique's reach. But if the claims of politics are still paramount, if he believe that the regeneration of Spain depends upon his efforts and cannot persuade the Cabinet that his services are indispensable, he is reduced to founding a party of his own, one of the *minorias* so beloved of the Spaniard. His tame deputies rally to the play and, armed with sword of eloquence, the cacique storms the heights of Government well aware that even if he fall wounded, his enemies in the gates will find him a good nursing home. If the odds be too hopeless, one little *minoria* suddenly sees that another little *minoria* is also bent upon Spanish regeneration; the two unite, a third joins them, the babbling rivulets become a mighty stream, a powerful cross-current in the muddy stream of Spanish politics. The united strength of the pocket deputies is reinforced by a subsidized newspaper that breathes forth fire and blood and eloquence in daily editions. The new party arrives, and Spain's highest destinies would be at once accomplished but for the fact that the caciques cannot agree upon the division of the spoils, and the forces that would have brought about the millennium "in this regard their current turn awry, and lose the name of action".

So the wheel of Spanish politics revolves, the despair of the strenuous few, the laughing-stock of the multitude that sees so much of the humorous side of life, even when

that humour is associated with troubles that affect it nearly. At long intervals there is some small measure of progress to be recorded. A political party, hard pressed for popularity, reforms some abuse, sacrificing a minority to a majority. But such occasions are rare. Nor is it easy for the optimist to see any signs of an era of honest government. That Spain has honest men and patriots in plenty is recognized even by those whose knowledge of the country is very slight, but one and all must move in a vicious circle, they cannot rise above their own time, and they cannot gain place without the sacrifice of some measure of principles and convictions. The rule of the Church in every sphere of life and the divided councils of regionalism are too much for Spain, and Spaniards are left to shrug their shoulders, light their cigarettes, and be grateful for small mercies. Happily for them, their temperament is not altogether unsuited to their Government, and it may be that the slow spread of education and the development of outside influences may lead in the course of years to a settlement of the differences that make united action wellnigh impossible to-day.

CHAPTER XXII

LITERATURE IN SPAIN

STUDENTS of the literary history of Spain testify to-day to a Renaissance. The multiplication of books in other countries, facilities for translation, the interest and importance of world news, the greater facilities for obtaining it, developments of colour and other printing, an improvement in the format of books and a reduction of their cost—all these things have had a very marked effect upon literature in Spain. At the same time the tendency of this art-form, as of all others in the country, is singularly simple and free from offence. Such demand as exists for what is cheap and sensational is supplied through the medium of translations from the English and the French. Modern ideas have been associated in Spain with traditional sympathies and forms, so that Spanish literature is no less regional than Spanish music or cooking, and the leading writers of the country, with the notable exceptions of Echegaray and Galdos, are quite content to interpret the life of their district in terms of letters. Naturally enough their books circulate throughout the country because the Spaniard is well pleased to view the life of regions other than his own through the medium of any art-form, if only to reinforce his belief that every region save his wallows in ignorance and absurdity. This is well, for no Galician author would write of Andalusia, nor would the Valencian novelist think of setting

his story in the Sierras of Castile. In the heart of every Spaniard there is no Spain; there is a collection of provinces of which one alone deserves to be taken seriously.

For many years of the nineteenth century Madrid was the centre of Spain's literary life. It had gone to the capital from the precincts of Salamanca and Alcala as these great university cities fell slowly from their high estate. The centralizing policy of the Government, bringing to the capital all the mental activity of the country, enabled the wind-swept city of the Guaderrama plateau to maintain its pre-eminence until commercial activity woke Barcelona to a prosperous life. A literary revival came to the East of Spain in the wake of the commercial revival. People grew rich, earned leisure, and developed the will to read; to-day the city of Barcelona is a formidable rival to Madrid. Indeed, the capital only maintains its position because it is the distributing centre for all Spain. The Catalans have far more use for books than the Castilians.

The literary revival in Catalonia is emphatically regional. It stands for the keen wish of that part of the country, to become a separate republic, or to share the fortunes of the great republic across the Pyrenees, and so marked is the antipathy to the Castiles that the Catalan authors prefer to write in the dialect of their province rather than to use the beautiful language of the Madrileño. Some of them have achieved so much distinction beyond their own borders that their works have been translated from Catalan into the Castilian Spanish and have been printed in Madrid for the benefit of all Spain. Among such authors of merit are the late poet Guimera, whose "Terra Baixa" has even been translated into English, and Santiago Rusiñol, the leading light of modern Catalonia. It must be recognized that

Catalan literature stands outside Spanish literature. It is something with characteristics of its own, that can only be appreciated and understood by those who have the Catalan spirit and a knowledge of the Provençal language. For the rest of the world it is caviare. The sister province of Valencia bears a striking likeness to Catalonia in matters of literary interest. The Valencian also speaks the "Langue de Provence"; many circumstances combine to divorce his interests from those of the rest of Spain, and there is a distinct feeling for books in the province. But Valencia is small; the men who write for her could not hope to find a living from the proceeds of works written in the Provençal dialect, and consequently they are compelled to fall back upon the Castilian Spanish which some of them write very beautifully. In spite of her small size Valencia has contributed not a little to the artistic honour of modern Spain. Sorolla the painter, Benlliure the sculptor, and Blanco Ibañez the novelist, are all Valencian, and have carried the reputation of their province beyond the boundaries of Spain. Valencia is noted for its printing work and the fine quality of the reproductions that illustrate books, and indeed it may be regarded as the third best publishing centre of Spain, Madrid and Barcelona taking a first and second place. The only other provinces that have a distinct dialect, and keep very close to it, are Galicia and the Basque Provinces; of these the latter has no literature, while the former has a purely local literature, and only the leaders of its literary movement, like Señora Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, have such a following as makes the use of Castilian Spanish inevitable.

When one considers the prominence of the "Langue de Provence" in Catalonia and Valencia, it becomes easy to understand the cry for separation that rises from

Eastern Spain and strives in vain to reach the ear of Madrid.

The writer pauses, conscious that his knowledge of details of modern Spanish literature is woefully incomplete. It would be easy to generalize to the end of the chapter, but this would be a little unfair to the reader. So he has gone to his friend Charles Rudy, who came so gallantly to his aid when problems of pig presented their unsurmountable difficulties in the chapter on cooking, and once again Mr. Rudy has come to the rescue and taken the particular burden from shoulders ill-equipped to carry it. Let him finish this chapter.

"The regional spirit in art and literature necessarily reflects the local psychology of the inhabitants. Novels are, therefore, almost exclusively psychological, but not scientifically so as are those of the Frenchman Paul Bourget. On the contrary, they are character studies within reach of the average understanding: the portrayal of a simple character under given circumstances. The result is a healthy unambitious portrait in sober colours quite without the nerve-racking sensational plots and counter-plots that are to the English reader as breath to life. As often as not the principal character is the protagonist of an idea, either political or social. But the book is never Zolaesque in form, for the Spaniard is too great a lover of sunshine and of life unadulterated by intellectual problems to have the hero of his book modelled after an idea. In other words, the thesis must not create the protagonist. The obvious result is that the moral influence of the book loses in value, but, on the other hand, it is much truer to life. The main thread of action is broken at times, it ambles through the pages from right to left as did Rozinante through the country that Don Quixote invaded. Side scenes like booths at a show break

into the plot, disturbing its unity, even detracting a little from its value, but they are painted in bold strokes of the pen, they reek of regionalism, and they are so true to life—life with a grain of dry humour peculiar to Spain—that those whose literary palates have not been hardened by highly-seasoned dishes will delight in the simple fare placed before them by the Spanish novelist.

"Taking the above as the general analysis of the Iberian novel of to-day, we can see at a glance that the political and social problems of the hour are treated in a much more popular way than would be the case were they spread out on a scientific dissecting table. They are more genial, and the puppets of the author's creation are free in their movements. They come and go at will, they say sensible things—or foolish things which they believe are sensible—and they are subservient to no thesis. Should the author be a social or political reformer, he will clearly have his say in the words of his hero or heroine, and the stronger his political and social ideas, the stronger will be the reflection in the mouth of the protagonist. But the general plan of the book will not, as a rule, be marred by this circumstance, for the Spaniard has yet to learn that German art has invented a leitmotif, that it is the fashion to bring this out in strong relief at the expense of all true-to-life portraiture, and that the ideal work of art would be one where there would only be a leitmotif and not a superfluous word, not a word that might remind us that in life there is no leitmotif, only a lot of trifling little motives, apparently without cause or effect, without either a sensational birth or a protracted death.

"From the foregoing it can easily be seen that, as a general rule, there are no striking Spanish novels founded on a central theme. Señores Blasco Ibanez and Pio Baroja

have penned, it is true, what might be called revolutionary novels, the former in his 'La Catedral,' the latter in 'La Lucha'. But even in these works the *ambiente* or setting of the work follows the general rules of Spanish fiction as indicated above. When, on the other hand, we come to analyse the works of Jose Maria Pereda—this master died a few years ago—of Emilia Pardo Bazán, of Jacinto Octavio Picón, Arturo Reyes, Palacio Valdes, and others of equal calibre, we find that the social or political thesis is relegated to a distant and indistinct background. It is there, nevertheless, but it teaches its lesson without effort, naturally, perhaps bitterly and sarcastically, but with a quaint humour that is Spain's above most nations. This has perhaps its explanation in the spirit of Oriental fatalism as pronounced in Spain to-day as it was when the Moors possessed Andalusia.

"But if the traditions of the Cid have not been locked up in the tombs of the past (as the Spaniards are in the habit of saying), and the model given to posterity by Cervantes is still all-powerful in the land of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it must not be denied that a new spirit is penetrating into the most eastern part of Western Europe. French adultery has not been able to play the same rôle in the literature of Spain as in that of Paris, but the tendency certainly is to give morals a looser bridle than heretofore. As an example of this, for Spain's exotic movement, it is only necessary to refer to Señor Trigo and the school he has been able to form. He and his remind us of the works of Willy and Prevost beside whom Mrs. Gwynn pales her ineffectual fires. As for the sensational, characterized by our modern Anglo-Saxon literature where detectives and criminals are the heroes of society, and the revolver goes off at short intervals, it has not been able as yet to convince the good hidalgo.

But even here Spanish literature is becoming modernized, and the movement of English imitation hails from Barcelona. This city's geographical position would seem to indicate it as the point where French influence should penetrate the most readily into the Iberian Peninsula; and it is so, but at the same time the modern industrial and intellectual development of the capital of Catalonia has marked it out as the centre of all new movements, be they Anglo-Saxon or French. And strange to say, it is in the serial stories of newspapers, magazines, etc., that the sensational element predominates—and I say strange, because these serials are destined for the masses, and it is here that the taste for the truly Spanish genius as described above ought to be the strongest. Evidently it is not so, and the masses find more entertainment in reading an impossible detective story than in perusing the humour of a classical Spanish novel. Times are changing, and foreign influences will sooner or later model Spanish literature on a European and not Iberian pattern.

"If, and in consequence of traditions, the modern Spanish novel has nothing of truly Spanish origin to recommend it to those who delight in fiction as a nerve tonic and not as a simple work of art, practically the same will have to be said of the Spanish short story, and yet it is in these that the Spaniards excel. They have nothing to learn from either Poe or Maupassant; in newspapers, magazines, and in books they possess the most varied collection of short stories to be found in any literature. Yet here again the national Iberian characteristic of excessive reality is predominant. And I say reality and not realism designedly, for the former is true to life, contains its romance and its pathos, its humour and sentimentality, its ideal hopes and base ambitions, whereas the latter restricts its endeavours

to the portrayal of the gross, the common and, as often as not, the filthy. Thus in the Spanish short story we have *trozos de vida*—snatches of life—that are gems of quiet unpresuming reality, that say nothing, preach nothing, and have no more aim than that of interesting the average reader a moment with the account of some homely scene in one of the many localities that go to make up the Spanish kingdom. It is by reading these short stories by a Clarín—unhappily dead already—an Azorín or some such master of Castilian prose that we learn to understand the leading characteristics of the Spanish people and their mode of living.

"But modern Spanish novels and short stories have their faults as well as their virtues. They are due more to the topic chosen than to the artist's temperament perhaps, or —and this is the more likely case—they are produced by the social lethargy so pronounced in Spain to-day. In other words, the artist portrays a somnolent, inactive, sleepy, almost degenerate, fatalistic state of society, and consequently the work created lacks action and energy, is despondent, even pessimistic, mystic without being pathetic, melodramatic without being romantic. Exceptions are Perez Galdos, author of 'Episodios Nacionales,' and Echegaray whose 'Gran Galeote' was recently staged in England. But the above-named faults will doubtless be eradicated shortly from Spanish literature, thanks to the country's rather Pyrrhic victory over the Moors. The Riff triumphs will serve to wake up Spain from the lethargy into which she fell after the Spanish-American War, and when the people have awakened to a new national life, the men who portray them will find new qualities to describe. For the Spaniard in all his art manifestations is a profound portrait painter for whom psychological happenings and their set-

ting form a picture or series of pictures to be set down *al vivo* on paper or canvas. Velasquez, Murillo, Cervantes, Quevedo—they were all portrait painters, each after his own fashion.

"Since the death of the masters of romanticism—Becquer, Zorilla, Campoamor, and Balaguer—poetry has flourished much like a plant grown in a dark cellar. Luis de Arce, in his 'Sursum Corda,' invites his countrymen to awaken to a new life, but even in so doing he is himself as inert and somnolent as the people he advises. The result is cold, unfeeling, academical work; and really Arce was through his life an academician without the strength of a Góngora to create a new path for himself, however bad it might be.

"Two living poets need mentioning, one because he is typically Spanish, the other because of his prolific pen. The latter is Salvador Rueda, much appreciated for the ease and beauty of his language, the other is the less-known, but far deeper poet, Vicente Vera, the Burns of Murcia, his native province, and one whose lyre trembles with the innermost feelings of the common people, their joys and sufferings.

"I forgot to mention, when speaking of Pereda the novelist, that other novelist, also dead, and in life not a lesser light, the diplomat Juan Valera. His 'Pepita Jiménez' is one of those rare books that have been translated into almost all languages and that will live. As stylist Valera was what the Spaniards call *castizo* or classic; he led the van of those writers wishing to abandon the romantic for the real.

"Having thus summarily disposed of the leading writers —those whose names have been omitted are also leading writers, but in a work of this scope they must perforce excuse silence—we will turn to those other wielders of the

pen, namely, the journalists. Some of these are great writers, others great politicians, most of them admirable men. Names like Joaquin Dicenta, Luis Morote, and Mariano de Cavia will live in Spanish literature—the first on account of his sketches and dramas, the second for the admirable precision of his political studies, which will be taken as a model for future journalists, just as Macaulay was taken as a model for us in our youth, and the third for his incomparable *crónicas* in the 'Imparcial'. These little daily sketches of a column or a half in length, of the most biting sarcasm, humour, and worldly wisdom, are, as far as I am aware, unique, not to be compared with the work of any other Spaniard since the days of Quevedo, master of irony.

"As regards the economic side of the literary question in Spain, it can be said to be worse—at least no better—than in any other civilized country. For Spanish conditions the leading writers are enabled to make more than an average living out of their pen, though when compared with the fortunes amassed by some of our authors these sums appear insignificant. But apart from the chosen few who have understood how to form a strong trust with a view to protect their own interests—the law of self-preservation—and to hinder young authors from becoming popular, there are the many who are not chosen, and for these writing is no longer an art but a tiresome, unremunerative drudgery which only ambition can nourish or enliven. That there are prospects of a Renaissance in this direction has been stated so often, that unconsciously we are reminded of the fable of the man and the wolf, and when at last it does come, few people, even Spaniards, will be willing to believe in its arrival. Of the trusts mentioned above, the most powerful, because the least conscientious, is the Sociedad de

Autores, whose control of the Spanish stage is unquestioned. Most authors are members of this society whose directors are the most distinguished among them, and it is these directors, veritable literary *caciques* or 'bosses,' who control the market in their own interests and against those of the remaining members whose membership is a sinecure and whose rights are limited to the payment of an annual subscription.

"But if the thorns in the path of the younger generation of Spanish authors are more numerous than the roses, both as regards advancement and retribution, it must not be forgotten that these young men will, when they get the chance a few years hence, act in like fashion towards the future generation. In the long run then, the evil state of affairs in Spain needs no improvement. The greater number of papers, periodicals, magazines, and reviews, as well as the Renaissance of learning that is slowly raising its head in the Iberian Peninsula, will certainly give more work to the ambitious author, but it must be remembered that the number of ambitious young authors increases likewise, so that the proportion is little varied. The common herds have not learnt yet to look upon literature as a necessity of life—in this they resemble the common herds throughout Christendom, only that, in comparison with the *intelectuales*, they are more numerous in Spain than elsewhere—and the result is that the Spanish author's public is limited. Were education to figure on the programme of politicians and not only on the lips of would-be reformers, the benefits to be gleaned by authors would be enormous; but perhaps it is just as well for the uneducated to remain uneducated, for thanks to illiteracy, *caciquismo* can flourish under Señor Maura or his temporary successor's dictatorship, and the Church profit thereby. Far be it from anybody to wish to

mar the harmony or disturb the Church-State peace of Spain in order to benefit the fine arts.

"Of the institutions that have done the most—all in their power—to further the taste for literature and the arts in modern Spain, must be reckoned the Ateneos, of which the Madrid Ateneo is certainly a model. Lectures, prizes, and musical evenings are among the attractions which these literary clubs can offer; they possess, moreover, useful libraries containing all modern Spanish books, most French and very few English ones. The newspaper rooms are quite cosmopolitan; politics are debarred from the programme, but politics are the leading theme discussed. Advanced ideas, either Spanish or foreign, find their first home in the Ateneos, and more than once, in hours of national tyranny, have the doors been closed by a careful Government. But, everything said, the usefulness of the Ateneos cannot be denied by any but the most narrow-minded Jesuits, and certain it is that the present artistic lethargy would be far deeper than it is were it not for the Madrid Ateneo, branches of which have been founded in Barcelona, Seville, and elsewhere.

"Second to these Ateneos are the various Círculos de Bellas Artes, of which mention has been made elsewhere. They exist in most localities of any importance, and are the leading factors in keeping alive the spirit of regionalism. They foster the fine arts—local fine arts—and do their utmost to save from oblivion the fast-expiring remnants of folk-lore, whether musical, lyrical, or graphic.

"Opposed to these, and as useless as they are useful, is that exotic institution called the Academia Real Española. Its existence is a negation, its arrogance abusive, and its practical value an illusion. Yet it serves its purpose, namely, to remind ambitious authors that they can never aspire to

a seat among the immortals unless they exchange their pen for a private secretary's post in some Ministry where they can bow down and worship not Apollo but Zeus. Apart from this, the least said about the Academy the better."

CHAPTER XXIII

SPANISH LAW COURTS AND THEIR JURISDICTION

THE basis of Spain's legal administration is undoubtedly the *juzgado municipal*, whose chief (*juez municipal*) may be said to correspond to our justice of the peace. Down to a few years ago the *alcalde* was placed upon the Commission of the Peace upon election to the mayoralty, but Spain's more recent policy has been to reduce the influence of the *alcalde*, and to this end the functions have been divided. In this connexion it is interesting to remember that the *alcalde* is merely the *cadi* of Moslem lands, where, in accordance with Islamic conventions, the civil and judicial functions are united in one administrator. Under the new dispensation in Spain the *juez municipal* or justice of the peace, if the term be admissible, is one of a company that numbers nearly ten thousand. Each holds his appointment from the president of one or other of the fifteen *audiencias territoriales*, into which Spain is divided for the better administration of the law. An *audiencia territorial* corresponds in many ways with our circuit. From three to five judges, who hold their appointment from Madrid, are in charge of these courts, and to the member who is appointed president is granted the privilege and responsibility of placing eligible citizens within the limits of his *audiencia* upon the Commission of the Peace. Above the little local courts are some five hundred courts

of session, of which one or two, according to the population, form an electoral district. The judges are appointed from Madrid, nominally by the king, but in reality by the Minister of Justice acting on the advice of political organizers, and they hold their office for life, the only change in their condition taking the pleasant form of promotion. Above these courts of first instance come the *audiencias territoriales*, to which reference has already been made, and from these we reach the highest legal assembly in the country, the Tribunal Supremo, from which there is no appeal.

To the *audiencias territoriales*, *audiencias criminales* or criminal courts are attached, and to fifteen of the former there are no fewer than eighty of the latter—a proportion suggesting in most emphatic fashion that civil procedure is of comparatively small importance in Spain. The country holds sixteen State prisons for men, besides one for women, and two model prisons (*carcel modelo*) at Madrid, one for each sex. Very serious offences that do not involve the death penalty are punished with a sentence of chains or perpetual imprisonment (*cadenas perpétuas* or *condena*), and criminals are sent to the country's penal settlements which are on the North African coast, and include the Zaffarin Islands, Ceuta and Melilla. These *presidios*, as they are called, are under the control of a military governor who is responsible only to Madrid.

The condition of these prisons on the Spanish territory in Morocco is very far from satisfactory. The administration is very lax, official salaries are poorly paid, and men are constantly "escaping" from the mainland *presidios* when they reach Tetuan or Tangier, and being representatives of the lowest criminal class, they make their presence felt. It happens all too frequently that some outrage for

which the Moors are held responsible, can be traced by those who are well informed to Spanish refugees from the *presidios*.

The writer had occasion to visit one of Spain's penal settlements a few years ago in the interests of a great daily paper, and finding an old soldier in charge of a little *casa de huespedes*, asked him to explain why there were so many cases of prison-breaking. It was impossible to leave the *presidio* by the port, for nobody was allowed to land without a signed order brought from the comandante of a big town on the Spanish mainland, and nobody was allowed to embark without a similar permit from the governor of the *presidio*. The old soldier explained that the matter was quite simple. All official salaries were small and some were in arrears. To make up their deficits, the prison authorities were in the habit of releasing men who gave no trouble and could pay a little bit for their liberty by the aid of friends at home. I suggested that the risks were possibly greater than the profits, and was then advised that the latter were not so small as they might appear. For in every case of a release the name of the prisoner remained on the book, and the Spanish Government continued to make allowance for his rations!

In Spain all judicial offices carry a salary even though it be but a small one. The gentleman who corresponds to our justice of the peace draws pay and pension, though each is insignificant. The judges of the five hundred higher courts receive something in the neighbourhood of two hundred pounds a year, a sum upon which a man may live in comfort in Spain. The President of the Supreme Tribunal, the highest paid official on the Spanish bench, receives about twelve hundred a year, less than a quarter of the salary paid to any English judge of the High Court.

Owing to the poor pay and to the curious overlapping of electoral and judicial functions, there is rather more law than justice. Spanish jurists declare that the Spanish codes, both civil and criminal, are among the best in the world, but so intricate that a really skilled lawyer can twist and turn them in any direction, while the judge is so bound by precedent that he has no initiative left, and must do many things that are quite repugnant both to equity and to common sense.

In Spain a justice of the peace wears a small silver medallion attached to a black cord hung around the neck and reaching to the breast. Higher judges wear a passable imitation of the old Roman toga and a medal over that. In addition to this they display a large silver badge attached to a broad ribbon going from the shoulder to the waist, like the ribbon of some of our higher orders at home. The President of the Supreme Tribunal wears a small chain of office on ordinary occasions and a large one on high-days and holidays. Neither judge nor barrister disfigures his head with horse-hair after the fashion of this country, but their many-sided hats are very picturesque and becoming.

The study and the practice of the law are very popular in Spain, and a large proportion of the students to be met in the ten university towns of Spain are devoting their time —in theory at least—to the study of law. With the general public the law is not so popular, and the terms in which lawyers are referred to are seldom those of endearment. Take our own law's delay, multiply it by three, decorate it with countless papers, each bearing a Government stamp that the litigant must pay for, reduce the chances of an equitable decision by a half, and you will arrive at a formula that will express the nature of a Spanish law-suit. The initial popularity of the law among those who practise

it is undoubtedly due in Spain to the ease with which the examinations for a degree may be passed. The legal degree is easier than any other, and as some university degree is necessary before a man can receive any one of the higher Government appointments that are competitive, the most of those who enter for one of the *oposiciones* arm themselves with a degree of Doctor of Laws. In Spain stewards, land agents, surveyors, architects, managing directors of companies, financiers, even bull-fighters, are to be found among those who hold the title of *doctor en derecho.* Spanish lawyers are as fortunate in the matter of official holidays as the rest of their brethren in other countries. The long vacation begins in the middle of July and comes to an end in mid-September, when the Minister of Justice and Grace—this latter term referring to his ecclesiastical office—delivers an eloquent speech in which he tells the story of what he is pleased to regard as legal progress in conjunction with the national regeneration to which he of course devotes his entire life. About the same time the Minister of Education, reopening the session in Madrid University, holds forth in similar strain, and the speeches of these regenerators make excellent reading, until custom has staled their infinite variety.

In the Congreso or House of Deputies, nearly every other member seems to be a lawyer. Even if he does not practise he will be found to hold the legal degree. So many men regard the *doctor en derecho* as a stepping-stone to higher things, and such indeed it proves to the most of them. Some of Spain's most distinguished Ministers have been practising barristers, the ex-premier, Señor Maura, sometime *cacique* of a Mallorcan village, and one of the most remarkable in Spain to-day, had a splendid practice at the bar when he was summoned to the ministry. On re-

ceiving his appointment, under the terms of which he could no longer practise in the court, Señor Maura advised his clients to transfer their allegiance to his great political opponent, the Republican deputy, Señor Salmeron, who died recently. After Señor Maura, Salmeron was perhaps the most eloquent advocate in the country, while as far as legal knowledge was concerned he was indisputably the greatest lawyer in Spain. But in spite of his gifts, it was a little curious to see the leader of the Republican party, an ex-president of the forgotten Spanish Republic, and the implacable political opponent of Señor Maura, entrusted with briefs intended for the latter.

There is an Academy of Jurisprudence which delivers lectures, awards prizes, and is in theory an altogether honourable assembly to which only the law students may aspire. In practice, however, the straight and narrow way is neither straight nor narrow, and if a man with influence or impudence, or the two in happy combination, wishes to become a member of this or any other Spanish academy, there is really nothing in the way of an effective obstacle to his progress. Certain honours are so easily obtainable in Spain that the term honour threatens to become a misnomer.

Not unnaturally every manner of charge is hurled against the Spanish bench; every disappointed litigant tells stories of abominable corruption; every disappointed politician accuses Ministers of using the legal training that so many of them possess for the purpose of evading the spirit of the law, but fair play compels impartial observers to bring in a verdict of "Not Proven". That law and justice are not synonymous terms in the lower courts, where the *cacique* is not without his influence upon the judge of the *audiencia*, nobody will attempt to deny. That legal decisions are

sometimes known to be affected by political suggestions is also indisputable, but that justice is corrupt is a conclusion it would be very hard to justify. It is slow, tedious, expensive, and unsatisfactory, but Spain is not the only country to which the same adjectives are applicable.

There is a little Spanish proverb that bids those who lack bread eat cakes, and it is often used by way of consolation to those who suffer from the law's expense or delay. Perhaps it may be repeated here, for when all is said and done every country has the legal system it deserves, and if people would only realize the absurdity of an appeal to the courts, the machinery of jurisdiction would have no choice between simplification and disuse.

WAR. TWO OF THE GUARDIA CIVIL FETCHING A RECRUIT

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEGNA

CHAPTER XXIV

ARMS AND THE MAN

THE Spanish army and the Spanish soldier must claim attention in any study of home life in Spain, for the established order of political conditions owes much to both —they stand between the Castiles and social upheaval. Not only is the loyalty of the army an asset upon which the Ruling House must depend for its continued existence, but there has always been a party or section of a party in high places that fears a really successful general almost as much as it fears the social revolution. General Valeriano Weyler, the strongest and most resolute soldier in his country's service, the Kitchener of Spain, was for some years credited with the power, if he but had the will, to proclaim a military dictatorship. The Government relies upon the army but fears it as well, and consequently when Spain goes to war, the army, no matter who the nominal commander may be, is directed from Madrid, to the great confusion of the campaign. If the full history of the Spanish-American War is ever written, the force of these statements will be understood. The country has many men who combine the sardonic humour that is truly Spanish with the fatalism which has been imported from across the Mediterranean, and the outspoken comments that pass unchallenged upon the origin and conduct of recent campaigns afford perhaps the most damning exposé of the

Government system that could well be imagined. The recent struggle in the Riff country was associated with printed comment that no paper in England would publish.

Of the Spanish soldier it is difficult for a civilian to speak justly. In times of peace you notice a rather insignificant soldier, generally one of an undersized, unhealthy, and unattractive class of man that is the reverse of inspiring. But if you ask any unprejudiced observer who has seen the Spanish soldiers in the field, you will hear them very highly praised for bravery, endurance, good spirits, and other fine qualities. It would seem then that "the piping times of peace" are bad for the Spanish soldier, his life is more or less dissipated, his discipline is lax, his requirements are badly looked after, and his contempt for civilians is an emotion he is at no pains to conceal. But in the field, as the great Napoleon learned to his cost, many Spanish soldiers are heroes, and for the veteran broken in the wars there can be no sentiments save of respect and compassion. For his Fatherland has little use for war's wastage, and hundreds of brave fellows who have served their country have returned to it broken in health and strength to find themselves no better off than the beggars on the highway. There is little reward for the rank and file in Spain, whether they serve in the stricken field or labour at the plough, theirs at best is "a broken day of sunshine and of showers, fading to twilight and deep night at last".

The Spaniard makes a good fighting man. He is brave. Under fire he is apt to lose his temper, and gain a fury that inspires him to acts of heroism. His enemies cannot boast that they have seen his back. Here again we have the instinctive spirit of individuality of the Spaniard, and the history of Spanish wars, whether civil, local, or national, are a record of the doings of individuals rather than masses.

In guerrilla warfare the Spaniard is, when ably led, a redoubtable opponent, hot-headed, and even ruthless to the verge of cruelty. The Carlist struggles in the North and the fighting in the Cuban swamps can supply all necessary confirmation here. A check maddens the Spanish soldier; if left to himself he would as a rule know no defeat. But moral encouragement is necessary for the Spaniard, and in default of this tonic he is easily depressed.

The organization of the army is not perfect; it is doubtless perfect in no land. Yet all things considered, the army is perhaps the best organized of all Spain's Government departments. This in itself is not saying very much, considering that Spanish political rule is a synonym for maladministration, but the organization of the small army that the King calls his own has at least the rudiments of thoroughness. Down to within a few years ago the relations between the military and political castes were both close and pronounced; the army and its whole administration were directly dependent on the Ministry of War which was, and still is, an assembly of politicians who have no practical acquaintance with service in the field. Not only was this bad for the army in times of peace, it was worse in times of war, and the result of a dual control was that the war was generally disastrously led—and hopelessly lost. The commanding generals could take no step without first consulting the political authorities at home. The Cuban War was lost in this way, the subsequent *débâcle* was due to it. Now the tendency is to remove the army almost completely from the influence of political incompetents, and with this object in view, a Superior Central Staff has been created under the direct supervision of the King. The Ministry of War has nothing to do with this *Etat Majeur*, although the Minister for War is a member. It is

hoped by the new arrangements to avoid recurrence in future to political *pronunciamientos* under military control, and also to enable generals in time of war to carry out their own plans of action without having to be dependent upon the wishes of a number of unthinking, ignorant civilian officials housed in the War Office.

The life led by the Spanish soldier in times of peace is simple and rustic when compared with that led by those of other nations. Hygienic precautions have practically no place in the barracks, they are as scarce as provisions for the reasonable comfort of the men who serve. But then, and this must not be forgotten, the Spaniard is not degenerate or highly civilized enough as yet to require all the comforts that are regarded as necessaries with us. If an Iberian boor were transplanted to a northern barracks, say in France or Germany, he would certainly feel ill at ease, he would think he had found luxuries. So we must not be surprised to find that the Spanish soldier is not only reconciled to, but really likes both the general consideration and the fare that, with all due regard to economy, the Spanish authorities mete out to him. Nor is it surprising that after the *quinto* (recruit) has done five years' service in the army he should not be averse from joining the Guardia Civil or gendarmes, and serve another ten or twenty years in their ranks. His privileges, perquisites, and authority will all suffer change for the better.

The Guardia Civil is as stalwart and ruthless a body of organized men as is to be found between the north and south poles. Its creation was a stroke of statecraft, its management is an enduring tribute to the responsible parties. The members of this splendidly trained body are not policemen, they are not under the control of a provincial civil governor, but are under the military authorities. Their duty

is to preserve order, and they fulfil their duty ruthlessly. Well mounted, carrying excellent carbines which they know how to use with the quickness and precision of a Western American, they are the sworn enemies of every disturber of the public peace, and are hated by all who consider that the Government then in power is playing with the rights of men and women. And as all Governments Spain has had within the past thirty years are bent upon so dealing with the governed, it stands to reason that the *guardias* are cordially hated by the forces which are rightfully or wrongfully opposed to constituted authority.

The corps is numerous, and the authorities are not renowned for moral or physical bravery in time of crisis. The result is that the *guardias* are to be seen everywhere with their black, white, and yellow uniform and three-cornered hats; their resolute action and their ready weapons are easily provoked. No train moves without the *pareja* (the term applies to a couple of gendarmes, they are never to be seen alone) in attendance. There is no procession without its escort of *guardias*, no crowd can ever assemble without being intimidated by a host of these fierce expressions of a Government's fear of revolution. No bull-fight, no cock-fight, no *merienda*, no *feria* lacks its contingency of *guardias*. Spain is, to no small extent, ruled by them; without them dictators like ex-Premier Maura might well shiver in their shoes and yet be brave men. Physically and personally they are a fine set of fellows—stalwart, sturdy, and brave. As a body they reflect small credit upon any country that boasts of a constitution, and whose King claims to be the "first citizen, soldier, and farmer in the realm".

The organization of the Guardia Civil as well as that of the whole army is naturally centralized in Madrid, and this concentration is perhaps the most powerful weapon with

which the Government endeavours to combat the regionalism so strong in the Iberian Peninsula. If better results have not been obtained—and no small measure of success has been achieved—it is due to the fact that the members of the army and the Guardia Civil remain regionalists to the end of their days in spite of all endeavours made by the authorities to eradicate the local sentiment. No body of Gallegos, Murcians, Sevillians, and Catalans can possibly be united by a uniform and a set of disciplinary regulations. Until a few years ago different recruiting laws existed in various provinces; these laws were remnants of the provincial *fueros* to conserve which the Spaniards fought for the greater part of the past century. The Carlist wars were, in fact, the struggle of the Basque Provinces, Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia for the regional privileges that Don Carlos had sworn to preserve; the failure of the Pretender to assert his rights to the throne was characterized by the centralization of power in Castile and the unification of Spanish laws. It was the punishment of defeat. To-day, save in the Basque Provinces, the recruiting and other laws are uniform throughout Spain; while as far as military law in the Basque Provinces is concerned, it provides for the recruiting of soldiery as in all other provinces, but the recruits are not obliged to do their military service outside their own province. This significant State tribute to regionalism has been found indispensable.

The King has as bodyguard the Real Cuerpo de Guardias Alabarderos and a squadron of the Escolta Real. The uniform of the bodyguard on gala occasions is of a creamy white, and in winter the officers wear white capas.

Spain is divided into sixty-eight military zones and three naval zones, the latter being situate at Cadiz, Ferrol, and Cartagena. Since the American War the Spanish navy

has been unimportant, but the country's reappearance in international politics since the marriage of King Alfonso, has induced the Government to open an important credit for the construction of a fleet to include one or two Dreadnoughts. British firms, in conjunction with Spanish ones, are constructing the new navy in the yards of Ferrol and Cartagena.

Like so many other Spanish laws, universal conscription exists in name only. As a matter of fact, it is only the poorer classes that have to serve, either three or two years in the active and as many again in the reserve. For the rich, should their sons draw a number which obliges them to serve, a substitute can be bought for £60, but this money does not go to the substitute but into the hands of the Government. The injustice of this procedure is only too apparent, but, although each new Minister of War upon whom depends the regeneration of the country's military organization has a brilliant scheme for the introduction of universal conscription, these schemes all come to an untimely end.

The Spanish army consists nominally, and on a peace footing, of 100,000 men (1907), and to this number must be added no less than 11,756 officers. The Guardia Civil, though standing as far as organization and discipline are concerned, under the Ministry of War, is placed really at the disposal of the Home Secretary. It consists of 20,000 men, and another 15,000 men are represented by the carbineers. But these figures are not accurate, they are written down on paper in the different Government offices. In reality, the number of soldiers falls below the figures given. When harvesting season comes round, for instance, it is doubtful whether many more than half the prescribed number of soldiers are serving under the flag.

Spain is divided into eight Captain-Generalships, each standing for an army corps of two divisions. The seventh and eighth army corps consist each only of one division, so that there are in all only fourteen divisions, to which one cavalry division stationed in Madrid must be added. At the head of each army corps there is a "Captain-General," corresponding to our Lieutenant-General.

The budgetary strength of a division is 6000 men, which can be increased to 16,000 in time of war. We thus obtain rather less than 90,000 men in time of peace, and on paper the numbers can be raised to 240,000 in time of war. The figures are of course more imposing than reliable.

A division consists of two infantry brigades, a cavalry regiment, two artillery regiments, and a regiment of pontoons, etc.

The infantry brigade contains two regiments to each two battalions; the cavalry regiment has four squadrons; the artillery regiment two divisions of three batteries each, each battery consisting of four guns. There are in all Spain 552 pieces of artillery (1908). A quick-firing division is being introduced, divided into two sections, each of which carry two Maxim or two Hotchkiss guns.

To the above must be added three brigades of Chasseurs, each brigade consisting of six battalions.

In time of peace there are 134 battalions, 58 "cuadros," 112 squadrons, 84 artillery batteries, and 52 technical companies. In time of war these figures are raised to 308 battalions, 168 squadrons, 84 batteries, and 70 technical companies. These figures are exclusive of the soldiery stationed on the Balearic and Canary Isles.

As far as Africa is concerned, the recent war and the new territory acquired by Spain will seemingly induce the Government to introduce reforms in their African fortresses.

Thus we read that the present plan of the Spanish Government is to increase the troops stationed at Melilla from 5000 to 12,000 men, and those at Ceuta from 3000 to 10,000 men as permanent garrisons. The North African possessions will, moreover, form a Captain-Generalship of their own, instead of being dependent on the Captain-General of the Campo de Gibraltar.

The strength of the army in time of peace is to be raised, dating from the coming year. If in the past few years it numbered anything from 80,000 to 100,000 men (or less), it is now to contain 126,000 men, namely :—

100,000	on the Peninsula.
4,000	on the Canary and Balearic Isles.
12,000	in Melilla.
10,000	in Ceuta.
126,000	in all.

An infantry regiment consists in Spain in time of peace of 519 men and 60 officers, and a battalion of about 275 men. The amount of superfluous officers is enormous when compared with the strength of the army. They number: 52 Colonels, 100 Lieutenant-Colonels, 420 Majors and 231 Captains.

In the field, the Spanish officer, like his men, commands respect. He has individuality and bravery. No doubt there is much to hope for from a Spanish army that is properly equipped and handled independently by the men on the spot. But it is impossible to overlook the frequent breakdown of commissariat that hinders a Spanish campaign, the supply of shells that will not explode, clothing that will neither fit nor wear, the absence of necessary stores and equipments, the faulty field hospitals, the lack, in critical hours, of medicines and surgical appliances. The Spaniard

goes cheerfully enough to war, for he is as brave a man as ever took arms in hand, but he knows his foes are not limited to the men he has to fight against. There are other foes he will never see, the men who draw money for feeding, clothing, tending, and arming him, and who regard a war as some beneficent scheme by which a kindly Providence has elected to fill their capacious pockets.

Patriotism is a quality that is ill-developed in the mind of the Government contractor, or it is unable to survive the claims made upon him by those but for whose power he would get no contracts.

Now it is time to take leave of home life in Spain, though the author is profoundly conscious that the subject is by no means exhausted. Only an observant Spaniard could hope to do full justice to such a theme, and the ideal book would be written not by one man but by several, to each of whom the manners, moods, and methods of a certain district would be thoroughly familiar. The Englishman's limited opportunities are an effective bar to finality, the most he may hope to write is a tolerably comprehensive survey that to some extent, however small, shall widen the boundaries of existing knowledge. This at least is not difficult in writing for the English-speaking public, for though Spain is to-day the happy hunting-ground of thousands of British and American tourists, few see more of the national life than is revealed in the streets and places of public assembly. If it should be urged that certain aspects of Spanish life have not been treated quite seriously in the preceding pages, the writer may plead in justification that he has but followed the example of the most of his Spanish friends and acquaintances, who find in their sense of humour a certain antidote to the pains that a retrograde and selfish Government inflicts,

while as far as love of the country goes, he will not yield to any. To him Spain is the most fascinating country in Europe, and the best type of Spaniard, whether he be of high or low degree, is the most fascinating companion, the truest friend.

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